THE

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

NOTES OF A MUSICAL STUDENT.

PROGRESS OF ENGLISH MUSIC IN THE PAST YEAR.

That "the English are not a musical people," is a saying which by frequent repetition has become a proverb. It is surprising how long a fallacy keeps its ground after it has been fully manifested; especially when no individual or body of men is interested in exposing it. It has answered the purpose of foreigners (whose acknowledged superiority should have taught them better) to arrogate a contempt for John Bull's musical taste, while they pocketed the guineas that he freely paid for its indulgence. It suited also the indolent prejudice of our native professors, who not only kept the market for their own compositions free from foreign competitors, but also saved themselves the necessity of becoming acquainted with the works of the great continental composers, whose gigantic genius cast an awful shadow over their insignificance. The sentence thus summarily passed upon our want of musical science as a nation has not, however, been unsupported by plausible evidence, though that evidence has not been subjected to the ordeal of a rigorous cross-examination. In proof of the assertion that the English are not a musical people, it has been said that we have no national melodies; and airs known as Scotch, Irish, and Welsh (many of which, by the by, are of continental origin), are collected and published because of their paucity as well as their beauty, but none that are peculiarly English; as if the Tweed and the Severn, and the Irish Channel were the prescribed boundaries of the musical genius as well as the soil of England. If our madrigals were instanced, these were said to be the effect of the introduction of foreign music, as if all the arts of civilized life were not thus propagated in every country. The church-music of Purcell, Gibbons, Croft, and others, was benevolently referred to the same source. The universal admiration of Handel was ascribed to religious feeling and kingly patronage. The fondness for the music of cathedral services was charitably attributed to the desire for any relief to the dulness of the church ritual. The oratorios, when successful, were said to be encouraged because no theatres were open in Lent; and when they became neglected, as of late, instead of the real cause (their absurd mismanagement and imperfect performances) being assigned, that which was in itself a proof of a better taste and more enlightened judgment, was instanced as an evidence of the public disregard of music. It has been a pet piece of cant among even musical professors, to say, that the Italian Opera was only supported by the world of fashion, as a splendid lounge; and when the German company came over, and drew

crowded houses, not of fashionables merely, but of the middle and even humbler classes, "novelty" was the cause assigned for their success; and the failure of the last German company, on account of their inferiority, was, by the same persons, attributed to the lack of novelty. The Ancient Concerts were said to be upheld by kingly and noble patronage, which certainly has prolonged their existence beyond the term that their mismanagement would have assigned to them; and the Philharmonic Concerts to have maintained their ground, because of their exclusiveness, and the number of professors interested in their welfare. The Benefit Concerts are now instanced as flagrant proofs of the bad taste of the fashionable music-loving multitude. As to the theatres, "nothing but trashy ballads and showy bravuras are applauded there." "Der Freischutz" succeeded only on account of the devilry; "Oberon" was not profitable; "Azor and Zemira" was not appreciated; the spectacle of "Masaniello" was mainly the cause of its great success; and the attraction of Malibran the principal recommendation of "La Sonnambula:" Paganini drew crowds, like Saqui, by performing wonders "on a single string;"—in short, the English, not being a musical people, went to hear music for any other reason but because they liked it.

These notions, though now falling into desuetude, are not yet entirely discarded; and their prevalence has tended (such is the force of prejudice) to deter many from the study of music, if not from the actual enjoyment of it. Our countrymen have been told until they believe it, that they are not musical; and they acquiesce in spite of the evidence of their own senses. When we fancy we do not like a thing, the next step is to hate or despise it, and feel a contempt for those who do—an affectation which, as regards music, prevails to a very considerable extent among our beloved countrymen. The truth is, that an ignorant, because uneducated liking for music has been mistaken for incapacity for its genuine enjoyment, just as the circumstance of there being, until lately, no modern English operas, was taken as a proof that native composers did not possess the ability to produce them. While periodical musical festivals were got up on a grand scale in the principal cities of England, the circumstance of there being none in London, the focus of musical talent, has been actually strained into an inference that the festivals arose less out of the popular love for music, than the exertions of professors and the managers of charities to draw crowds by a series of grand entertainments, whose splendour and rarity should attract the country people, always eager for excitement, whether in the shape of an assize, an election, or a musical festival. They have enough amusement in London argued these buzzard reasoners, therefore they do not want a musical festival there.

The musical events of the past year, however, have given a quietus to this gratuitous assumption, that "the English are not a musical people." The year 1834 must be considered an epoch in the musical history of this country; for, notwithstanding the prevalence of political excitement of no ordinary intensity, and that the public mind has been occupied with points of momentous interest, an unparalleled progress has been made in the most delightful of the peaceful arts. More has been done in the past year to evidence the capabilities of our native musicians to write, of native performers to execute, and of the English public to enjoy, and

even appreciate fine music, than in any preceding year; nay, we might almost say than in twenty years before.

Three complete English operas have been produced by British composers, performed by British singers, and received by the British public with a degree of enthusiasm and indulgence that proved how eager they were to welcome and foster native talent. A musical festival has been held in Westminster Abbey, consisting of four public rehearsals, and as many finished performances, which has driven from men's minds the recollection of the famous "Commemoration of Handel," and which would have been attended by double the number of persons had there been room for so many—tickets being unattainable even at an extravagant premium, in consequence of the capricious refusal of the Dean to allow the performances to be repeated. Another festival was subsequently got up on a scale of nearly equal grandeur, in Exeter Hall, with an orchestra of 700 performers, the greater portion amateurs! (The English are not a musical people!) It was attended by crowds, and one of the performances was repeated for the gratification of numbers who were unable to obtain admission previously. The prices of admission, be it observed, were such as to exclude the poorer classes from the enjoyment; but had there been a shilling or half-crown gallery, we are certain that it would have been filled night after night for a month instead of a week. The professors were as much astonished as the public were gratified; Sir George Smart publicly expressed himself "perfectly delighted." Yet in answer to a letter that appeared in the "Spectator," whose musical criticisms are amongst the few emanating from the newspaper press that display sound judgment and enlightened taste, it was said that one of the great difficulties in the way of the establishment of a musical festival in London was the want of a sufficient number of well-trained choristers.

The most important event of all, however, is the founding of the Society of British Musicians, which should become the nucleus to concentrate the vast body of native musical talent that exists in the country, though scattered and unknown. We say *should* become, because it must depend upon its constitution and management whether it merits the confidence and co-operation of the musical profession, and obtains the support of the public—who, maugre their unmusical tastes, have been, and always must be, the source of encouragement and reward to talent, whether native or foreign. We might instance other and minor evidences of the extraordinary advance in musical feeling; amongst which the publication of complete editions of the great works of the principal composers, and selections of their lesser productions for popular use, and the performance of English operas at the minor theatres: all which, coming together at one time,—though of course this circumstance is to be attributed in a degree to the influence of example,—constitute the events of the past year a mass of evidence of the increasing taste among all classes for music.

Having thus, we hope satisfactorily, disposed of this defunct dogma, by heaping upon it a load of facts from which no sophistical resurrectionist will, we think, be able to disinter it, let us now make the concession which, in fairness, is due to those who conscientiously believed in its existence, and who were imposed upon by its semblance to reality. No reasonable person will dispute that we are far behind our continental

neighbours in the cultivation of music, in comparison with the gigantic strides that we have made in the mechanical arts and the spirit of commercial enterprize. We have accumulated wealth, which has enabled us to buy taste ready-made and at second-hand, but has prevented us from cultivating its growth, as we otherwise should, had the acquisition of wealth, and the rage for fighting the battles of all the world at our own cost, left us leisure and inclination to pursue those peaceful arts which contribute to our stock of true happiness. John Bull has been content with relishing as well as he could such intellectual food as was brought to his stall, and neither thought of seeking his own provender, nor of questioning its degree of excellence. He liked Dibdin's ballads, and Arne's simple airs, and Handel's choruses, showing a faith in good things, though not a cultivated taste. The very strength of his liking for what he was used to made him prejudiced against novelties. He was afraid that by listening to new he should lose his relish for his old favourites. Taste is liking supported by reason. To reason upon a matter it is necessary to understand it; to understand, it is necessary to be taught. John Bull has not been taught at all, or, what is worse, been badly taught how to enjoy music. But to argue from this that he has no relish for music is to theorize in opposition to facts. Music as a science is appreciated in its results in proportion to the degree of knowledge of the means by which they are produced. Melody appeals to the mind through the senses; but in proportion as the sense of the hearer is sharpened by exercise, and enlightened by knowledge and reflection, is the sensual delight refined. As well may it be argued that a savage nation has no taste for poetry, because they do not speak metrically, as that an unaccustomed ear is not susceptible of the enjoyment of elaborate harmony, which relishes only simple melody or overwhelming masses of sound. A manifestation of enjoyment of the simplest yet the most fascinating shape that any succession of musical sounds can take—namely, a complete melody, is surely evidence of a taste for music, rude and unenlightened though it be. This produces a desire to hear others of the same kind. A learned and elaborate harmony is played; the melody is missed, because it is interwoven in the mass, not brought out from it; and the uninstructed ear finds a musical noise which does not captivate because it is not understood, and the will being piqued it is disliked. The more we like a person or thing the more violently we resent defects; and qualities that we cannot appreciate, our self-love counts as defects. The English have wanted better examples, and more enlightened instructors, both among the musical profession and the public press. The signs of the times which we have noted are the good effects of that vast improvement that has been gradually taking place, (within the last twenty years especially,) and which has become year by year more evident. Let us cast a retrospective glance at the state of the sources whence the British public could alone derive their acquaintance with the works of composers and the technical knowledge requisite to appreciate and fully enjoy them.

So late as the commencement of the present century, the acquaintance of British musicians with the great composers whose fame was filling the Continent, and whose works were enrapturing the other civilized nations of Europe, was, to say least, very imperfect. The public at large knew nothing of them. The musical professors of the

day, as a body, formed a barrier of ignorance and prejudice to keep out the knowledge of the great works of foreign composers. For instance, the elder Cramer, father of the present veteran, who led the old Abbey Festival, is said to have spoken of Mozart's marvellously-beautiful quartetts as "very good exercises," but "extravagant and unfit for performance;" and Bartleman repeatedly refused to sing in the Messiah, when it was to be performed with Mozart's accompaniments: not merely out of a blind reverence for Handel, but because he could not, or would not, appreciate Mozart. He was one of that fast-fading race of pedantic and narrow-minded professors who preferred the laboured and comparatively dry and Gothic organ concertos of Handel, to such sublime and spontaneous effusions as "Deeper, and deeper still." The musicians of that day, who were worshippers of the musical creed and ritual of Handel (so to speak), were incapable of entering into the divine spirit of his finest works, and with many of which—even his "Israel in Egypt"—they were only enough acquainted to prove their incapacity to appreciate his mighty genius; and even at the present day there are to be found musicians who share in this bigoted pedantry. The operas most generally known at that time in this country were those of Arne, Shield, and Storace; which, without decrying or depreciating the charming airs that they contain—melodies ever grateful to the learned as well as the uninstructed ear—are, in comparison with the operas of the Italian and German composers, scarcely worthy the name of dramatic music. Indeed, it is only now that the works of Beethoven and Spohr are beginning to be listened to and appreciated. But who were to blame for this? The public? No; they could only listen to what was played to them, and understand what was taught them. It was the musicians themselves who have suffered the unsophisticated melodies of our own Purcell to sleep on the shelves, and who closed the doors of their concert-rooms against the foreigner. The national prejudices against foreigners that were fostered for political purposes, and the long Continental war, may, however, be charitably urged as an excuse for the dominion of these narrow-minded feelings, and the duration of such antiquated prejudices.

It is a remarkable fact that the first performance of an opera of Mozart in this country was by a party of amateurs, aided by professional singers, which took place at the Crown and Anchor Tavern about twenty years ago. It was not till afterwards that Mozart's operas were brought on the stage of our Italian Opera: so far did the taste and enlightened zeal of a portion of the public outstrip those of the professors. Indeed it is a stigma that attaches not only to theatrical caterers for public amusement, but to those who come forward as directors of the public taste in music, that they have followed, rather than led amateurs. They assume the vulgarity of the taste of the multitude, and pander to its indulgence, instead of opening higher sources of enjoyment. There is this excuse for them, however, that they do it for profit; and this may be taken as a pretty fair criterion by which to distinguish those who labour for the love of their art, from those who seek only pelf, that the latter produce music of the kind accounted popular, and write down to the level of the public taste; the former only strive to lead and direct it to the perception of better things.

The formation of the Philharmonic Society has been the means of

making not only the professors and the musical world, but the public at large, acquainted with the stores of fine music with which the Continent was supplied. This Society is entitled to the distinguished merit of having formed the taste of the rising generation of musical students, and improved that of the last—by bringing forward judicious selections from the best foreign music, principally instrumental, and performing them on a grand scale, and in the finest and most masterly manner. The Philharmonic band is famed throughout Europe. But while justice has been done to the instrumental works of Continental composers, their vocal compositions have been very inadequately represented, and English vocal writing entirely neglected. Indeed, vocal performances were introduced at the Philharmonic concerts rather to afford a relief to the instrumental performances, than as a material part of their scheme. The singers have been selected, as they are at benefit concerts, for the attraction of their names, and, in consequence, the choice of pieces has been mostly left to them. It has happened but rarely that particular vocal compositions, brought forward on the strength of their intrinsic merits, determined the selection of the singers best qualified to do them justice—a system which ought to be the rule of every scientific concert, distinguishing it from those got up *ad captandum vulgus*. Moreover, the Philharmonic Society not having been formed with this view, had no chorus at command to develope the grand effects of choral harmonies. In short, there was no field for the introduction of the finest vocal writing on a scale of magnitude, and with that high degree of completeness and finish, which distinguished the instrumental performances of the Philharmonic. Hence the formation of the Vocal Society, whose concerts have met with the success they merit, but which has not fully realized the expectations formed of it; nor, as regards modern English compositions, has it fulfilled its promise. The vocal concerts have only in part supplied the want of a choral union for the performance of vocal music; but in justice it must be said that, during the short time the Society has existed, it has done nearly as much for vocal music, as the Philharmonic did, in a similar period, for instrumental. They have drawn upon the rich stores of the continental composers; and have brought out the treasures of our native wealth, by the performance of glees, madrigals, and anthems, "things new and old:" showing, however, a decided partiality for the "old:" *ex. gr.* in the course of their first season, only a single composition of one of the most eminent of our living vocal writers, and that one of his slighter efforts, was sung—Horsley's "Mine be a cot." The Vocal Society has brought forward no new composer; and their novelties have been almost entirely the production of its own members, who are all vocalists: in fact, it is a society of singers, and so far most excellent and useful. Still, however, the British composer was left without any fair, free, and adequate means of addressing the public ear: to publish was almost useless. A song, glee, or concerted piece that is not sung at concerts or the theatres by some popular singers has no charms for the publishers; and the author who rashly ventures upon the experiment of appealing to the public at large on his own account, finds to his cost that he reckons without his host. In the case of instrumental performances this experiment is still more disastrous. We cannot blame the public: they must receive the only intelligent evidence of the merits

of music through the ear. Nay more, few composers can perfectly judge of their own effects without hearing them performed. As a means of improvement for the composer, therefore, a musical tribunal to which he can submit his productions for trial, and be sure of "a clear stage and no favour," and an impartial verdict, was wanting. This has been supplied by the formation of the "Society of British Musicians," which arose out of a strong feeling of its necessity, and was therefore eagerly welcomed by composers. The list of members was instantly filled, and ample materials for performance were immediately produced. The value of such a society to British musicians, and its importance in a national point of view, as forming a school of vocal and instrumental writing for composers, are too obvious to need proof or argument. This Society has united in one body, and for one grand object, a number of composers, some of whose names have been known to the musical world for years, but by far the greatest portion of whom never could have otherwise found a sphere for the display of their talents, many of them having been buried in obscurity for the want of such a society. A great number of compositions, some of the highest excellence, which might have slumbered to eternity in the desks of their composers, now awoke to a glad and triumphant resurrection.

In proportion to the utility of this Society, is it important that it should be so constituted as to endure, and deserve the support of those for whose benefit it has been formed, and consequently public encouragement. It can only be permanently established on the broad basis of justice and liberality; and it is with a view to aid in ensuring its stability that we point out two radical defects in its formation, which render it obnoxious to the censure of the musical profession as well as the public, and not only narrow its field of usefulness, but endanger its vitality. These are the limitation of the number of members, and the utter exclusion of foreigners. Both are as easily remedied as they are injurious. The first mistake, the limitation of members, seems to have been fallen into through the founders of the Society not calculating on the degree of success that has attended its formation, and thus making it a point to have the list of members pretty full at first in order to give proof of its prospect of success. If so, this cause being removed, no pretence exists for continuing the limitation. Indeed, the principle has already been violated by the number being extended from 300 to 350, and a further extension will, it is generally understood, take place. This extension was made for the express purpose of including one of the most accomplished and popular of English singers,—a striking illustration of the absurdity and impolicy of the regulation. The utter absence of selection in the first list of members renders further necessary the abrogation of this principle of limitation of numbers. Of the 350 members certainly not more than 200 are able to contribute in any way to maintain the character of the Society; the rest being made up for the most part of blind organists and mere music teachers, with a large proportion of the old school of professors, (which is composed, with a few exceptions, of the most bigoted set of men that ever obstructed the advance of an art,)—in short, of persons who can neither write, sing, nor play. We would offer no objection to these members, though they are merely so many subscribers at 5*s.* per annum, by virtue of their belonging to the musical profession—or rather the profession of music,—

but that they are at present the means of keeping abler men out of the Society. Better that hundreds of persons who would do the Society the best service by quietly listening or by keeping away altogether should creep in, than that one composer of talent should be excluded. No truly great man would feel his dignity hurt by being numbered with the humblest teacher of the science that his genius exalts and enriches. A society of professors should be a republic, not of talent and genius only, but of love for their art. A decent competence of technical knowledge might then be a sufficient passport. Merit will always be a sufficient distinction. What shall we say, then, when such men as Moscheles, Crevelli, and F. Cramer are, for example, ineligible to become members of this Society, merely because they happened to be born in a foreign land, though they have lived for years in this country, and have become identified with the British school of Musicians?

Unquestionably a line of demarcation must be drawn to keep up the nationality of the Society; but surely this rigid exclusiveness, by which men like Clementi would have been shut out, is sacrificing the spirit of the institution to the letter of its laws. If it were only out of compliment to the foreign professors resident in this country, it should be open to them to join the Society as honorary members, if their professional assistance might not be rendered available. Some plan, however, might easily be devised to include the names of eminent foreigners, whether naturalized by residence or only visiters. The gratitude of the British school is nationally due to those professors of other countries resident amongst them, to whom it owes so much—without whom, indeed, this Society might not have existed for a century to come. These laws must be rescinded or materially modified; and we feel convinced that they will be. To elect Spohr, Rossini, or Auber, would be incompatible with the essential feature of the scheme—its nationality; but to fraternize with distinguished foreigners who visit us, by enrolling their names as fellow-labourers in the cause, inviting them to listen, nay, even to perform, would be worthy of the professors of a science whose language is universal.

Let us see what this Society has accomplished during the few months it has existed, labouring under all the disadvantages of these objectionable features, which not only narrow its scope by their direct operation, but tend to foment party-spirit, and to give liberal minds, both in and out of the profession, a distaste for the plan. Its orchestra numbers several members of the Philharmonic Band, and a considerable proportion of instrumental performers of rising talent, including some of the most promising pupils of the Royal Academy. Among the composers it has to boast of are names of established fame sufficient to ensure public attention, and to guarantee the right of the Society to assume its national title; others, of mature skill and talent, but not publicly known; and many more young and untried, but who give the most promising indications of future excellence. It would be out of place in this general outline to enter into a detailed criticism of the various compositions brought forward by this Society: we will briefly advert to the most prominent features. Macfarren's symphony, with which the first concert opened, is of the highest order of instrumental writing, and distinguished for invention, vigour of style, knowledge of orchestral effect, and of the capabilities of individual instruments as well as the power of combining them. It was listened to with breathless attention, and received with a

burst of applause from an audience composed of some of the most eminent professors and amateurs. Yet this masterly and powerful composition had been twice rejected, and in rather an ungracious manner, by the Philharmonic Society, by whom also Calkin's admirable symphony had been declined. A concerto for the pianoforte, by W. Bennett, a young pupil of the Academy, who is a graceful and finished performer of the Cramer school, formed a principal feature of the second concert. Unlike the great mass of concertos, which are mere complications of instrumental difficulties for displaying the performer's dexterity, it is beautiful as a whole, the orchestral possessing equal interest with the solo parts. Nor should an overture by Tutton, one of the founders of the Society, be overlooked; affording, as it does, a remarkable evidence of the beneficial effect of practice in instrumental writing. Mr. Tutton is accustomed to scoring for military bands; and the masterly way in which the brass instruments are introduced strikingly evinces his perfect knowledge of their peculiar value in orchestral effects. In the third concert a symphony by Lucas, a pupil of the Academy, and, as a performer, second only to Lindley on the violoncello, was distinguished for fire and originality, verging on eccentricity, but entirely free from the reproach of affectation.

The prevailing character of these concerts has been a preponderance of merit in instrumental over vocal compositions, both in the writing and performance. The instrumental part has been splendid throughout, but a want of good singers, and original vocal pieces, has been sensibly felt. It is to be borne in mind, however, that the members were not so likely to have had vocal music by them, while the acknowledged want of good singers, in sufficient number, may have postponed the production of some vocal pieces. One great cause of the deficiency of vocalists, however, is the existence of an erroneous feeling on the part of some members of the Vocal Society, that this is a rival institution under a more attractive name; and, consequently, very few of that body are numbered amongst the Society of British Musicians. It is much to be regretted that party feeling should interfere, to the prejudice of the advancement of science; but it has hitherto been the case, and though we are optimists enough to hope that it will not always be so, it will take time to convince the members of a profession that what is for the good of all must benefit individuals. The Society of British Musicians, by throwing open their doors to the profession at large, will be doing all they can to remove objections. With increased numbers, a better system of management must arise. The Committee, as at present constituted, is badly chosen. As an instance, Mr. Pyne, who is only known as a superannuated vocalist of third-rate pretensions, is preferred to John Barnett. As it is the duty of the Committee to select compositions for performance at the concerts, after the weekly trial rehearsals, the importance of its being composed of men of approved judgment is evident: not only that the best productions may be selected, but that the profession may place confidence in the acts of the committee by whom the Society is governed.

The establishment of a *bonâ fide* English Opera House, contemporaneously with the formation of a Society of British Musicians, is a remarkable event in the past year. It would seem that the musical genius of England had burst into life spontaneously at the first cheering beam of encouragement. What a change has one year effected. Up to 1834

it was said that there was no Englishman capable of composing a grand opera. The English opera was instanced as a *lucus à non lucendo* proof of the fact. To have a theatre named English Opera, in which none but foreign operas were performed, was a practical satire upon the want of musical talent and genius in our countrymen. The ephemeral and flimsy trifles that ever and anon appeared by English composers, only served as seeming proofs of their incompetency to write anything better. Mr. Rodwell's project of an English Opera was ridiculed by some, and looked upon as a castle in the air by all. If the English composer had the genius to produce an opera, it was said, there were plenty of theatres where it might be brought out. The ignorance of managers, the partiality and jobbing of some of the so-called "musical directors" of the stage, the caprices of the singers—all these drawbacks were disregarded. Nay, it was even said that an English opera would not be listened to; and all those arguments, whose hollowness we have before exposed, were brought forward to prove that the English public could not appreciate nor enjoy, any more than English composers could produce, an opera. Yet no sooner was it understood that Mr. Arnold intended to give the experiment of English opera a fair trial, than composers set to work, and the result was the production, in one short season, of three grand operas, with various degrees of success, the lowest being far removed from failure. Mr. Arnold has entitled himself to the gratitude of every lover of music, as well as every composer, for the spirit with which he essayed an experiment that was generally looked upon as hopeless. Nor should Mr. Rodwell's zeal be left without its due share of praise; for his advocacy of the cause of the English composer, and his agitation of the subject of a national opera, unquestionably had its share in producing the change in public opinion on this subject, if it did not directly lead to Mr. Arnold's determination to give English operas a fair trial. Until the last year, indeed, Arne's "Artaxerxes," Storace's "Siege of Belgrade," Shield's "Castle of Andalusia," Braham's "Devil's Bridge," and two or three other similar vocalized dramas, composed our whole stock of operas. In that combination of voices and instruments which is essential to opera, they are remarkably deficient. The melodies, too, commonly want dramatic character; and being composed apparently without reference to any fixed plan, neither assist in developing the passion of the story, nor unite in forming one complete whole. As musical compositions, they are utterly destitute of design. A want of consecutiveness, completeness, and symmetry of design, is one great defect of Loder's "Nourjahad," the first and least meritorious of the three operas brought forward by Mr. Arnold. Moreover, its melodies are neither so original nor so dramatically characteristic as is desirable; and, as a young writer, the author proved himself inexperienced by the uncertainty of his orchestral effects: still it is a work of great merit and promise for an unknown composer. From Barnett more was expected, especially in the way of melody; but he agreeably surprised the musical world by showing a power of combination in orchestral writing that renders the melodies almost secondary, though they are admirable for appropriate character. The composition, as a whole, evinces a judicious management of the general design, so as to develope the sentiment and incidents of the story, with reference both to dramatic effect and musical completeness. The concerted piece

in E (the fortune-telling scene in the first act) shows an extraordinary power of choral writing. The subjects of these two operas were neither of them happily chosen. Both were familiar to audiences, the first as a drama, the latter as a ballet; and the want of sympathy which the audience had for the principal characters must have been shared in a measure by the composers. But the drama of the third and last was still worse than either of the former, besides lacking novelty; for "Hermann" is only another version of "Dark Diamond." The composer, Mr. Thomson, of Edinburgh—an amateur!—was partially known only as the author of some pretty ballads; yet his opera was remarkable for sound and scientific orchestral writing, and rich and elaborate harmonies, as well as for original and characteristic melodies. His style of writing, however, is not only solid but heavy; and his music, "married" to any thing but immortal verse, was, to say the least, most imperfectly performed. Some of the solos, as well as the concerted pieces, were execrably sung, and a beautiful comic trio was murdered by three persons, neither of whom were singers. It is not surprising, therefore, that it failed of that success which its great merits entitled it to. Had it not been so hastily brought out, the excellence of the music would, we think, have carried off the dead weight of the drama.

From such a beginning, what may we not expect? Barnett is now engaged on a new opera; Rodwell has produced one at the Surrey; at the Victoria, too, an opera is announced; and even at the great theatres, where shows and foreign novelties are all the rage, native genius may before long find a home. There is only one obstacle to surmount, and a formidable one it is—the want of English singers capable of doing justice to good music.

But here we are entering upon a wide and fruitful theme, which will properly form the subject of a separate paper. "English Singing and Singers" will be the subject of the next selection from the notes of

A Musical Student.

THE LOVE OF OTHER DAYS.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

'Tis past! We've learn'd to live apart;
And with a faint and gradual ray
All hope hath faded from my heart,
Like sunset on an autumn day.
Forgetful of these hours of pain,
They tell me I shall love again!

Perhaps I may! We laugh at jests
Some buried friend at random made:
Peace steals within our grieving breasts,
As sunbeams pierce the forest shade:
We learn to fling *all* mourning by—
Even that which clothed our memory!

Therefore I do believe this woe,
  Like other things, will fade and pass;
And my crush'd heart spring up and blow,
  Like flowers among the trodden grass:
But ere I *love*, it must be long—
The habits of the heart are strong.

Ere my accustom'd eye can seek,
  In some new, unfamiliar face,
The smile that glow'd upon thy cheek,
  And lent thine eye a softer grace,
When in the crowd I turn'd to thee,
Proud of thy certain sympathy:

Ere my poor ear, that hath been used
  To live upon thy angel voice;
Its daily sustenance refused,
  And forced to wander for a choice,
Can listen to some other tone,
And deem it welcome as thine own:

Ere the true heart thou could'st deceive
  Can hope, and dream, and trust once more,
And from another's lips believe
  All that THY lips so falsely swore,
And hear those vows of other years
Without a burst of bitter tears:

Ere I have half my mind explain'd
  To one who shares my thoughts too late;
With weary tongue, and spirit pain'd,
  And heart that still feels desolate,
Have travell'd thro' those by-gone days,
Which made life barren to my gaze:

What years must pass! In this world's strife
  How small will be my portion then:
The fainting energies of life
  Will scarcely serve to love again.
Love! To the pale uncertain flame
The fervent God denies his name.

No! Let no wrong'd heart look to mine:
  Such fate the wanderer hath in store
Who worships at a ruin'd shrine,
  Where altar fires can burn no more;
Vain is the incense—vain the prayer—
No deity is lingering there!

Oh! never more shall *trust* return,
  Trust,—by which love alone can live:
Even while I woo, my heart shall yearn
  For answers *thou* wert wont to give,
And my faint sighs shall echoes be
Of those I breathed long since to thee!

LOVE IN THE LIBRARY.

" Oh yes—for you're in love with *me !*
(I'm very glad of it, I'm sure ;)
But then you are not rich, you see,
And I——you know *I'm very* poor !
'Tis true that I can drive a tandem—
'Tis true that I can turn a sonnet—
'Tis true I leave the law at random,
When I *should* study—plague upon it !
But this is not—excuse me !—m——y !
(A thing they give for house and land ;)
And we must eat in matrimony—
And love is neither bread nor honey—
And so——you understand ? "

Poems by Philip Slingsby.

" Thou art spotless as the snow, lady mine, lady mine !
Thou art spotless as the snow, lady mine !
But the noon will have its ray,
And snow-wreaths melt away—
And hearts—why should not they ?—
Why not thine ? "

It began to snow. The air softened ; the pattering of the horses' hoofs was muffled with the impeded vibration ; the sleigh glided on with a duller sound ; the large loose flakes fell soft and fast, and the low and just audible murmur, like the tread of a fairy host, melted on the ear with a drowsy influence, as if it were a descent of palpable sleep upon the earth. You may talk of falling water—of the running of a brook—of the humming song of an old crone on a sick vigil—or of the *levi susurro* of the bees of Hybla,—but there is nothing like the falling of the snow for soft and soothing music. You hear it or not as you will, but it melts into your soul unaware. If you have ever a heart-ache, or feel the need of " poppy or mandragora," or, like myself, grow sometimes a-weary of the stale repetitions of this unvaried world, seek me out in Massachusetts, when the wind softens and veers south, after a frost—say in January. There shall have been a long-lying snow on the ground, well-trodden. The road shall be as smooth as the paths to our first sins—of a seeming perpetual declivity, as it were—and never a jolt or jar between us and the edge of the horizon; but all onward and down apparently, with an insensible ease. You sit beside me in my spring-sleigh, hung with the lightness of a cobweb cradle for a fairy's child in the trees. One horse is in the harness, of a swift and even pace, and around his neck is a string of fine, small bells, that ring to his measured step in a kind of muffled music, softer and softer as the snow-flakes thicken in the air. Your seat is of the shape of the *fauteuil* in your library, cushioned and deep, and with a backward and gentle slope, and you are enveloped to the eye-lids in warm furs. You settle down, with every muscle in repose, the visor of your ermine cap just shedding the snow from your forehead, and, with a word, the groom stands back and the horse speeds on, steady, but beautifully fast. The bells, which you hear loudly at first, begin to deaden, and the low hum of the alighting flakes steals gradually on your ear ; and soon the hoof-strokes are as silent as if

the steed were shod with wool, and away you flee through the white air, like birds asleep upon the wing diving through the feathery fleeces of the noon. Your eye-lids fall—forgetfulness steals upon the senses—a delicious torpor takes possession of the uneasy blood—and brain and thought yield to an intoxicating and trance-like slumber. It were perhaps too much to ask that any human bosom may go scathless to the grave; but in my own unworthy petitions I usually supplicate that my heart may be broken about Christmas. I know an anodyne o' that season.

Fred Fleming and I occupied one of the seven long seats in a stage-sleigh, flying at this time twelve miles in the hour, (yet not fast enough for our impatience,) westward from the University gates. The sleighing had been perfect for a week, and the cold keen air had softened for the first time that morning, and assumed the warm and woolly complexion that foretokened snow. Though not very cheerful in its aspect, this is an atmosphere particularly pleasant to breathe, and Fred, who was making his first move after a six weeks' fever, sat with the furs away from his mouth, nostrils expanded, lips parted, and the countenance altogether of a man in a high state of physical enjoyment. I had nursed him through his illness, by the way, in my own rooms, and hence our position as fellow-travellers. A pressing invitation from his father to come home with him to Skeneateles, for the holidays, had diverted me from my usual winter journey to the north; and for the first time in my life, I was going upon a long visit to a strange roof. My imagination had never more business upon its hands.

Fred had described to me over and over again every person I was to meet, brothers, sisters, aunts, cousins, and friends—a household of thirty people, guests included; but there was one person among them of whom his descriptions, amplified as they were, were very unsatisfactory.

"Is she so *very* plain?" I asked for the twentieth time.

"Abominably!"

"And immense black eyes?"

"Saucers!"

"And large mouth?"

"Huge!"

"And very dark?"

"Like a squaw!"

"And skinny hands, did you say?"

"Lean, long, and pokerish!"

"And so *very* clever?"

"Knows every thing, Phil!"

"But a sweet voice?"

"Um! every body says so."

"And high temper?"

"She's the devil, Phil! don't ask any more questions about her."

"You don't like her, then?"

"She never condescends to speak to me; how should I?"

And thereupon I put my head out of the sleigh, and employed myself with catching the snow-flakes on my nose, and thinking whether Edith Linsey would like me or no; for through all Fred's derogatory descriptions, it was clearly evident that she was the ruling spirit of the hospitable household of the Flemings.

As we got farther on, the new snow became deeper, and we found that the last storm had been heavier here than in the country from which we had come. The occasional farm-houses were almost wholly buried, the black chimney alone appearing above the ridgy drifts, while the tops of the doors and windows lay below the level of the trodden road, from which a descending passage was cut to the threshold, like the entrance to a cave in the earth. The fences were quite invisible. The fruit-trees looked diminished to shrubberies of snow-flowers, their trunks buried under the visible surface, and their branches loaded with the still falling flakes, till they bent beneath the burden. Nothing was abroad, for nothing could stir out of the road without danger of being lost, and we dreaded to meet even a single sleigh, lest in turning out, the horses should " slump" beyond their depth, in the untrodden drifts. The poor animals began to labour severely, and sunk at every step over their knees in the clogging and wool-like substance; and the long and cumbrous sleigh rose and fell in the deep pits like a boat in a heavy sea. It seemed impossible to get on. Twice we brought up with a terrible plunge and stood suddenly still, for the runners had struck in too deep for the strength of the horses; and with the snow-shovels, which formed a part of the furniture of the vehicle, we dug them from their concrete beds. Our progress at last was reduced to scarce a mile in the hour, and we began to have apprehensions that our team would give out between the post-houses. Fortunately it was still warm, for the numbness of cold would have paralyzed our already flagging exertions.

We had reached the summit of a long hill with the greatest difficulty. The poor beasts stood panting and reeking with sweat; the runners of the sleigh were clogged with hard cakes of snow, and the air was close and dispiriting. We came to a stand-still, with the vehicle lying over almost on its side, and I stepped out to speak to the driver and look forward. It was a discouraging prospect; a long deep valley lay before us, closed at the distance of a couple of miles by another steep hill, through a cleft in the top of which lay our way. We could not even distinguish the line of the road between. Our disheartened animals stood at this moment buried to their breasts, and to get forward without rearing at every step seemed impossible. The driver sat on his box looking uneasily down into the valley. It was one undulating ocean of snow, not a sign of a human habitation to be seen, and even the trees indistinguishable from the general mass, by their whitened and overladen branches. The storm had ceased, but the usual sharp cold that succeeds a warm fall of snow had not yet lightened the clamminess of the new-fallen flakes, and they clung around the foot like clay, rendering every step a toil.

" Your leaders are quite blown," I said to the driver, as he slid off his uncomfortable seat.

" Pretty nearly, Sir."

" And your wheelers are not much better."

" Sca'cely."

" And what do you think of the weather?"

" It'll be darnation cold in an hour." As he spoke he looked up to the sky, which was already peeling off its clouds in long stripes, like the skin of an orange, and looked as hard and cold as marble between the widening rifts. A sudden gust of a more chilling temperature followed

immediately upon his prediction, and the long cloth curtains of the sleigh flew clear of their slight pillars, and shook off their fringes of icicles.

"Could you shovel a little, Mister?" said the driver, handing me one of the broad wooden utensils from his foot-board, and commencing himself, after having thrown off his box coat, by heaving up a solid cake of the moist snow at the side of the road.

"It's just to make a place to rub down them creturs," said he, as I looked at him, quite puzzled to know what he was going to do.

Fred was too weak to assist us, and having righted the vehicle a little, and tied down the flapping curtains, he wrapped himself in his cloak, and I set heartily to work with my shovel. In a few minutes, taking advantage of the hollow of a drift, we had cleared a small area of frozen ground, and releasing the tired animals from their harness, we rubbed them well down with the straw from the bottom of the sleigh. The persevering driver then cleared the runners of their iced and clinging masses, and a half hour having elapsed he produced two bottles of rum from his box, and, giving each of the horses a dose, put them again to their traces.

We heaved out of the pit into which the sleigh had settled, and for the first mile it was down hill, and we got on with comparative ease. The sky was by this time almost bare, a dark, slaty mass of clouds alone settling on the horizon in the quarter of the wind, while the sun, as powerless as moonlight, poured with dazzling splendour on the snow, and the gusts came keen and bitter across the sparkling waste, rimming the nostrils as if with bands of steel, and penetrating to the innermost nerve, with their pungent iciness. No protection seemed of any avail. The whole surface of the body ached as if it were laid against a slab of ice. The throat closed instinctively, and contracted its unpleasant respiration—the body and limbs drew irresistibly together, to economise, like a hedge-hog, the exposed surface—the hands and feet felt transmuted to lead—and across the forehead, below the pressure of the cap, there was a binding and oppressive ache, as if a bar of frosty iron had been let into the skull. The mind, meantime, seemed freezing up—unwillingness to stir, and inability to think of anything but the cold, becoming every instant more decided.

From the bend of the valley our difficulties became more serious. The drifts often lay across the road like a wall, some feet above the heads of the horses, and we had dug through one or two, and had been once upset, and often near it, before we came to the steepest part of the ascent. The horses had by this time begun to feel the excitement of the rum, and bounded on through the snow with continual leaps, jerking the sleigh after them with a violence that threatened momently to break the traces. The steam from their bodies froze instantly, and covered them with a coat like hoar-frost, and spite of their heat, and the unnatural and violent exertions they were making, it was evident by the pricking of their ears, and the sudden crouch of the body when a stronger blast swept over, that the cold struck through even their hot and intoxicated blood.

We toiled up, leap after leap, and it seemed miraculous to me that the now infuriated animals did not burst a blood-vessel or crack a sinew with every one of those terrible springs. The sleigh plunged on after them, stopping dead and short at every other moment, and reeling over the heavy drifts, like a boat in a surging sea. A finer crystallization had

meantime taken place upon the surface of the moist snow, and the powdered particles flew almost insensibly on the blasts of wind, filling the eyes and hair, and cutting the skin with a sensation like the touch of needle-points. The driver and his maddened but almost exhausted team were blinded by the glittering and whirling eddies, the cold grew intenser every moment, the forward motion gradually less and less, and when, with the very last effort apparently, we reached a spot on the summit of the hill, which, from its exposed situation, had been kept bare by the wind, the patient and persevering whip brought his horses to a stand, and despaired for the first time of his prospects of getting on. I crept out of the sleigh, the iron-bound runners of which now grated on the bare ground, but found it impossible to stand upright.

"If you can use your hands," said the driver, turning his back to the wind which stung the face like the lash of a whip, "I'll trouble you to untackle them horses."

I set about it, while he buried his hands and face in the snow to relieve them for a moment from the agony of cold. The poor animals staggered stiffly as I pushed them aside, and every vein stood out from their bodies like ropes under the skin.

"What are you going to do?" I asked, as he joined me again, and taking off the harness of one of the leaders flung it into the snow.

"Ride for life!" was his ominous answer.

"Good God! and what is to become of my sick friend?"

"The Almighty knows—if he can't ride to the tavern!"

I sprang instantly to poor Fred, who was lying in the bottom of the sleigh almost frozen to death, informed him of the driver's decision, and asked him if he thought he could ride one of the horses. He was beginning to grow drowsy, the first symptom of death by cold, and could with difficulty be roused. With the driver's assistance, however, I lifted him out of the sleigh, shook him soundly, and making stirrups of the traces, set him upon one of the horses, and started him off before us. The poor beasts seemed to have a presentiment of the necessity of exertion, and though stiff and sluggish, entered willingly upon the deep drift which blocked up the way, and toiled exhaustedly on. The cold in our exposed position was agonizing. Every small fibre in the skin of my own face felt splitting and cracked, and my eyelids seemed made of ice. Our limbs soon lost all sensation. I could only press with my knees to the horse's side, and the whole collected energy of my frame seemed expended in the exertion. Fred held on wonderfully. The driver had still the use of his arm, and rode behind, flogging the poor animals on, whose every step seemed to be the last summons of energy. The sun set, and it was rather a relief, for the glitter upon the snow was exceedingly painful to the sight, and there was no warmth in its beams. I could see my poor friend drooping gradually to the neck of his horse, but until he should drop off it was impossible to assist him, and his faithful animal still waded on. I felt my own strength fast ebbing away. If I had been alone I should certainly have lain down, with the almost irresistible inclination to sleep, but the thought of my friend, and the shouting of the energetic driver, nerved me from time to time, and with hands hanging helplessly down, and elbows fastened convulsively to my side, we plunged and struggled painfully forward. I but remember being taken afterwards to a fire, and shrinking from it with a

shriek—the suffering of reviving consciousness was so intolerable. We had reached the tavern literally frozen upon our horses.

II.

I was balancing my spoon on the edge of a cup at the breakfast-table, the morning after our arrival, when Fred stopped in the middle of a eulogium on my virtues as a nurse, and a lady entering at the same moment, he said simply in parenthesis, "My cousin Edith, Mr. Slingsby," and went on with his story. I rose and bowed, and as Fred had the *parole*, I had time to collect my courage, and take a look at the enemy's camp—for, of that considerable household, I felt my star to be in conjunction or opposition with hers only who was at that moment my *vis-à-vis* across a dish of stewed oysters.

In about five minutes of rapid mental portrait painting, I had taken a likeness of Edith Linsey, which I see at this moment (I have carried it about the world for ten years), as distinctly as the incipient lines of age in this thin-wearing hand. My feelings changed in that time from dread or admiration, or something between these, to pity; she was so unscrupulously and hopelessly plain—so wretchedly ill and suffering in her aspect—so spiritless and unhappy in every motion and look. "I'll win her heart," thought I, "by being kind to her. Poor thing! it will be something new to her, I dare say!" Oh, Philip Slingsby! what a doomed donkey thou wert for that silly soliloquy.

And yet, even as she sat there, leaning over her untasted breakfast, listless, ill, and melancholy—with her large mouth, her protruding eyes, her dead and sallow complexion, and not one redeeming feature—there was something in her face which produced a phantom of beauty in my mind—a glimpse, a shadowing of a countenance that Beatrice Cenci might have worn at her last innocent orison—a loveliness moulded and exalted by superhuman and overpowering mind—instinct through all its sweetness with energy and fire. So strong was this phantom portrait, that in all my thoughts of her as an angel in heaven (for I supposed her dying for many a month, and a future existence was her own most frequent theme), she always rose to my fancy with a face half Niobe, half Psyche, radiantly lovely. And this, too, with a face of her own, a *bonâ fide* physiognomy, that must have made a mirror an unpleasant article of furniture in her chamber.

I have no suspicion in my own mind, whether Time was drunk or sober during the succeeding week of those Christmas holidays. The second Saturday had come round, and I just remember that Fred was very much out of humour with me for having appeared to his friends to be everything he had said I was *not*, and nothing he had said I *was*. He had described me as the most uproarious, noisy, good-humoured, and agreeable dog in the world. And I was not that at all—particularly the last. The old judge told him he had not improved in his penetration at the University.

A week! and what a life had been clasped within its brief calendar, for me! Edith Linsey was two years older than I, and I was considered a boy. She was thought to be dying slowly, but irretrievably, of consumption; and it was little matter whom she loved, or how. They would only have been pleased, if, by a new affection, she could beguile the preying melancholy of illness; for by that gentle name they called,

in their kindness, a caprice and a bitterness of character that, had she been less a sufferer, would not have been endured for a day. But she was not capricious, or bitter to *me!* Oh no! And from the very extreme of her impatience with others—from her rudeness, her violence, her sarcasm—she came to me with a heart softer than a child's, and wept upon my hands, and weighed every word that might give me offence, and watched to anticipate my lightest wish, and was humble, and generous, and passionately loving and dependant. Her heart sprang to me with a rebound. She gave herself up to me with an utter and desperate abandonment, that owed something to her peculiar character, but more to her own solemn conviction that she was dying—that her best hope of life was not worth a week's purchase.

We had begun with books, and upon them her past enthusiasm had hitherto been released. She loved her favourite authors with a passion. They had relieved her heart; and there was nothing of poetry or philosophy that was deep or beautiful, in which she had not steeped her very soul. How well I remember her repeating to me from Shelley, those glorious lines to the soaring swan,

> "Thou hast a home,
> Beautiful bird! Thou voyagest to thine home,—
> Where thy sweet mate will twine her downy neck
> With thine, and welcome thy return with eyes
> Bright with the lustre of their own fond joy!
> And what am I, that I should linger here,
> With voice far sweeter than thy dying notes,
> Spirit more vast than thine, frame more attuned
> To beauty, wasting these surpassing powers
> To the deaf air, to the blind earth, and heaven
> That echoes not my thoughts!"

There was a long room in the southern wing of the house, fitted up as a library. It was a heavily-curtained, dim old place, with deep-embayed windows, and so many nooks, and so much furniture, that there was that hushed air, that absence of echo within it, which is the great charm of a haunt for study or thought. It was Edith's kingdom. She might lock the door, if she pleased, or shut or open the windows; in short, when she was there, no one thought of disturbing her, and she was like a "spirit in its cell," invisible and inviolate. And here I drank into my very life and soul the outpourings of a bosom that had been locked till (as we both thought) the last hour of its life,—a flow of mingled intellect and passion that overran my heart like lava, sweeping everything into its resistless fire, and (may God forgive her!) leaving it scorched and desolate when its mocking brightness had gone out.

I remember that "Elia"—Charles Lamb's Elia—was the favourite of favourites among her books; and partly that the late death of this most-to-be-loved author reminded me to look it up, and partly to have time to draw back my indifference over a subject that it something stirs me to recall, you shall read an imitation (or continuation, if you will,) that I did for Edith's eye of his "Essay on Books and Reading." I sat with her dry and fleshless hand in mine while I read it to her, and the fingers of Psyche were never fairer to Canova than they to me.

"It is a little singular," I began (looking into her eyes as long as I could remember what I had written), "that, among all the elegancies

of sentiment for which the age is remarkable, no one should ever have thought of writing a book upon 'Reading.' The refinements of the true epicure in books are surely as various as those of the gastronome and the opium-eater; and I can conceive of no reason why a topic of such natural occurrence should have been so long neglected, unless it is that the taste itself, being rather a growth of indolence, has never numbered among its votaries one of the busy craft of writers.

"The great proportion of men read, as they eat, for hunger. I do not consider them readers. The true secret of the thing is no more adapted to their comprehension, than the sublimations of Louis Eustache Ude for the taste of a day-labourer. The refined reading taste, like the palate of *gourmanderie*, must have got beyond appetite—gross appetite. It shall be that of a man who, having fed through childhood and youth on simple knowledge, values now only, as it were, the apotheosis of learning—the spiritual *nare*. There are, it is true, instances of a keen natural relish: a boy, as you will sometimes find one, of a premature thoughtfulness, will carry a favourite author in his bosom, and feast greedily on it in his stolen hours. Elia tells the exquisite story:—

"'I saw a boy, with eager eye,
Open a book upon a stall,
And read as he'd devour it all;
Which, when the stall-man did espy,
Soon to the boy I heard him call,
"You Sir, you never buy a book,
Therefore in one you shall not look!"
The boy pass'd slowly on, and, with a sigh,
He wish'd he never had been taught to read,
Then of the old churl's books he should have had no need.'

"The pleasure as well as the profit of reading depends as much upon time and manner, as upon the book. The mind is an opal—changing its colour with every shifting shade. Ease of position is especially necessary. A muscle strained, a nerve unpoised, an admitted sunbeam caught upon a mirror, are slight circumstances; but a feather may tickle the dreamer from paradise to earth. 'Many a froward axiom,' says a refined writer, 'many an inhumane thought, hath arisen from sitting uncomfortably, or from a want of symmetry in your chamber.' Who has not felt, at times, an unaccountable disrelish for a favourite author? Who has not, by a sudden noise in the street, been startled from a reading dream, and found, afterwards, that the broken spell was not to be re-wound? An ill-tied cravat may unlink the rich harmonies of Taylor. You would not think Barry Cornwall the delicious heart he is, reading him on a tottering chair.

"There is much in the mood with which you come to a book. If you have been vexed out of doors, the good humour of an author seems unnatural. I think I should scarce relish the 'gentle spiriting' of Ariel with a pulse of ninety in the minute. Or if I had been touched by the unkindness of a friend, Jack Falstaff would not move me to laughter as easily as he is wont. There are tones of the mind, however, to which a book will vibrate with a harmony than which there is nothing more exquisite in Nature. To go abroad at sunrise in June, and admit all the holy influences of the hour—stillness, and purity and balm—to a mind subdued and dignified, as the mind will be by the sacred tranquillity of sleep,—and then to come in with bathed and refreshed senses,

and a temper of as clear joyfulness as the soaring lark's, and sit down to Milton, or Spenser, or, almost loftier still, the divine 'Prometheus' of Shelley, has seemed to me a harmony of delight almost too heavenly to be human. The great secret of such pleasure is sympathy. You must climb to the eagle poet's eyrie. You must have senses, like his, for the music that is only audible to the fine ear of thought, and the beauty that is visible only to the spirit-eye of a clear and, for the time, unpolluted fancy. The stamp and pressure of the magician's own time and season must be upon you. You would not read Ossian, for example, in a bath, or sitting under a tree in a sultry noon; but after rushing into the eye of the wind with a fleet horse, with all his gallant pride and glorious strength and fire obedient to your rein, and so mingling, as it will, with his rider's consciousness, that you feel as if you were gifted in your own body with the swiftness and energy of an angel;—after this, to sit down to Ossian, is to read him with a magnificence of delusion, to my mind scarce less than reality. I never envied Napoleon till I heard it was his habit, after a battle, to read Ossian.

"You cannot often read to music. But I love, when the voluntary is pealing in church,—every breath in the congregation suppressed, and the deep-volumed notes pouring through the arches of the roof with the sublime and almost articulate praise of the organ,—to read, from the pew Bible, the book of Ecclesiastes. The solemn stateliness of its periods is fitted to music like a hymn. It is to me a spring of the most thrilling devotion,—though I shame to confess that the richness of its Eastern imagery, and, above all, the inimitable beauty of its philosophy, stand out somewhat definitely in the reminiscences of the hour.

"A taste for reading comes comparatively late. 'Robinson Crusoe' will turn a boy's head at ten. The 'Arabian Nights' are taken to bed with us at twelve. At fourteen, a forward boy will read the 'Lady of the Lake,' 'Tom Jones,' and 'Peregrine Pickle;' and at seventeen (not before) he is ready for Shakspeare, and, if he is of a thoughtful turn, Milton. Most men do not read these last with a true relish till after this period. The hidden beauties of standard authors break upon the mind by surprise. It is like discovering a secret spring in an old jewel. You take up the book in an idle moment, as you have done a thousand times before, perhaps wondering, as you turn over the leaves, what the world finds in it to admire, when suddenly, as you read, your fingers press close upon the covers, your frame thrills, and the passage you have chanced upon chains you like a spell,—it is so vividly true and beautiful. Milton's 'Comus' flashed upon me in this way. I never could read the 'Rape of the Lock' till a friend quoted some passages from it during a walk. I know no more exquisite sensation than this warming of the heart to an old author; and it seems to me that the most delicious portion of intellectual existence is the brief period in which, one by one, the great minds of old are admitted with all their time-mellowed worth to the affections. With what delight I read, for the first time, the 'kind-hearted plays' of Beaumont and Fletcher! How I doated on Burton! What treasures to me were the 'Fairy Queen' and the Lyrics of Milton!

"I used to think, when studying the Greek and Latin poets in my boyhood, that to be made a school-author was a fair offset against immor-

tality. I would as lief, it seemed to me, have my verses handed down by the town-crier. But latterly, after an interval of a few years, I have taken up my classics (the identical school copies with the hard places all thumbed and pencilled) and have read them with no little pleasure. It is not to be believed with what a satisfaction the riper eye glides smoothly over the once difficult line,—finding the golden cadence of poetry beneath what once seemed only a tangled chaos of inversion. The associations of hard study, instead of reviving the old distaste, added wonderfully to the interest of a re-perusal. I could see now what brightened the sunken eye of the pale and sickly master, as he took up the hesitating passage, and read on, forgetful of the delinquent, to the end. I could enjoy now, what was a dead letter to me then, the heightened fulness of Herodotus, and the strong-woven style of Thucydides, and the magnificent invention of Eschylus. I took an aversion to Homer from hearing a classmate in the next room scan it perpetually through his nose. There is no music for me in the 'Iliad.' But, spite of the recollections scored alike upon my palm and the margin, I own to an Augustan relish for the smooth melody of Virgil, and freely forgive the sometimes troublesome ferule,—enjoying by its aid the raciness of Horace and Juvenal, and the lofty philosophy of Lucretius. It will be a dear friend to whom I put down in my will that shelf of defaced classics.

"There are some books that bear reading pleasantly once a year. 'Tristram Shandy' is an annual with me. I read him regularly about Christmas. Jeremy Taylor (not to mingle things holy and profane) is a good table-book, to be used when you would collect your thoughts and be serious awhile. A man of taste need never want for Sunday reading while he can find the Sermons of Taylor, and South, and Fuller —writers of good theological repute—though, between ourselves, I think one likelier to be delighted with the poetry and quaint fancifulness of their style, than edified by the piety it covers. I like to have a quarto edition of Sir Thomas Brown on a near shelf, or Milton's Prose Works, or Bacon. There are healthful moods of the mind when lighter nutriment is distasteful.

"I am growing fastidious in poetry, and confine myself more and more to the old writers. Castaly of late runs shallow. Shelley's (peace to his passionate heart!) was a deep draught, and Wordsworth and Wilson sit near the well, and Keats and Barry Cornwall have been to the fountain's lip, feeding their imaginations (the latter his *heart* as well), but they have brought back little for the world. The 'small silver stream' will, I fear, soon cease to flow down to us, and as it dries back to its source, we shall close nearer and nearer upon the 'pure English undefiled.' The dabblers in muddy waters (tributaries to Lethe) will have Parnassus to themselves.

"The finest pleasures of reading come unbidden. You cannot, with your choicest appliances for the body, always command the many-toned mind. In the twilight alcove of a library, with a time-mellowed chair yielding luxuriously to your pressure, a June wind laden with idleness and balm floating in at the window, and in your hand some Russia-bound rambling old author, as Izaak Walton, good-humoured and quaint, one would think the spirit could scarce fail to be conjured. Yet often, after spending a morning hour restlessly thus, I have risen with my mind

unhinged, and strolled off with a book in my pocket to the woods; and, as I live, the mood has descended upon me under some chance tree, with a crooked root under my head, and I have lain there, reading and sleeping by turns, till the letters were blurred in the dimness of twilight. It is the evil of refinement that it breeds caprice. You will sometimes stand unfatigued for hours on the steps of a library; or in a shop, the eye will be arrested, and all the jostling of customers and the looks of the jealous shopman will not divert you till you have read out the chapter.

"I do not often indulge in the supernatural, for I am an unwilling believer in ghosts, and the topic excites me. But, for its connection with the subject upon which I am writing, I must conclude these rambling observations with a late mysterious visitation of my own.

"I had, during the last year, given up the early summer tea-parties common in the town in which the University stands; and having, of course, three or four more hours than usual on my hands, I took to an afternoon habit of imaginative reading. Shakspeare came first, naturally; and I feasted for the hundredth time upon what I think his (and the world's) most delicate creation—the 'Tempest.' The twilight of the first day overtook me at the third Act, where the banquet is brought in with solemn music by the fairy troop of Prospero, and set before the shipwrecked king and his followers. I closed the book, and, leaning back in my chair, abandoned myself to the crowd of images which throng always upon the traces of Shakspeare. The *fancy* music was still in my mind, when an apparently *real* strain of the most solemn melody came to my ear, dying, it seemed to me, as it reached it, the tones were so expiringly faint and low. I was not startled, but lay quietly, holding my breath, and more fearing when the strain would be broken, than curious whence it came. The twilight deepened, till it was dark, and it still played on, changing the tune at intervals, but always of the same melancholy sweetness; till, by-and-by, I lost all curiosity, and, giving in to the charm, the scenes I had been reading began to form again in my mind, and Ariel, with his delicate ministers, and Prospero, and Miranda, and Caliban, came moving before me to the measure, as bright and vivid as the reality. I was disturbed in the midst of it by Alfonse, who came in at the usual hour with my tea; and, on starting to my feet, I listened in vain for the continuance of the music. I sat thinking of it awhile, but dismissed it at last, and went out to enjoy, in a solitary walk, the loveliness of the summer night. The next day I resumed my book, with a smile at my previous credulity, and had read through the last scenes of the 'Tempest,' when the light failed me. I again closed the book, and presently again, as if the sympathy was instantaneous, the strain broke in, playing the same low and solemn melodies, and falling with the same dying cadence upon the ear. I listened to it, as before, with breathless attention; abandoned myself once more to its irresistible spell; and, half-waking, half-sleeping, fell again into a vivid dream, brilliant as fairy-land, and creating itself to the measures of the still audible music. I could not now shake off my belief in its reality; but I was so rapt with its strange sweetness, and the beauty of my dream, that I cared not whether it came from earth or air. My indifference, singularly enough, continued for several days; and, regularly at twilight, I threw aside my book, and listened with

dreamy wakefulness for the music. It never failed me, and its results were as constant as its coming. Whatever I had read,—sometimes a canto of Spenser, sometimes an act of a play, or a chapter of romance, —the scene rose before me with the stately reality of a pageant. At last I began to think of it more seriously; and it was a relief to me one evening when Alfonse came in earlier than usual with a message. I told him to stand perfectly still; and after a minute's pause, during which I heard distinctly an entire passage of a funeral hymn, I asked him if he heard any music? He said he did not. My blood chilled at his positive reply, and I bade him listen once more. Still he heard nothing. I could endure it no longer. It was to me as distinct and audible as my own voice; and I rushed from my room as he left me, shuddering to be left alone.

"The next day I thought of nothing but death. Warnings by knells in the air, by apparitions, by mysterious voices, were things I had believed in speculatively for years, and now their truth came upon me like conviction. I felt a dull, leaden presentiment about my heart, growing heavier and heavier with every passing hour. Evening came at last, and with it, like a summons from the grave, a 'dead march' swelled clearly on the air. I felt faint and sick at heart. This could not be fancy; and why was it, as I thought I had proved, audible to my ear alone? I threw open the window, and the first rush of the cool north wind refreshed me; but, as if to mock my attempts at relief, the dirge-like sounds rose, at the instant, with treble distinctness. I seized my hat and rushed into the street, but, to my dismay, every step seemed to bring me nearer to the knell. Still I hurried on, the dismal sounds growing distractingly louder, till, on turning a corner that leads to the lovely burying-ground of New Haven, I came suddenly upon—a bell-foundry! In the rear had lately been hung, for trial, the chiming bells just completed for the New Trinity Church, and the master of the establishment informed me that one of his journeymen was a fine player, and every day after his work, he was in the habit of amusing himself with the 'Dead March in Saul,' the 'Marsellois Hymn,' and other melancholy and easy tunes, muffling the hammers that he might not disturb the neighbours."

I have had my reward for these speculations, dear reader—a smile that is lying at this instant, *perdu*, in the innermost recess of memory—and I care not much (without offence) whether you like it or no. *She* thanked me—*she* thought it well done—*she* laid her head on my bosom while I read it in the old library of the Flemings, and every word has been "paid for in fairy gold."

I have taken up a thread that lengthens as I unravel it, and I cannot well see how I shall come to the end this month, without trespassing on your time. We will cut it here, if you like, and resume it another day; but before I close, I must give you a little instance of how love makes the dullest earth poetical. Edith had given me a *portfeuille* crammed with all kinds of embossed and curious note-paper, all quite too pretty for use, and what I would show you are my verses on the occasion. For a hand unpractised, then, in aught save the "Gradus ad Parnassum," I must own I have fished them out of that same old *portfeuille* (faded now from its glory, and worn with travel—but oh how cherished!) with a pleasant feeling of paternity:—

Thanks for thy gift! But heard'st thou ever
A story of a wandering fay,
Who, tired of playing sylph for ever,
Came romping to the earth one day;
And, flirting like a little love
With everything that flew and flirted,
Made capture of a sober dove,
Whose pinions, (so the tale asserted,)
Though neither very fresh nor fair,
Were well enough for common wear.

The dove, though plain, was gentle bred,
And cooed agreeably, though low;
But still the fairy shook her head,
And, patting with her foot, said "*No!*"
'Twas true that he was rather fat;
But that was living in an abbey;—
And solemn—but it was not that.
"What then?" "*Why, Sir, your wings are shabby.*"

The dove was dumb: he droop'd, and sidled
In shame along the abbey-wall;
And then the haughty fay unbridled,
And blew her snail-shell trumpet-call;
And summoning her waiting-sprite,
Who bore her wardrobe on his back,
She took the wings she wore at night,
(Silvery stars on plumes of black,)
And, smiling, begg'd that he would take
And wear them for his lady's sake.

He took them; but he could not fly!
A fay-wing was too fine for him;
And when she pouted, by-and-by,
And left him for some other whim,
He laid them softly in his nest,
And did his flying with his own,
And they were soft upon his breast,
When many a night he slept alone;
And many a thought those wings would stir,
And many a dream of love and her.

SIINGSBY.

ON GIANTS, OGRES, AND CYCLOPS.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

It would be difficult to find an early national history without a giant in it. Anything great in its effects, and supposed not to be very tender-hearted, was a giant. A violent set of neighbours were giants. An opposer of the gods was a giant, and threw mountains at them, instead of sceptical essays. Evil genii were gigantic. The same Persian word came to signify a giant, a devil, and a magician. An older word, in the Persian language, meaning a giant, gave its name to the ancient dynasty of the Caianides. Kings, in ancient times, when physical more than moral dignity was in request, were sometimes chosen on account of their stature. Agamemnon is represented as taller by the head and shoulders than any man in his army; and probably it was as much on account of his height as his other supremacy that he was called *Anax-Andron*, King of Men. An etymologist would even see in the word *Anax* a resemblance to the Anakites of Scripture. It is remarkable that Virgil, in his Elysium, has given the old poet Musæus a similar superiority over his brethren; as if every kind of power in the early ages was associated with that of body. Moral enormity was naturally typified by physical. "It may be observed," says Mr. Hole, "that a giant, in Arabic or Persian fables, is commonly a negro or infidel Indian, as he is in our old romances a Saracen Paynim, a votary of Mahound and Termagaunt." "Were the negroes authors," he pleasantly adds, "they would probably characterise their giants by whiskers and turbans; or by hats, wigs, and a pale complexion." *

In like manner, if the English wrote allegorical story-books now-a-days, the oppressive lord or magistrate would be a giant. Fierce upholders of the old game-laws would be monsters of the woods, that devoured a man if he dared to touch one of their rabbits. "In books of chivalry," says Bishop Hurd, "the giants were oppressive feudal lords; and every lord was to be met with, like the giant, in his stronghold or castle. Their dependants of the lower form, who imitated the violence of their superiors, and had not their castles, but their lurking-places, were the savages of romance. The greater lord was called a giant, for his power; the less, a savage, for his brutality. All this is shadowed out of the Gothic tales, and sometimes expressed in plain words. The objects of the knight's vengeance go indeed by the various names of giants, paynims, Saracens and savages. But of what family they all are, is clearly seen from the poet's description:—

'What, mister wight, quoth he, and how far hence
Is he, that doth to travellers such harmes?
He is, said he, a man of great defence,
Expert in battell and in deedes of armes;
And more emboldened by the wicked charmes
With which his daughter doth him still support:
Having great lordships got and goodly farmes
Through strong oppression of his powre extort;
By which he still them holds, and keeps with strong effort.

* Remarks on the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, p. 80.

And dayly he his wrongs encreaseth more,
For never wight he lets to pass that waye
Over his bridge, albee he rich or poore,
But he him makes his passage-penny paye ;
Else he doth hold him backe or beate awaye.
Thereto he hath a groom of evil guise,
Whose scalp is bare, that bondage doth bewraye,
Which pols and pils the poore in piteous wise,
But he himself upon the rich doth tyrannise.'

" Here," says the Bishop, " we have the great oppressive baron very graphically set forth. And the *groom of evil guise* is as plainly the baron's vassal. The romancers, we see, took no great liberty with these respectable personages, when they called the one a giant, and the other a savage."*

That men of gigantic stature have existed here and there, we have had testimony in our own days. Some of them, probably not the tallest, have been strong. The others are weak and ill-formed, like children that have outgrown their strength. Whether giants ever existed as a body is still a question. The Patagonians of Commodore Byron have come down to a reasonable stature ; and the bones that used to be exhibited as proofs undeniable of enormous men, turn out to be those of the mammoth and the elephant. But this is the prose of gigantology. In poetry they are still alive and stalking.

The earliest giants were monstrous as well as huge. Those that warred with the gods, and heaped Ossa upon Pelion, had a multitude of heads and arms, with serpents instead of legs. Typhon, the evil principle, the dreadful wind (still known in the East under the same name, the Tifoon), had dragons' instead of human heads ; and out of each of them threw the shriek of a different animal. Enceladus was thrust under Mount Etna, from which he still vomits fire and smoke; and when he turns his side, there is an earthquake. Otus and Ephialtes grew nine inches a month, and at nine years old made their campaign against the gods. Now and then a giant undertook to be more courtly and pious. When Juno, Neptune, and Minerva conspired to dethrone Jupiter, Briareus went up into Heaven, and seating himself on his right hand, looked so very shocking, that the deities were fain to desist.

There is a confusion of the giants with the Titans; but their wars were different. Those of the Titans were against Cœlus and Saturn ; the giants warred against Jupiter. They were also of a different nature, the Titans being of proper celestial origin, whereas the birth of the giants was as monstrous as their shapes. As to the great stature of the Titans, all the gods were gigantic. It was only in their visits to earth that they accommodated themselves to human size, and then not in their wars. One of the noblest uses ever made of this association of bodily size with divine power is in " Paradise Lost," where Milton, in one of those passages in which his theology is as weak and perplexed as his verse is powerful, makes Abdiel say to the leader of the infernal armies,—

" Fool ! not to think how vain
Against the Omnipotent to rise in arms;
Who out of smallest things could, without end,
Have raised incessant armies to defeat

* Todd's Spenser, vol. vi. p. 7.

Thy folly; or with *solitary hand*
Reaching beyond all limit, at one blow,
Unaided, could have *finished* thee, and whelm'd
Thy legions under darkness."

"Solitary hand," says Bishop Newton, "means his single hand." Oh no! it is much finer than that. It means his hand, visibly alone,—with nothing round about it,—solitary in the great space of existence. It stretches out into the ether, dashing, at one blow, a great host into nothing; then draws back into Heaven, and there is a silence as if existence itself were annihilated.

The Cyclops is a variety of the giant monstrous. He has one eye, and is a man-eater. Mr. Bryant, who, in his "Elements of Ancient Mythology," amidst a heap of wild and gratuitous assumptions, has some ingenious conjectures, is of opinion that a Cyclops was a watch-tower, with a round window in it, showing a light; and that by the natural progress of fable, the tower became a man. If the light, however, was for good purposes, the charge of man-eating is against the opinion. The Cyclopes, a real people, who left the old massy specimens of architecture called after their name, are said to have been in the habit of carrying shields with an eye painted on them, or wore visors with a hole to see through. But these conjectures are not necessary to our treatise. The proper, huge, cannibal giant, the Fee-faw-fum of antiquity, is our monster. Homer, who wandered about the world, and took marvels as they came, has painted him in all his cruelty. Theocritus, writing pastorals at the court of Ptolemy, and more of a "sweet Signior," found out a refinement for him, which, to say the truth, is superior to jesting, and has touched a chord which the inventor of the character of Hector would have admired. He made Polyphemus in love; and we are sorry for the monster, and wish Galatea to treat him with as much tenderness as is compatible with her terrors.* His discovery of his forlorn condition, his fear that his senses are forsaking him, and his eagerness to suppose that he is not altogether alien to humanity, because the village girls, when he speaks to them from his mountain at night-time, *laugh at him*, render him no longer a monstrosity odious, but a difference pitiable.†

There is a Polyphemus in the story of "Sindbad" so like Homer's, that the ingenious author of the "Remarks on the Arabian Nights' Entertainments" pronounces it to be copied from him. Homer, however, might have copied it from the Orientals. He might have heard it from Eastern traders, granting it was unknown to the Greeks before. The wanderings of Ulysses imply a compilation of wonders from all parts of the world. The Greeks, except in this instance, appear to have had

---

* Those who wish to know how music can express a giant's misery, contrasted with the happiness of two innocent lovers, should hear the serenata of "Acis and Galatea," by Handel, the giant of the orchestra.

("Where giant Handel stands,
Arm'd, like Briareus, with his hundred hands."—Pope.)

The terrible intonations of Polyphemus in his despair, with those lovely unweeting strains of the happy pair immediately issuing out upon them, "Ere I forsake my love," &c., offer perhaps the finest direct piece of contrast in the whole circle of music.

† Theocritus, Idyll. XI., v. 72.

no idea of a nation of giants. Even Polyphemus they mixed up with their mythology, making him a son of Neptune. On the other hand, the grandiosity of the Orientals supplied them with giants in abundance, and Sir John Mandeville had no need, as Mr. Hole imagines, to go to Virgil and Ovid for his descriptions of huge monsters, eating men as they go, "all raw and all quicke."

Ariosto, in the seventeenth book of his great poem, has a Polyphemus with two projecting bones, instead of eyes, of the colour of fungus. This is very ghastly. He calls him an *orco*, that is to say, an *ogre*. Ogre, whether derived from the Latin *orcus*, or from Oigour (a tribe of Tartars), or Hongrois, or Hungarian*, is a man-eater; and *orco* appears to be the same, though not confined to the man-monster. The same poet, in his rifacimento of the story of Andromeda (canto 10), calls the fish an *orc;* and the word is used in a like sense in our own elder poetry. Ariosto's Polyphemus (for he gives him a cavern, sheep, &c., exactly like those of the old Cyclops) has no sight at all with those horrible goggles of his. An exquisite sense of smelling supplies the want of it; and he comes running upon his prey, dipping his nose towards the ground.

"Mentre aspettiamo, in gran piacer sedendo,
Che da caccia ritorni il signor nostro,
Vedemmo l'orco a noi venir correndo
Lungo il lito del mar, terribil mostro.
Dio vi guardi, signor, che 'l viso orrendo
De l'orco a gli occhi mai vi sia dimostro.
Meglio e per fama aver notizia d'esso,
Ch' andargli, si che lo veggiate, appresso.

"Non si puo compartir quanto sia lungo,
Si smisuratamente è tutto grosso.
In luogo d' occhi, di color di fungo
Sotto la fronte ha due coccole d'osso.
Verso noi vien, come vi dico, lungo
Il lito: e par ch'un monticel sia mosso.
Mostra le zanne fuor, come fa il porco:
Ha lungo il naso, e'l sen bavoso e sporco.

"Correndo viene, e'l muso a guisa porta
Che'l braccio suol, quando entra in su la traccia.
Tutti che lo veggiam, con faccia smorta
In fugo andiamo ove il timor ne caccia.
Poco il veder lui cieco ne conforta;
Quando fiutando sol par che piu faccia,
Ch 'altri non fa ch 'abbia odorato e lume:
E bisogno al fuggire eran le piume."

While thus we sat, prepared for mirth and glee,
Waiting the king's appearance from the chase,
Suddenly, to our horror, by the sea,
We saw the ogre coming towards the place.
God keep you, Sir, in his benignity,
From setting eyes on such a dreadful face!
Better, by far, of such things to be told,
Than see a sight to make a man turn old.

* See Fairy Mythology, vol. ii.

I cannot tell you his immeasured size,
So huge he was, and of a bulk throughout.
Upon his horrid front, instead of eyes,
Two bony roundels, fungus-hued, stuck out.
Thus, like the only thing 'twixt earth and skies,
He came along; and under his brute snout
Tusks he put forth, bared like the boar's in wrath;
And his huge breast was filthy with a froth.
Running he comes, projecting towards the ground
His loathly muzzle, dog-like, on the scent.
With ashy faces we arise, and bound,
Fast as we can, before the dire intent.
Small comfort to us was his blindness found;
Since with his smelling only as he bent,
More sure he seem'd than creatures that have sight;
And wings alone could match him for a flight.

The poverty-stricken propriety of Mr. Hoole regarded these circumstances as "puerilities." He ventured to turn Ariosto's wine into water, and then judged him in his unhappy sobriety. Mr. Hoole was not man enough to play the child with a great southern genius. Ariosto's poem is a microcosm, which sees fair play to all the circles of imagination, at least to all such as are common to men in their ordinary state; and he did not omit those that include childhood, and that, in some measure, are never forgotten by us. This, literally construed, is in high epic taste, as much so as the homely similies of the Iliad and the Odyssey. We should be thankful, for our parts, to an epic poet who could manage to introduce the big-headed and bushy-haired ogres of our own story-books, with the little ogres, their children, all with crowns on their heads. We sympathise with the hand of the diminutive "giganticide," who felt them as they lay in their grim slumber, all in a row. Was this, by the way, a satire on royalty? It is an involuntary one. The giant Gargantua, in Rabelais, who ate three men in a salad, was a king.

Several of Spenser's allegorical personages are giants. The allegory is incidental, and helps to vary the individual character; but otherwise the bodily pictures are complete specimens of the giants of chivalry. One of them is Disdain,—

"Who did disdain
To be so called, and whoso did him call."

Of another giant, of the same name, he tells us that

"His lookes were dreadfull, and his fiery eies,
Like two great beacons, glared bright and wide,
Glauncing askew, as if his enemies
He scorned in his overweening pryde;
And stalking stately, like a crane, did stryde
At every step upon the tiptoes hie;
And all the way he went, on every syde
He gaz'd about, and stared horriblie,
As if he with his looks would all men terrifie.

"He wore no armour, ne for none did care,
As no whit dreading any living wight;
But in a jacket, quilted richly rare
Upon checklaton*, he was strangely dight,

* Checklatoun (Fr. *ciclatoun*) is supposed to be intended by Spenser for cloth of gold.

And on his head a roll of linnen plight,
Like to the Moors of Malaber, he wore,
With which his lockes, as black as pitchy night,
Were bound about and voided from before;
And in his hand a mighty yron club he bore."

Faerie Queene, Book VI., *Canto* vii.

A third great giant is Orgoglio (or Pride), a good swallowing name. A knight is enjoying himself with his mistress, when suddenly he hears

" A dreadful sownd,
Which through the wood loud bellowing did rebownd,
That all the earth for terror seemed to shake,
And trees did tremble. Th' Elfe, therewith astound,
Upstarted lightly from his looser make,
And his unsteady weapons gan in hand to take.

" But ere he could his armour on him dight
Or get his shield, his monstrous enemye
With sturdie step came stalking in his sight,
An hideous giant, horrible and hye;
The grownd all groned under him for dread."

Orgoglio has a

" Dreadful club
All arm'd with ragged snubs and knottie grain."

With this, in a battle with Prince Arthur, he aims a terrible blow, which, missing him—

" Did fall to ground, and with his heavy sway,
So deeply dented in the driven clay,
That three yards deep a furrow up did throw.
The sad earth, wounded with so sore essay,
Did groan full grievous underneath the blow,
And trembling with strange fears, did like an earthquake show."

Then follows one of the noblest similes ever produced. Upton says that Longinus would have written a whole chapter upon it:—

" As when Almightie Jove, in wrathful mood,
To wreake the guilt of mortal sins is bent,
Hurles forth his thund'ring dart with deadly food,
Enroll'd in flames and smouldering dreriment,
Through riven clouds and molten firmament:
The fierce three-forked engine, making way,
Both loftie towres and highest trees hath rent,
And all that might his angry passage stay;
And, shooting in the earth, casts up a mount of clay."

Book I., *Canto* viii., *st.* 9.

Spenser writes the word variously—giant, gyaunt, and geaunt; for no man had a stronger sense of words as the expressions of things, nor delighted more to call in every aid to the emphasis and conscious enjoyment of what he was writing. His very rhymes are often spelt in an arbitrary manner, to enforce the sound; and he tells a dreadful story with all the shuddering epithets, and lingering, fearful fondness of a child.

Take another of his giants—one Corflambo, whose eyes are very new and terrible:—

" At length they spied, where towards them with speed
A squire came galloping, as he would flie,
Bearing a little dwarf before his steed,

That all the waie full loud for aide did crie,
That seem'd his shrieks would rend the brazen skie,
Whom after did a mightie man pursue,
Riding upon a dromedarie on hie,
Of stature huge, and horrible of hew,
That would have mazed a man his dredfulle face to view;—

For from his fearfulle eies *two fierie beames*,
More sharpe than points of needles, did proceede,
Shooting forth farre awaye two flaming streames
Full of *sad powre*, that poysnous bale did breede
To all that on him lookt without good heede,
And secretly his enemies did slaye:
Like as the basilisk, of serpent's seede,
From powrefulle eies *close* venim doth convaye
Into the looker's heart, and *killeth farre awaye*."

Book IV., *Canto* viii., *st.* 38.

This Corflambo is another good name. The names of the giants in the beautiful romance of "Amadis of Gaul"—(superior, undoubtedly, to "Palmerin of England," though the latter also is delightful for its bits of colour, and its green and flowery places)—are very bulky, and "talk big." There is Gandalac and Albadanger; and Madanfabul, of the Vermilion Tower; and Gromadaga, the Giantess of the Boiling Lake; and Ardan Canileo, the Dreadful; and, above all, the mighty and most mouthing *Famongomadan*, who seems to inform his enemies that he means to *flame and gobble 'em*. Gandalac makes the least oral pretensions; and "he was not so wicked as other giants, but of a good and gentle demeanour, except when he was enraged, and then would he do great cruelties*." But he was very terrible. He was "so large and mismade, that never man saw him without affright;" and when he makes his appearance, in Chapter IV., "the women ran, some among the trees, and others fell down, and shut their eyes, that they might not see him."

By degrees, as men found out that a gigantic stature did not always imply strength, or even courage, they began to change their fear into contempt, and to laugh, like children, at the great bugbear that had amazed them. At length they discovered that a giant could even be good-natured; and then the more philosophical romancers thought it necessary to do them justice. Hence the pleasant, mock-heroical giant of Pulci, and the amiable one (Dramuziando) of "Palmerin of England." Being no longer formidable, however, they were for the most part found to be dull and awkward, probably not without some ground in nature. It is observed, says Fuller, (or in some such language,) that, for the most part, those who exceed their fellows in a reasonable measure of height "are but indifferently furnished in the cockloft." The little knights have as much advantage over them in battle, as the light brigantines had against the overgrown Spanish Armada. Our nursery acquaintance, Jack the Giant-Killer, (if he be not a burlesque of Thor himself,) is an incarnation of the superior strength of wit over bulkiness. He has a cousin, a monstrous giant, having three heads, and who would beat five hundred men in armour. On one occasion, Jack comes to a large house in a lonesome place, and knocking at the gate,

* See the excellent version of Mr. Southey, vol. i., p. 37.

there issues forth a giant with two heads, who, nevertheless, "did not seem so fiery as the former giant; for," says the Saxon author, "he was a Welsh giant."

In the opening book of the "Morgante Maggiore" of Pulci, the father of modern banter and burlesque, (though a genius, at the same time, capable of great seriousness and pathos,) there is a remarkable scene, in which Orlando comes upon a set of monks in a desert, who are pestered by three giants, their neighbours. The giants, who are of course infidels, or Mahometans, are in the habit of throwing great stones at the abbey, so that the monks cannot go out for provisions. Orlando, in his errantry, comes to the abbey door, and knocks for some time in vain. At length he is let in, and the abbot apologizes, by stating the blockade in which they are kept. The holy father then proceeds to make some very singular comments, in a stanza that seems to contain the first germs of the style of Voltaire.

"Gli antichi padri nostri nel deserto,
Se le lor opre sante erano e giuste,
Del ben servir da Dio n'avean buon merto;
Ne creder sol viversin *di locuste:*
Piovea dal ciel la manna, *questo e certo:*
Ma qui convien, che spesso *assagi e guste*
Sassi, che piovon di sopra quel monte,
Che gettano Alabastro e Passamonte.

"E'l terzo ch'e Morgante piò fiero,
Isveglie e pini, e faggi, e cerri, e gli oppi,
E gettagli infin qui: questo e pur vero:
Non posso far che d'ira non iscoppi.
Mentre che parlan cosi in cimitero,
Un sasso par che Rondel quasi sgroppi;
Che da giganti giù venne da alto
Tanto, ch'e prese sotto il tetto un salto.

"Tirati dentro, cavalier, per Dio,
Disse l'abate, *che la manna casca.*
Rispose Orlando: caro abate mio,
Costui non vuol che 'l mio caval piu pasca:
Veggo che lo guarebbe del restio:
Quel sasso par che di buon braccio nasca.
Rispose il santo padre; io non t'inganno,
Credo che 'l monte un giorno gitteranno."

"The Eremites of old, if just and true,
And righteous in their works, had blessed cheer;
God's servants in those days no hunger knew,
Nor lived *on those same locusts* all the year.
Doubt not, they had the rain of manna too:
But as for us, *our pretty dishes here*
Are stones; which Passamont and Alabaster
Rain down upon our heads, by way of taster.

"And yet those two are nothing to the third.
He tears me up whole trees, whole horrid oaken
Trunks by the root; he does upon my word;
Our heads infallibly will all be broken."
While thus, as if he could be overheard,
The monk stood talking low, there came a token
So close upon the house, it seem'd all over
With the poor devil, who leap'd under cover.

" For God's sake, come indoors, Sir!" cried the priest;
" *The manna's falling.*" " 'Tis indeed," said t'other:
" They seem to grudge his feed to the poor beast;
They'd cure his restiveness. Well, such another
Stunn er as this proves no weak arm at least,
No son, dear abbot, of a feeble mother."
" The Lord," exclaimed the monk, " look down upon us!
Some day, I think, they'll cast the mountain on us."

Orlando proposes to go and settle the giant; which the monk, after in vain endeavouring to dissuade him, permits.

" Disse l'abate col segnarlo in fronte,—
Va, che da Dio e me sia benedetto.
Orlando, poi che salito ebbe il monte
Si dirizzò, come l'abate detto
Gli avea, dove sta quel Passamonte;
Il quale Orlando veggendo soletto
Molto lo squadra di drieto e davante;
Poi domandò, se star volea per fante.

" E' promettava di farlo godere.
Orlando disse; pazzo Saracino,
Io vengo a te, com' è di Dio volere,
Per dar ti morte, e non per ragazzino.
A' monaci suoi fatto ha dispiacere:
Non puo piu comportarti, can mastino.
Questo gigante armar si corse a furia,
Quando sentì ch' e gli diceva ingiuria."

He cross'd the forehead of the knight, and said,
" Go then, of God, and of our prayers befriended."
Orlando went, and keeping in his head
The monk's directions, hastily ascended
The height, and struck for Passamonte's shed,
Who seeing him thus coming unattended,
Perused him well, then cried, " I like his plan!
What, my new footboy? eh, my little man?"

And then he promised him his board and pallet.
" You stupid Saracen!" Orlando cried,
" I come to be your death, and not your valet;
Think of these saints here, whom you keep inside
Their abbey: 'tisn't to be borne, nor shall it,
You hound, you; so prepare your stupid hide."
The giant, hearing him pour forth such evil,
Ran in to arm him, like a very devil.

The hero kills Alabaster and Passamonte, and converts Morgante, who was prepared for him by a dream. The giant becomes a faithful servant, both of the knight and the church, and after many enormous achievements, dies of the bite of a crab;—an edifying moral. His conversation, in the course of his studies in divinity, is no less instructive; but we are at a loss how to quote it, from the reverential feelings we have for certain names, whose misuse he helps to expose. We would fain see them kept sacred against better days. There is another giant, Margutte, who speaks still more plainly, and is the prototype of a worldly philosophy, the natural offspring of a profaner superstition. " Margutte," says Ugo Foscolo, " is a very infidel giant, ready to confess his failings, and full of drollery. He sets all a-laughing, readers,

giants, devils, and heroes, and he finishes his career by laughing till he bursts *."

We do not choose, however, to leave off speaking of our old friends with a burlesque; and, therefore, we shall conclude the present chapter with a few right-earnest giants out of the "History of Prince Arthur." A jest cracked by that hero upon one of them is no joke infidel. It is only, as the poet says, "the ornament of his gravity." Arthur, in a battle with the Emperor of Rome, smites off by the knees the legs of a giant of the name of Galapar. "Now," quoth he, "art thou better of a size to deal with, than thou wert." The Emperor of Rome had got together fifty giants, who were "born of fiends," to break the front of the warriors' battle. But a chapter in that once popular compilation will present the reader with the complete giant of the old story-books. The style of the work is incorrect. The compiler pieces out the fine things of the old romances with a poverty of language that is a poor substitute for their simplicity; but the present extract is "a favourable specimen;" and the repetitions, and other gossiping fervours, have the proper child-like effect. We ascend the giant's mountain by due degrees. The picture of him, "baking his broad limbs by the fire," is in sturdy epic taste; and "the weltering and wallowing" of the fighters does not mince the matter. There is a Cornish hug in the battle.

"*How a Man of the Country told him of a marvellous Giant, and how he fought and conquered him.*

"Then came to him a husbandman of the country, and told him how there was, in the country of Constantine, beside Britain, a great giant, which had slain, murthered, and devoured much people of the country, and had been sustained seven years with the children of the commons of that land, insomuch that all the children be all slain and destroyed. And now late he hath taken the Duchess of Brittany, as she rode with her men, and had led her to his lodging, which is in a mountain: and many people followed her, more than five hundred; but all they might not rescue her, but they left her shrieking and crying lamentably; wherefore, I suppose that he hath slain her in fulfilling his foul lust: she was wife unto your cousin, Sir Howel, the which was full nigh of your blood. Now, as ye are a rightful king, have pity on this lady, and revenge us all as ye are a valiant conqueror.'

"'Alas!' said King Arthur, 'this is a great mischief; I had rather than the best realm that I have that I had been a furlong before him, for to have rescued that lady. Now fellow,' said King Arthur, 'canst thou bring me there whereas this giant haunteth?'

"'Yea, Sir,' said the good man; 'lo, yonder whereas ye see the two great fires, there shall ye not fail to find him, and more treasure, as I suppose, than is in all the realm of France.'

"When King Arthur had understood this piteous case, he returned into his tent, and called unto him Sir Kaye and Sir Bedivere, and commanded them secretly to make ready horse and harness for himself, and for them twain; for after evensong he would ride on pilgrimage, with them two only, unto Saint Mighel's Mount. And then anon they made them ready, and armed them at all points, and took their horses and their shields; and so they three departed thence, and rode forth as fast as they might, till they came unto the furlong of that mount, and there they alighted, and the

* See a masterly criticism in the Quarterly Review (we have mislaid the reference), said to be translated from a contribution of this gentleman, and entitled 'Narrative and Romantic Poems of the Italians.'

King commanded them to tarry there, and said he would himself go up to that mount.

"And so he ascended up the mount till he came to a great fire, and there found he a careful widow wringing her hands and making great sorrow, sitting by a grave new made. And then King Arthur saluted her, and demanded her wherefore she made such lamentation. Unto whom she answered and said, 'Sir Knight, speak soft, for yonder is a devil; if he hear thee speak, he will come and destroy thee. I hold thee unhappy: what dost thou here in this mountain? for if ye were such fifty as ye be, ye were not able to make resistance against this devil: here lieth a duchess dead, which was the fairest lady of the world, wife unto Sir Howel of Britain.'

"'Dame,' said the King, 'I come from the great conqueror, King Arthur, for to treat with that tyrant for his liege people.'

"'Fie upon such treaties,' said the widow; 'he setteth nought by the King, nor by no man else; but and if thou hath brought King Arthur's wife, Dame Guenever, he shall be gladder than if thou hadst given him half France. Beware; approach him not too nigh; for he hath overcome and vanquished fifteen kings, and hath made him a coat full of precious stones, embroidered with their beards, which they sent him to have his love for salvation of their people this last Christmas, and if thou wilt speak with him at yonder great fire, he is at supper.'

"'Well,' said King Arthur, 'I will accomplish my message for all your fearful words,' and went forth by the crest of that hill, and saw where he sat at supper gnawing on a limb of a man, baking his broad limbs by the fire, and breechless, and three damsels turning three broaches, whereon was broached twelve young children, late born, like young birds.

"When King Arthur beheld that piteous sight, he had great compassion on them, so that his heart bled for sorrow, and hailed him, saying in this wise:—'He that all the world wieldeth give thee short life and shameful death, and the devil have thy soul! Why hast thou murthered these young innocent children, and this duchess? Therefore arise and dress thee, thou glutton, for this day shalt thou die of my hands.'

"Then anon the giant start up, and took a great club in his hand, and smote at the King that his coronal fell to the earth. And King Arthur hit him again, that he carved his belly, and that his entrails fell down to the ground. Then the giant with great anguish threw away his club of iron, and caught the King in his arms, that he crushed his ribs. Then the three damsels kneeled down, and called unto our Lord Jesus Christ, for help and comfort of the noble King Arthur. And then King Arthur weltered and wrung, that he was one while under, and another while above; and so weltering and wallowing, they rolled down the hill, till they came to the sea-mark; and as they so tumbled and weltered, King Arthur smote him with his dagger, and it fortuned they came unto the place whereas the two knights were that kept King Arthur's horse. Then when they saw the King fast in the giant's arms, they came and loosed him; and then King Arthur commanded Sir Kaye to smite off the giant's head, and to set it upon a truncheon of a spear, and bear it to Sir Howel, and tell him 'that his enemy is slain; and after let his head be bound to a barbican, that all the people may see and behold it; and go ye two to the mountain, and fetch me my shield, and my sword, and also the great club of iron; and as for the treasure, take it to you, for ye shall find there goods without number; so that I have his kirtle and the club, I desire no more. This was the fiercest giant that ever I met with, save one in the mount of Araby, which I overcame; but this was greater and fiercer.'"

I CAN'T DECIDE.

I CAN'T decide, I can't decide!
And know not what to do;
I'm so perplex'd, and teazed, and tried,
Between my suitors two.
The charms of each I fairly scan,
I weigh their merits well;
But which must be the happy man
Is more than I can tell.

I ponder on't, but cannot see
Which way the odds incline;
Sir William, he is twenty-three,
Sir Paul is sixty-nine.
'Tis three to one in point of age,
And that's a difference wide;
But hear me out, and I'll engage
You'll say I can't decide.

I've thought it o'er from week to week;
The odds may thus be told—
Sir William has a blooming cheek,
Sir Paul has bags of gold;
Sir William's fair, well-shaped and tall,
He has my heart, 'tis clear;
But there's pin-money with Sir Paul,
Three thousand pounds a year.

My choice unfix'd between them floats;
With equal claims they stand;
This has a hand at tender notes,
That tenders notes of hand.
On either side they rise to view,
'Tis quite perplexing still;
Here I see many a *billet-doux*,
There dues on many a bill.

Sir William is a charming youth—
So well he plays and sings;
And then he vows eternal truth,
And says such tender things.
Sir Paul's a dull old stupid bore—
The truth can't be denied—
But who'd refuse a coach and four?
Indeed I can't decide.

I can't decide—but hark! I hear
Sir Paul, as I'm alive!
"*I said three thousand pounds a year,*
But now I'll make it five."
Five thousand pounds! my stars! the die
Is cast, and I'm your bride!
Fate has ordain'd it; so I'll cry
No more "I can't decide!"

Q. Q.

GILBERT GURNEY.

[It has been suggested to us that if the portions of these papers, under the denomination of chapters, were given in more regular and consecutive order, it would be gratifying to our readers, who, we are happy to say, are beginning to get interested about the respectable gentleman to whose career in life they refer.

Desirous of meeting the wishes of our friends, we have resolved to "try back" (as the sportsmen say), in order to fill up certain interstices which at present disconnect the narrative; and therefore bring the reader to that point of the history at which Mr. Daly, in the character of assistant-clerk to the deputy-surveyor of the Paddington Canal Company, aided by his consenting friend, Mr. Gurney, invaded the peaceful villa of Sir Timothy Dod, at Twickenham, and having done all the mischief they could, retreated in their boat to Teddington, at which place Mr. Gilbert Gurney was put ashore, and took leave of his facetious acquaintance.—Ed.]

Chapter IV.

The voyager long pent up within the "wooden walls" of a ship feels a sensation upon once again walking the "lean earth," which cannot be adequately described to one who has not experienced it. I confess, although the nature of the effect produced upon me when I stepped from Mr. Daly's "funny" was of course perfectly different in its character, as far as the relief afforded me, it was almost equally pleasurable. It seemed to me that I had escaped from some incarnate fiend, whose whole existence was devoted to what he called fun, but which I could not but consider absolute and unqualified mischief; and as I walked onwards to my mother's villa, I seriously revolved the events of the day in my mind, at the same time forming a resolution never again to subject myself to the domination of a practical joker, although my new friend had given me a pressing invitation to visit him at Hampton Court, of which sedate and aristocratic neighbourhood he must soon become, even by his own showing, the terror and affright.

It was a beautiful evening when I reached the gate of Mrs. Gurney's cottage, the mere sight of which recalled all the misfortunes of the previous night to my recollection. The striking contrast afforded by the quiet aspect of the villa, the well-mown lawn, the gently waving trees, and the gay beds of flowers, to that of the house in which I had been but twenty-four hours before eternally disgraced as a dramatist, went to my heart—and the parterre, full of roses, and pinks, and geraniums, gently bowing, and sweetly smelling, exhibited so refreshing a "reverse" to the parterre of the Haymarket, with its "greasy citizens," and yelling apprentices, that all my regrets burst upon me in a flood of remorse and sorrow, and found utterance in one exclamation of "How *could* I be such a fool!"

It was however necessary that I should summon all my resolution to bear the reproaches with which I knew I was destined to be assailed, if the news of my exposure had preceded me. In vain I hoped that my respectable parent might not have seen a newspaper, for I recollected that my servant, although not entirely informed of my share in the entertainment of the preceding evening, had made himself master of so

much of my secret as would serve to enlighten Mrs. Sadler, my mother's maid, of whose disposition to find out whatever he was unable to explain, I had no doubt; once the cue given, and the train lighted, the explosion was a matter of certainty.

Full of contending feelings, somewhat excited by the rapid consumption of Sir Timothy's claret and sherry, I entered the cottage, and found, as I had anticipated, my excellent parent seated at tea, opposite to her never-failing friend and companion, Crab.

"Dear child," said my excellent parent,—and she would have called me child had she lived till I was forty,—"what on earth has kept you at Richmond so late? Have you dined? or——"

"Dined? hours ago," replied I, rather too hastily, considering it to have been my intention not to confess the company in which I had passed the day.

"Theatricals again, Gilbert!" said my mother, with a sigh.

How the deuce did she know that?

"You were coming *here* to pass the day, but the fascination of those syrens of the stage was irresistible—we waited dinner nearly an hour for you."

"More, Ma'am," said Miss Crab; "the lamb was stone cold, and the fish boiled to pieces."

"I am extremely sorry," said I, "but I told William that I should not be here until the evening."

"He misunderstood you then," said my mother; "not that I should have waited at all if I had known who were your associates. I am quite aware of the attractions of such society."

My mother was evidently vexed, and knowing as little of the qualities or accomplishments of my fair friends then at Richmond, as she did of the syrens to whom she likened them, really imagined them to be something quite as extraordinary as the well-fledged daughters of Achelous, and no doubt transformed the ayte opposite Mrs. Forty's house at Richmond into the little Sicilian island which the classical leash of ornithological beauties occupied in other times. If I could have explained the real cause of my late arrival it would have all been extremely well, but I would not for the world have ventured to confess to my most exemplary parent, more especially in the presence of the fair vinaigrette "she loved so much," the adventure at Twickenham. I therefore resolved upon bowing my head to the coming storm, and without attempting to vindicate the character or qualities of my merry-hearted companions at the castle, endeavouring to soothe the ladies with an humble apology.

As for my mother, with great shrewdness and knowledge of the world, she blended a remarkably sweet temper, but her constant association with Miss Crab appeared to me latterly to have somewhat acidulated her character. This officious aide-de-camp was always ready to throw in the sours; and from having arrived at the unmentionable age of fifty-six, without having changed her state of single-unblessedness, all the kindness of her nature had curdled, and, as people say, everything went wrong with her—*couleur de rose* was a tint unknown to her eyes—everything was jaundiced—she was full of jealousy, without one grain of love to compensate for her failing; and to *her* influence, more than anything else, I attributed my mother's apparent ill-humour upon the present occasion.

"Will you have some coffee, Gilbert?" said my mother.

"None, I thank you," said I.

"Some tea?"

"None."

"Oh dear, no," said Miss Crab, "dissipated people never drink such weak liquors as tea or coffee."

"You seem," said I, "to have formed a very unfavourable and somewhat erroneous opinion of *my* character, Miss Crab; I am not conscious of having deserved to be called dissipated, nor do I know that I have either denounced tea or renounced coffee."

"I am sure I don't know," said the lady, "but this I do know, that actors, and actresses too, are invariably drunkards, profaners, and Sabbath-breakers. When I was few years younger, and secretary to a very well-conducted Vice-suppression Society at Peckham, we actually ascertained that a man of the name of Pluggs, the husband of an exemplary and ill-treated laundress of the place, was known to have gone on the evening of the Sabbath to Covent-garden playhouse to which he belonged, and put on feather trowsers and a wooden nose, to rehearse the part of a goose which he had to act in a pantomime the next night."

"Well," said I, "at all events he had the excuse of his poverty for making himself a goose, which the coterie who criticised him had *not*."

"Oh," said my mother, "there is no defending the thing, and joking with serious subjects is extremely offensive."

I found the odds were against me. I therefore made no reply, satisfied at all events that the intelligence of my defeat as a dramatist had not yet reached Teddington.

"I hope," said my mother, "that you are come to stay with us for two or three days?"

"Not *he*, Ma'am," said Miss Crab.

I could almost have found it in my heart to declare my intention of stopping a fortnight, merely to vex her.

"I have no engagement in town," said I.

"Well then, Miss Crab," said my mother, "I think we may let him into our scheme."

"Probably."

"What," said I, "a plot against me?"

"A plot for your happiness," said my mother. "If you will but attend to us——"

"I have no hope of *that*," said Miss Crab.

"What is it?" said I; "a voyage to India, or a fresh touch at the law?"

"Neither, Gilbert," said my mother; "but much more agreeable than either. "Miss Crab and I *have* seen—haven't we, Miss Crab?"

"I think we have," replied Miss Crab.

"Such a charming girl," said my mother.

"Two," cried her friend.

"Yes, but the younger one is *my* favourite," said Mrs. Gurney; "so gentle, so mild, so amiable, so pretty, and so good!"

"Well," said I, "and what then?"

"Oh, Ma'am," said Miss Crab, "it is all of no use talking to Gilbert about such sort of people. A young gentleman who spends his time with actresses has no taste—can have no taste for the gentler attributes of

women, nor appreciate the qualities which, in well-regulated society, render their influence so powerful and beneficent."

"I don't know," said my mother; "I don't think he is yet irredeemable, and I am quite sure if any thing could draw him back into the right path, and that which I wish him to pursue, the charms of our dear Fanny——"

"Oh!" said I, "a pretty girl is what you prescribe as a sedative."

"An alterative, Mr. Gilbert," said Miss Crab.

"But you don't seriously mean," said I, "that I should turn Benedick before I have arrived at years of discretion?"

"I am an advocate of early marriage," said my mother.

"So am I," said Miss Crab (*ætat.* 56), drawing a sigh as long as the thread with which she was working.

"And who is this paragon of perfection?" said I.

"A neighbour of ours," replied my mother; "there are two sisters, both delightful persons; but Fanny—is to *me* quite charming."

"We must not say too much about them," said Miss Crab, "or Gilbert will be disappointed; nor will we tell him which is Fanny, and which her sister—he shall judge for himself. All we have to observe," continued Miss Crab, "is that they have fifty thousand pounds apiece."

"Equal then in *that* respect," said I; "and when shall I see these fair creatures?"

"They are coming to me, to-morrow," said my mother; "so that you will not have long to wait before you may gratify your curiosity."

"And what may their name be?" I inquired.

"The name is not euphonic," answered my mother.

"The stronger the reason for changing it," said I.

"Try that scheme," said my anxious parent; "at present they rejoice in the monosyllabic patronymic of Dod."

"Dod!" exclaimed I.

"Dod," said my mother.

"Dod," said Miss Crab.

"What," said I, "daughter of Sir Timothy Dod, of Twickenham?"

"The same," said Mrs. Gurney; "do you know them?"

What was I to say? I did know them, and I did not know them—I had sat between them an hour before—shaken hands with them—drank wine with them—but under what circumstances? I felt justified in saying "No." It was truth to a certain extent, and if I had attempted to give the whole truth, it would have involved me in the confession of an adventure, of which, although I had escaped with a whole skin, I was by no means proud.

"They live," said my mother, "in that large house on the banks of the river, with the fine conservatory."

Yes, thought I, *that* conservatory which was to come down, to make room for a branch of the Paddington Canal.

"Lady Dod is a great botanist," continued my dear unconscious mother; "and Fanny——"

"Is a great beauty," interrupted Miss Crab; "a *leetel* on one side I think, but that's not to be wondered at; I remember hearing Sir Everard Home say that nine women out of ten were more or less so."

"Well," said my mother, "let Gilbert judge for himself; Fanny seems to me to be the most likeable and loveable person I ever saw."

"Is Fanny the one with the beautiful hair?" said I, like a fool.

"Yes," said my mother.

"Why, la," said Miss Crab, laying down her work; "how do you know anything about her beautiful hair, if you know nothing of the girls?"

"Me!" said I; "why you talked about her beautiful hair yourself;" not that she did, but she believed she did, and was for the moment satisfied.

To me this affair was in the highest degree perplexing. The girls were charming—the opportunity of making their acquaintance favourable and inviting. Had they been pennyless, their society would have made the shades of Teddington Elysium; but they were rich as well as beautiful; and here was I, driven by the rash imprudence of my slight acquaintance, Daly, to fly them, to shun them, and to decamp on their approach, not only to the detriment of my own happiness, but to the vexation of my anxious parent, whose whole heart was ardently set upon making a *partie*, and who would attribute my flight from the maternal roof to a distaste for the pleasing calm of retirement, or to an addiction to grosser pleasures and less refined pursuits; and yet, what was to be done? the moment they saw me they would of course recognize in the son of their much-respected neighbour the obsequious Higgins, measuring clerk to the deputy-assistant surveyor of the Paddington Canal Company. The *dénouement* was not to be risked, and therefore I contented myself by affecting to anticipate the delight I should enjoy in making the acquaintance.

If our expedition and invasion of Sir Timothy's lawn and house had ended civilly, I should have had little scruple in admitting the joke, deprecating the anger of the young ladies, and trusting to their love of fun for pardon; but as the catastrophe was anything but agreeable to their venerable papa, and as that worthy gentleman had fallen under the lash of Mr. Daly's practical satire, I did not see the possibility of patching up anything like peace. I consequently said nothing, but listened patiently to the praises of the young ladies, resolved to be up with the lark, and in London before breakfast.

In those days of ingenuousness, I was not able, even though I might have wished it, to conceal the real feelings by which I was affected, although, as in this instance, their workings might be frequently misinterpreted. My mother exchanged a look with Miss Crab which I perfectly understood: it conveyed to me at once the certainty that my excellent parent was satisfied that something was going wrong with me; and as she, by the perpetual counsellings of her companion, had made up her mind that I was going in a hand canter—or perhaps I should say rather by the *stage*—on the road to ruin, it was evident that the dear soul attributed to some prior engagement the cold and uncomfortable manner in which I responded to the beautiful inspirations about a lovely girl and fifty thousand pounds. Little did they think what my real feelings were—how much shame I felt at Daly's pranks, and what regret I experienced that I could not venture to meet the two dear delicious victims of his most unjustifiable frolic. However, my miseries were only beginning; for just as I had listened my companions into a calm, and had heard a detail of all the perfections of the two Miss Dods, in walked the footman, and going up to my mother, said,

"Miss Marshall's compliments, Ma'am, she has sent you the newspaper;" at the same moment placing in her hands the "Morning Post" of the day.

My mother made her acknowledgments, and I endeavoured to avail myself of the opportunity of being very civil and offered to read it to her. I saw it was not the paper I had seen in the morning, and anticipated some more dreadful criticisms upon my unhappy farce—but no—my mother declared that she could not endure to hear the newspaper read, and that she would look at it herself; saying which, she forthwith proceeded to read the births, deaths, and marriages, and one or two advertisements about bonnets and caps, and then, having turned with candid disgust from some long articles upon the state of affairs in general, she threw the popular journal upon the table, and resumed her work.

Miss Crab—always active—immediately took it up, and began in an audible voice to do that which my respected parent had just declared she disliked so much, and doled out, with a sort of melancholy twang, sundry pieces of much important intelligence.

"Captain and Mrs Hobkirk arrived on Tuesday at the Bath Hotel, Piccadilly, from Cheltenham.

"We understand that Sir Robert Hitchcock is expected next Tuesday at his house in Curzon-street, May-fair.

"We are requested to contradict the report of Miss Hall's approaching marriage with Mr. Wetherspoon. It originated in the malicious contrivance of a person who will not long remain concealed.

"The wind in Hyde Park yesterday was uncommonly high; the equestrians, however, mustered strongly. Amongst the most striking equipages we noticed the new carriage of Lady Anne Stiffkey, built by Chamberlain and Co., Liquorpond-street, Gray's Inn-lane.

"Mrs. Huffy Buggins entertained a select party at dinner yesterday, at her house in Portman-square; among the company, we noticed Lord Daudle, the Right Honourable John Gumdum and Mrs. Gumdum, Sir Anthony Bumpus and Lady, Mr. Gardner, Mr. Hogg, and Mr. Dilbury Maggenton.

"Pink is the prevailing colour for the season; we noticed in Kensington Gardens last Sunday a bonnet peculiarly becoming; it did not require a second glance to know that it was of the *fabrique* of Madame Boss Tickner, of Hanover-street.

"An event has occurred in a certain noble family, not a hundred miles from Berkeley-square, which will cause some employment for the gentlemen of the long robe.

"EPIGRAM.

"It seems as if nature had curiously plann'd,
That men's names with their trades should agree,
There's Twining the Tea-man, who lives in the Strand,
Would be *whining* if robb'd of his T.

"ON THE LATIN GERUNDS.

"When Dido's spouse to Dido would not come,
She mourn'd in silence, and was DI, DO, DUMB!"

All these witticisms, and truisms, and follies, and platitudes, I patiently bore; they fell upon my tympanum, from Miss Crab's lips, as might the sound of wind down the chimney, for I was completely absorbed in the regret I felt at the absolute necessity which existed for my avoiding

the girls, with whom an acquaintance would have been so particularly agreeable; but my abstraction was very speedily ended, and my heart set beating, by hearing Miss Crab, in a somewhat louder tone than usual, twang out the following:—

"THEATRES.

"Last night afforded us the opportunity of witnessing the justly-merited condemnation of one of the most contemptible attempts at a farce, with which the manager of a play-house ever ventured to insult the public. From the moment the curtain rose, until it fell amidst the yells of a disgusted audience, we could not detect one line or one word calculated to moderate the disapprobation with which the thing was received. The incidents—if incidents they may be called—are stolen from the French, and the dialogue from the oldest editions of Joe Miller. It was, indeed, painful to see good actors and actresses doomed to repeat such absurdities. The audience were wonderfully patient, but everything in this world must wear out; and accordingly the second act proving, if possible, worse than the first, forbearance was at an end, and the whole house at last rose to hoot the nuisance from the stage.

"This most beautiful example of modern authorship is, we are told, from the pen of a young man of the name of Gurney, a law-student. If he should ever come to be a judge, it must be of something else than literature; for, without one redeeming point, his farce combined dulness, indelicacy, ignorance of society, a total want of knowledge of character, and what may, perhaps, be worse in the present state of the drama, entire ignorance of the peculiar qualities of the actors. We trust that the dunce will drive his quill in some other direction than that of the stage, and that we shall never again be kept from a comfortable party at home, to witness the representation of a second effort from the same quarter."

"What do you mean, Miss Crab?" said my mother. "Mr. Gurney, a law-student—you are joking?"

"I never joke, Ma'am," said Miss Crab.

"Now, Gilbert, explain," said my parent, with highly-erected eyebrows, "are *you* the person meant in this odious newspaper—have you really disgraced yourself by putting into execution the crude and absurd ideas you admitted you had formed of writing a farce—tell me, Gilbert—tell me—without evasion or equivocation?"

I saw that the blood of the Gatakers had mounted to her cheeks, and recollecting the precautionary letter she had written me on the subject, I felt that I wished Miss Marshall at Jericho for sending in the newspaper, Miss Crab at Botany Bay for having read it, and myself anywhere but where I was.

"My dear mother," said I, "when you were good enough to express your opinions upon the subject of my dramatic authorship, I made no promise—I was guilty of no evasion or equivocation. I told you *then* that, let me take what course I might, I never would do anything to disgrace myself or my family."

"And how have you kept that promise?" exclaimed my mother; "by directly flying in the face of my wishes and entreaties, and bringing out a farce at the summer theatre, which——"

"Has been condemned," exclaimed Miss Crab, with a force and energy which made me feel that if she were to experience a similar fate I should not very much care.

"Exactly so," rejoined my mother; "if you had succeeded——"

"The fault," interrupted I, "would have been just the same."

"As far as regards your disobedience to me—Yes," said my mother; "as far as regards your own reputation—No."

"To be sure not," chimed in Miss Crab.

"And then"—exclaimed my unkind parent.

"I know what you are going to say," screamed her dear companion.

"One at a time," cried I, and the noise at this time was prodigious; both ladies had opened upon me at once, which aroused the two little dogs on the carpet, which began barking, and three little canary birds in a cage, which immediately began singing with all their might and main. "One would think that I had committed some heinous offence; I have only done what hundreds of gentlemen have done before; and as for the failure, that cannot be helped—many a better farce has been cut short in its career in a similar manner—nipped in the bud."

"Only to burst out again next spring, I fear," said Mrs. Gurney.

"You may be sure of *that*," said Miss Crab; "once the propensity gets hold of a man, his pen never keeps still—scribble—scribble—scribble."

"There you are mistaken," said I. "I have committed a fault—that I admit; but it is not ever likely to be repeated. If I had met with the success the absence of which you so much regret, I might have been tempted to try again; but the first round of the ladder to fame having snapped under my feet, I shall give it up, and turn to something else."

"Fame, indeed," said my mother; "the idea of the fame of a farce-writer—while, with common application, the Bench or the Woolsack is open to you—to waste your time in composing folly for fools to repeat, for the amusement of fools greater than themselves."

"Upon this occasion, Ma'am," said Miss Crab, "the audience were not such fools as to listen."

"Thank you, Miss Crab," said I; "you are adding pepper to the seasoning of the newspaper critic. I tell you all preachings and lectures are useless——"

"That I truly believe," said Miss Crab.

"For this reason, that I am as firmly resolved never to attempt another dramatic work, as I am not to study the law, for which I have neither turn nor ability, and my devotion to which would be a much more ridiculous farce in real life, than that which was last night so unceremoniously driven from the stage."

"I see how it is," said my respected parent, "you want to break my heart."

"My dear mother!" said I.

"No matter," said my mother, "I shall not be here to trouble you long: surely the little time I have to live, I might see you pursuing a career, the termination of which might render you happy and honourable!"

"I thought, my dear mother," said I, "that let what might happen to either of us, you had so far reconciled yourself to losing *me*, that you were actually waiting only to learn a little more of my brother Cuthbert's plans, to ship me off to Calcutta?"

"Ship you off, my child," said my mother, whose earnestness for my respectability, and my preservation from all the evils of dissipation into which she feared my present pursuit and connexion would lead me, induced her to propose what she sincerely felt to be a great sacrifice; "you do me an injustice by using such an expression. I would rather do anything than part with you."

"Rely upon it," said Miss Crab, "it is the very best thing you *can* do—save him from destruction, and make him a rich man into the bargain."

"And lose his society for ever," said my kind parent.

"You have not much of it as it is, Ma'am, I think," said Miss Crab.

"While my mother is so happy as to have *you* as a companion," said I, "my presence can be little needed here; indeed," continued I, "it seems to me as if my appearance was the signal for discord and confusion. I am perfectly content to hear the advice, and even bear the reproaches, of a parent when I merit them, but I really do not see what right——"

"Come, come, dear Gilbert," said my mother, "do not speak angrily—we all mean for the best."

"Yes, I'm sure *I* do," said Miss Crab; "but advice to young folks who *will* have their own way is not always agreeable—medicine, however salutary, is seldom palatable."

"What I mean to say then, is this," said I: "I have no turn for the law—I know it would be folly in me to attempt it—I am quite satisfied to live upon my allowance—I owe no debts—I am not likely to incur any—but if my mother is of opinion that a life of idle independence is not desirable, then, I repeat, I am ready to start whenever she pleases to my brother, according to her desire."

"Having previously prepared yourself in a mercantile house in the City," said Miss Crab.

I confess I had a great mind to quarrel with the matured virgin for her constant interference in my schemes and arrangements, not only because I was really irritated at what appeared to me to be a vast presumption upon my mother's kindness, but because it was absolutely necessary I should somehow "get up" a grievance in the course of the evening, upon the strength of which I might retire in dudgeon early in the morning, so as to avoid the presence of the two fair Dods, whom, of all girls in the world, my anxious mother most particularly wished me to meet.

I was a good deal worried about this little *contretemps*, which went a great way to impress upon my mind the truth of the saying, which since has become indelibly stamped there, that "wrong never comes right." The foolish trick in which I had been involved that evening had rendered it impossible for me to look the gentle victims of our hoax in the face, or permit them to look in mine. I was quite sure my absence would be attributed by my parent—if not in the first instance, certainly at the suggestion of her most unamiable companion—to a resolute opposition to her wishes, and, in all probability, to the existence of some *tendresse* in another quarter, or some clandestine connexion of a less respectable character; but what could I do? I asked myself this question once or twice during what the sailors call a "lull" in the storm of discussion, and I should have been glad either to have

answered it satisfactorily, or to have found it the only one I had to put; unluckily, there was another which cut me even deeper than the first. How came I involved in the surveying affair?—by an association with one of those agreeable *vauriens* of whom my excellent parent had such a violent, and, as I used to think, needless dread.

Here, however, in this one instance, I could impugn or gainsay her apprehensions. If I had not written the farce I should not have known the actors,—if I had not known the actors I could not have joined them at Richmond,—if I had not joined them at Richmond I should not have made the acquaintance of Mr. Daly,—and if I had not made his acquaintance I should have ridden quietly home to my mother's cottage, have enjoyed her society without rebuke or reproach, and the next morning have been presented to two lovely and amiable young women, with one of whom I might have formed, at some future period, a happy and honourable alliance.

These were castles, not at Richmond, but in the air; the events, however, if not probable, were possible: but having suffered myself to be led into a frolic planned, invented, and put into execution upon the shortest notice, I had cut myself out of the society of an agreeable family, and forced myself to beat a retreat from the home of my parent, and that, too, under some evasive pretext. And all this was traceable to the enticing drolleries of Sir Jeffery Boottop, the attractions of the Green-room, and the anxiety to breathe an atmosphere redolent with the smell of lamp oil, orange-peel, and saw-dust.

"After all," thought I, "my mother is right;" but, as if Old Nick had set his hoof in it, it was the only occasion I could recollect upon which I was unable to admit her to be so; and thus, adding hypocrisy to undutifulness, I combated her arguments, which, in fact, convinced me; opposed suggestions which, I was satisfied, were admirable, and closed an uncomfortable evening by going to bed in an unamiable fit of assumed anger.

After I had retired to my bed-room I heard the two ladies holding converse rather long than gentle. It struck me that my mother was taking my part against the vindictive malignity of her ill-conditioned friend, whose anxious desire for my departure for India I was base enough to attribute to a desire on her part to get entire possession of my excellent mother during her life, and of her property after her death; and more than once I had resolved to open my heart to my mother and communicate my thoughts and suspicions. However, for the present, the "evil of the day" was sufficient to encounter, and the only question which seemed unsettled was whether I should get away as I first proposed to myself before breakfast, or breakfast with the ladies, pretend an engagement in town, and so depart about eleven.

Upon mature deliberation, I determined upon an early flight: there could then be no remonstrances, no explanations,—no pressings or insistings,—no demurring or evasions. I therefore wrote a note before I went to bed, and ordered my servant to have the horses at the stable gate by eight o'clock. The note, too, was unworthy of me. I pleaded the unpleasantness of useless discussions as the cause of my sudden departure, and expressed a perfect readiness to return and accommodate myself to my mother's wishes whenever she was prepared to receive me with less harshness than she had exhibited that evening. Thus evil

upon evil seemed to accumulate. It would vex her gentle nature to think she had wounded my feelings, and she would worry herself at my absence. Yet without some cause I could not have gone; and thus, as one falsehood invariably begets another, one meanness produced more, and I condescended to sneak out of my mother's house under false pretences, in order to avoid being detected in an unwarrantable proceeding contrived and carried into effect by one of my new theatrical connexions.

I did not feel satisfied with these results, and I think I slept worse than I otherwise should, considering that I had undergone much fatigue, mental and bodily, during the day, and that I had scarcely closed my eyes the night before, while my mind was full of the martyrdom of my favourite Sir Jeffery. I arose stealthily and noiselessly before my note could be conveyed to my mother's room by her maid, and by half-past eight found myself journeying back to town, less composed, and more unsettled than I ever recollected to have been before.

For a narrative of the events which occurred after my departure I am indebted to my excellent parent, upon whose mind they were impressed with an almost indelible severity.

Breakfast ready, and Miss Crab waiting; down came my mother with my note in her hand.

"Good morning," said Miss Crab. "I was down before you, waiting to take a turn round the shrubbery with Gilbert, and prepare his mind for the beauties he is to see at luncheon."

"You would have lost your time had you waited for luncheon itself," said my mother. "Gilbert is gone to town."

"To town!" exclaimed Miss Crab. "Umph! That is strange. What reason does he give for running away from the treat we had proposed for him?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Gurney, "that he is altogether wrong in his feelings; but I am quite sure I know what those feelings are. He thinks that whatever right *I* may have to question and even censure his conduct when I think it faulty, a second person—not a relation, and having, in fact, no legitimate control over him—has *none*;—he is worried and vexed by your interference."

"Mine, Ma'am!" said Miss Crab; "really I did not expect this. You have been most candid and confidential in all your communications about your son to me, and I thought, after the observations you had made, that I was supporting you in your endeavours to keep him right, at your own desire."

"I do not in the slightest degree," said my mother, "impugn your intentions or doubt your anxiety, Miss Crab; but *he* feels that your support generally has the effect of heightening whatever fault of his is under discussion, and of urging me to a severity which he does not believe to be natural to my character."

"Oh! well, Ma'am," said Miss Crab, "I have done. Let him follow his own inclinations,—go upon the stage or upon the highway, which, in my mind, is little worse;—I will never say another syllable."

"My dear Miss Crab," said my mother, who was, with respect to our quarrels, something like what a wife is to a husband,—she did not care how much she scolded me herself, but she was very tetchy if any third person attempted to assail me—"My dear Miss Crab, what extraordinary ideas, and how strangely expressed! Gilbert is wild and thought-

less, and idle, and giddy, and, unfortunately, addicted to pursuits which perhaps may be unprofitable, but certainly not dishonourable. He dislikes the law, and shrinks from trade."

"Oh, to be sure he does!" said Miss Crab; "and of course it is all quite right. If I had known what his determinations were, and how he was to be upheld in them, I certainly should not have made a very considerable effort to speak to Mr. Yellowly, of the firm of Curry, Raikes, Yellowly, Lefevre, and Company, in his behalf. Now, that I understand how my advice and suggestions are received, I shall venture them no longer. As for this morning, my belief is that his reason for going away is the coming hither of the two Miss Dods; rely upon it, living as he is, and has been for some time past, he has formed some *liason*, which, if it does not definitively prevent his forming a respectable matrimonial connexion, at least for the present gives him a distaste for any other society. I saw his restlessness and agitation the moment you mentioned that your young and virtuous visiters were expected."

"We must not be too fastidious: no, nor too inquisitive," said my mother. "Recollect our conversation about our fair neighbours and the probability of the results of this interview were jokes;—that nothing upon earth could be much more improbable than that a casual visit here should lead to an union between one of the young ladies and my son."

"Improbable!" said Miss Crab, "nothing more probable! Everything must have a beginning, and *my* creed is that young ladies who are over-fastidious are not over-wise."

This was what Daly would have called a "bad shot," for either Miss Crab had, by her own shewing, been extremely unwise, or had never been asked. My mother perceived the slip, but was too amiable and too well-bred to take advantage of it.

"What I mean, my dear Miss Crab," said my mother, "is, that in spite of all the follies and indiscretions of which Gilbert, at twenty years of age, may be guilty, I am quite sure that he would neither sacrifice himself in a mercenary marriage, nor form an acquaintance or connexion likely to turn out disgracefully."

"Well, Ma'am," said Miss Crab, "enjoy your own opinion. I know the difficulty of persuading parents upon particular points; however, you may rely upon it that your son's absence this morning is not owing to anything that I have either said or done to annoy him: perhaps time will show who is right."

"I am content to let it rest there," said my mother; and having thus made peace, she proceeded to make tea, not, however, without an observation from Miss Crab as to the water being quite cold in consequence of having stood so long upon the table, the flame beneath the urn having been, in consequence of the carelessness of the servant, out for the last ten minutes.

Poor Miss Crab, let the subject be what it might, always contrived to drop her little contribution of acid in the cup; and yet my mother had become so used to her, and so convinced—which I was not—of her disinterested attachment to her, that although, when I was the object of her varying attacks, she would rally her energies in my defence, I really believe she liked the excitement produced by her friend's perpetual and unvarying fault-finding.

The breakfast went on as usual; there was of course a little too much

milk, and much too little sugar in Miss Crab's tea; and the butter was extremely bad for the time of year when there was plenty of grass for the cows to eat,—and the raspberries were not ripe,—and the eggs were not so fresh as they might be,—and so in all other matters something was wrong. Yet time and patience conquered these little ills, and a walk, succeeded by writing little notes and doing a little "work," brought the domesticated couple to within half an hour of the time at which luncheon would be served, and the Misses Dod arrive to partake of it.

At this juncture a smartish ringing at the gate-bell aroused the attention of the ladies, who began putting their faces into the most amiable shape, expecting their sylph-like visitors; but they were somewhat disappointed, and perhaps more surprised, when the servant, throwing open the door, announced Mr. Daly.

"Mr. Daly!" said my mother. "Who?"

"Daly!" said Miss Crab. "What?"

"A friend of Mr. Gilbert's, Ma'am," said the servant.

"Oh!" said my excellent parent; "pray desire Mr. Daly to walk in."

The invitation was superfluous, for he had "followed the heels" of the footman so closely, as to be in the room before it was completed.

"I beg ten thousand pardons, Ma'am," said Daly; "I believe I have the honour of addressing the mother of my friend?" He hit that off happily, by a glance at the mystic badge which she wore on the third finger of her left hand. "I am afraid I am intruding upon your delightful seclusion, but knowing that our dear Gilbert was here last night, it occurred to me that in all probability he would be here this morning; and as I am staying at Hampton Court, I did hope to persuade him to come over and take a cutlet with me, and meet two or three of the 18th, who, as of course you know, are quartered there."

"My son," said Mrs. Gurney, "*was* here last night, but went unexpectedly to town this morning before breakfast."

"What a delightful person he is!" said Daly; "so full of kindness and ingenuousness, and so clever! The worst of these geniuses is, they seldom have any application—sorry about his farce, poor fellow—does not seem to take it much to heart—met him yesterday at Richmond—pleasant day—pleasant place—pleasant people—do you visit much at Hampton Court, Ma'am?"

My mother, who was perfectly astounded at the ease and volubility of my "slight acquaintance,"—said "that her visiting-list was a very small one, and that she rarely ventured so far."

"I find it uncommon pleasant," said Daly, "because of the 18th—deuced fine fellows, you know, and all that—else it seems dullish. I like having all the parties under the same roof—the Palace people—the long passages and steep staircases—and then to see the Cockneys come to the Cartoons, and then to watch them at the Toy—capital fun I have there sometimes, Ma'am, locking a crowd of fowls into a bed-room cupboard—the sleeping sight-seers tumble into their beds, and all is hushed and calm as my own conscience—just about daylight, Ma'am, the cock in the closet begins to crow, which sets Mrs. Cock, and all the Misses Cocks into a charm of cackling, which the affrighted innocents from Finsbury-square or St. Mary Axe are as unable to account for as to check; and so from daylight, till they can rouse the servants to their

assistance, the inhabitants of the hen-roost, like so many minor Macbeths, 'murder sleep.' I call that very good fun, Ma'am."

"Mischief I call it," said Miss Crab. "And does Mr. Gilbert Gurney participate in such amusements as these, Sir?"

"I never tell tales out of school," said Daly. "For myself, I confess I love fun; and only the night before last, being considerably annoyed by a loud snoring in the next room, proceeded to see who was the monster that caused it, and there I found a venerable lady, who incautiously slept with her door unfastened, snoring away—'discoursing,' as Shakspeare has it—most discordant music with her nose. What d'ye think I did, Ma'am? ran to my own room, burnt the cork of an Eau de Cologne bottle in the candle, retired to the apartment of the sleeping hyena, and gave her a pair of coal-black mustachios, which, when she presented her grim visage to her daughter, who came the first thing in the morning to beg her blessing, threw the young lady into a fit of convulsions, which took Griffenhoofe of Hampton three hours and a half to get rid of —that's fun, or the deuce is in it."

"And is it," said my mother—who sat petrified at the indomitable manner of the wag—"is it to enjoy such jokes as these that you wish my son to join you?"

"Oh, by no means," said Daly, "I never involve a friend—never—if I can possibly help it—no, I should like to introduce him to the 18th; and then there are Lord and Lady Grigg, and the Miss Cranbournes, and old Lady Venerable, the charming Miss Fizzgiggle, the delightful Lady Katharine Mango, and her daughter, and Miss Windmill, and the best of all excellent men, a kind-hearted, hospitable East India Captain, the very double of the Lord Chancellor, with a pet bird fifteen feet high, legs like stilts, and a body like a goose. I promise you I will skim the cream of the Court for Gilbert if he will but come—stroll to Sunbury—drop in at Ditton—make him acquainted with all the news of the neighbourhood, and place him only second to myself in the estimation of our enlightened and select circle of society."

It must have been a curious sight to see Daly running on in the most free and easy manner, and the two ladies sitting, one beside and the other opposite to him, perfectly thunder-struck, and evidently uncertain what he would next say or do.

"I like Hampton Court," continued Daly, without paying the least attention to the astonished countenances of his companions; "a nice distance from town—out of the smoke, and among new people—Toy bad inn—servants stupid beyond measure—only one waiter, and he a Goth—I had three friends to dine with me on Tuesday, what d'ye think happened, Ma'am? If you recollect, it was vastly hot Tuesday—glass 82° in the shade—asked if there was any ice—not an ounce in the house—where was the waiter? the waiter—only conceive, Ma'am, the singularity of the sound in a house half as big as a county hospital—Lawrence was gone to Chertsey—I had no resource—could not wait till he came back—wanted to cool my wine—ordered the maid to get a pail of pump-water, put it in the shade on the leads at the back of the house, and pop into it two bottles of Grave, two of Hock, and two of Champagne—what d'ye think occurred?"

"I have no idea," said Miss Crab, who was provoked into conversation. "Most likely the girl forgot it."

"Not she, Ma'am," said Daly; "wish she had. No; she did as she was bid, most punctually. Dinner-time came; soup served. My friends, Tootle, Bootle, and Sims of the 18th, all seated. I turned to Lawrence, who was just back from Chertsey, and at the back of my chair—'Get a bottle of Hock and the Grave,' said I.

"'Where, Sir?' said he.

"'Oh,' said I, 'you'll find them in a pail of water, in a shady draught of air, on the leads.'

"'Very well, Sir,' says he; and away he goes, and quick enough he comes back. 'Pretty job, Sir,' says Lawrence, with a face like the ghost of Gaffer Thumb—'Who did *this* for you, Sir?'

"'What?' said I.

"'Put the Gravé and the Hock to cool.'

"'Who?' said I. 'Why, Fanny Lanshawe, the chambermaid.'

"'Fanny be ——!' You'll excuse my not repeating what he said, Ma'am.

"'She has served you a nice trick, Sir. Look here.' And sure enough, Ma'am, suiting the action to the word, in he brings the pail, into which the simple creature had emptied the six bottles, and exhibits to our astonished eyes three gallons and a half of very weak mixed wine-and-water. These are drawbacks, Ma'am; but there must be alloys to everything. For *my* part, nothing damps me—nothing shakes me; I go on laughing along my flowery course, and care for nothing."

At this moment, in which Daly was boasting of his imperturbable serenity and joyousness, the drawing-room door was flung open, and the servant announced, in an audible voice—"Miss Dod, and Miss Fanny Dod." There, before his astonished eyes, stood, in all their native loveliness arrayed, the two accomplished daughters of his last victim. They approached, but started back for an instant, on recognizing their persecutor domesticated with their new acquaintance. The ladies rose to receive their guests, and were just shaking hands, when Daly, in a tone of exquisite torture, exclaimed, "Oh my nose—my nose!" and instantly enveloped his whole countenance in a full-sized bandana handkerchief.

"Dear me!" exclaimed my mother, "what *is* the matter, Sir?"

"A trifle, Ma'am," said Daly, with his face buried in the bandana. "My nose, Ma'am—subject to periodical fits of bleeding—after a dreadful fall over a five-barred gate, near Grantham. Don't mind me, Ma'am. I'll run away; perhaps it mayn't stop for a fortnight. I won't worry *you*—I'm off—I'll plunge my head into the river. Just remember me to Gilbert; say I called; and—O dear, dear—how unlucky! Adieu—good morning;" saying which, without removing the handkerchief, he bustled away and hurried out of the room. Mrs. Gurney was not very sorry to perform the office of ringing the bell, in order that he might have free egress from her peaceful cottage.

"What an extraordinary man!" said my mother.

"Is he mad?" said Miss Crab.

"Do you know him well?" said Fanny Dod.

"No; he is an intimate friend of my son's. I——"

"Indeed," interrupted Miss Dod.

"Why," said my mother, "do *you* know anything of him, Miss Dod?"

"No good, I am sure," said Miss Crab.

"Why," said Fanny, "we know no great harm of him; only he came to our house last night with his clerk—a much better-behaved person than himself—and frightened us all out of our wits, by threatening to pull down mamma's dear conservatory."

"Pull down a conservatory!" said my mother.

"Yes, officially," said Miss Dod.

"Why, what is he?" said my mother.

"A painter and glazier, I dare say," said Miss Crab.

"No," continued Miss Dod. "You know, of course, who he is."

"Not I," said my mother. "He said he was an intimate friend of my son's, and came to invite him to meet some of the 18th at Hampton Court at dinner to-day."

"Yes," said Miss Crab; "Tootle, Bootle, and Sims were their names."

"There are such men in the 18th," said Fanny Dod. "The ourang-outang's name is Tootle, Gussy."

"So it is," said Augusta; "but I cannot believe that this person would be giving dinners to officers of the 18th."

"Why, what really is he?" said my mother, getting very anxious to know who her Gilbert's great crony was.

"Oh," said Fanny, "there's no harm; only he was very rude to papa, at least. He came measuring our lawn, in order to ascertain the shortest cut for a canal to Brentford."

"And," said Augusta, "we behaved as well as possible to him and his clerk; and yet he vowed vengeance on the corner, and threatened to bring the barge-road close under our bed-room windows."

"Still you don't say how he could do this, Miss Dod," said my mother.

"Why, I believe he is the Acting Deputy Assistant-Surveyor to the Grand Junction Canal Company," said Augusta; "and a very forward, rude person into the bargain."

"And Gilbert's particular friend!" exclaimed my mother.

"Yes, Ma'am," said Miss Crab, in her glory; "and yet you are quite sure that he never will form an acquaintance or connexion likely to turn out disgracefully."

Luckily at that moment luncheon was announced, and the party proceeded to the breakfast-parlour to partake of it.

Dissatisfied and unsettled as I felt on my way to town, I confess, if I could have looked, Asmodeus-like, into the peaceful residence of my respected parent, during this and the preceding scene—as I should have called it—my sensations would have been of a much more serious and disagreeable character. I never anticipated a visit from Daly, and consoled myself by the escape I had made from an interview with the ladies, whose growing intimacy at the cottage must, I foresaw, nevertheless produce an explanation ere long, or act as a prohibition to my visits to Teddington. I confess I was perfectly astounded when I heard the details. I had never given him the slightest encouragement to come to the cottage, where I must have been certain his manners, principles, and pursuits would throw its gentle occupants into the highest state of perturbation. My regret when I ascertained what had occurred was serious indeed; and my resolution never again to make acquaintances *extempore* was coupled with the conviction that a practical joke is, in fact, no joke at all.

CHARLES LAMB.

HIS LAST WORDS ON COLERIDGE.

Charles Lamb's first appearance in literature was by the side of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. He came into his first battle, as he tells us, (literature is a sort of warfare,) under cover of that greater Ajax. The small duodecimo volume in which their poems first appeared, and which is now exceedingly scarce, lies before us. It was printed and published in Bristol, in the year 1797, by "N. Biggs for T. Cottle." In the preface, Coleridge speaks with affectionate warmth of his "friend and old schoolfellow, Charles Lamb." "He has now communicated to me a complete collection of all his poems,—quæ qui non prorsus amet, illum omnes et virtutes et veneres odere." On the title-page there are words of more touching interest—"Duplex nobis vinculum, et amicitiæ et similium junctarumque Camœnarum; *quod utinam neque mors solvat, neque temporis longinquitas!*" The wish has been strikingly fulfilled. Their friendship in life survived all the accidents of place and time; and in death it has been but a few short months divided.

We should like to see this remarkable friendship (remarkable in all respects and in all its circumstances) between two of the finest and most original genuises in an age of no common genius, worthily and lastingly recorded. It would outvalue, in the mind of posterity, whole centuries of literary quarrels.

Lamb never fairly recovered the death of Coleridge. He thought of little else (his sister was but another portion of himself) until his own great spirit joined his friend. He had a habit of venting his melancholy in a sort of mirth. He would, with nothing graver than a pun, "cleanse his bosom of the perilous stuff that weighed" upon it. In a jest, or a few light phrases, he would lay open the last recesses of his heart. So in respect of the death of Coleridge. Some old friends of his saw him two or three weeks ago, and remarked the constant turning and reference of his mind. He interrupted himself and them almost every instant with some play of affected wonder, or astonishment, or humourous melancholy, on the words "*Coleridge is dead.*" Nothing could divert him from that, for the thought of it never left him. About the same time, we had written to him to request a few lines for the literary album of a gentleman who entertained a fitting admiration of his genius. It was the last request we were destined to make, the last kindness we were allowed to receive! He wrote in Mr. Keymer's volume—and wrote of Coleridge. This, we believe, was the last production of his pen. A strange and not unenviable chance, which saw him, at the end of his literary pilgrimage, as he had been at the beginning,—in that immortal company! We are indebted, with the reader, to the kindness of our friend for permission to print the whole of what was written. It would be impertinence to offer one remark on it. Once read, its noble and affectionate tenderness will be remembered for ever. Let it be placed over the mortal grave of Coleridge.

"When I heard of the death of Coleridge, it was without grief. It seemed to me that he long had been on the confines of the next world,—that he had a hunger for eternity. I grieved then that I could not grieve. But since, I feel how great a part he was of me. His great

and dear spirit haunts me. I cannot think a thought, I cannot make a criticism on men or books, without an ineffectual turning and reference to him. He was the proof and touchstone of all my cogitations. He was a Grecian (or in the first form) at Christ's Hospital, where I was deputy Grecian; and the same subordination and deference to him I have preserved through a life-long acquaintance. Great in his writings, he was greatest in his conversation. In him was disproved that old maxim, that we should allow every one his share of talk. He would talk from morn to dewy eve, nor cease till far midnight, yet who ever would interrupt him,—who would obstruct that continuous flow of converse, fetched from Helicon or Zion? He had the tact of making the unintelligible seem plain. Many who read the abstruser parts of his "Friend" would complain that his works did not answer to his spoken wisdom. They were identical. But he had a tone in oral delivery, which seemed to convey sense to those who were otherwise imperfect recipients. He was my fifty years old friend without a dissension. Never saw I his likeness, nor probably the world can see again. I seem to love the house he died at more passionately than when he lived. I love the faithful Gilmans more than while they exercised their virtues towards him living. What was his mansion is consecrated to me a chapel.

"Chs. Lamb.

"Edmonton, November 21, 1834."

Within five weeks of this date Charles Lamb died. A slight accident brought on an attack of erysipelas, which proved fatal; his system was not strong enough for resistance. It is some consolation to add, that, during his illness, which lasted four days, he suffered no pain, and that his faculties remained with him to the last. A few words spoken by him the day before he died showed with what quiet collectedness he was prepared to meet death.

These are strange words to be writing of our old friend! We can scarcely think yet that he has left us; so intimately does he seem to belong to household thoughts, and to the dear things of heart and hearth, which his writings have made yet dearer. We cannot fancy him gone from his folios, his "midnight darlings," his pictures, chit-chat, jokes, and ambiguities;—and yet it is so. Everything that was mortal of him is gone, except the tears and the love of his friends. His writings remain, to be the delight of thousands to come.

Charles Lamb was born in the Temple, in February, 1775. We are not going to give any biography of him, but we name the day of his birth, because the birth-day of such a man is pleasant to remember. "'Tis my poor birth-day," says a letter of his we have lying before us, dated the 11th of February. The day will be rich hereafter to the lovers of wit and true genius. The place of his birth had greatly to do with his personal tastes in after life. Every one who has read "John Woodvil" cannot fail to have been struck (as in that loveliest of passages on the "sports of the forest") with its exquisite sense of rural beauty and imagery. But Mr. Lamb's affection nevertheless turned townwards. Born under the shadow of St. Dunstan's steeple, he retained his love for it, and for the neighbouring town-streets, to the last; and to the last he loved the very smoke of London, because, as he said, it had been the medium most familiar to his vision. Anything, in truth, once

felt, he never wished to change. When he made any alteration in his lodgings, the thing sadly discomposed him. His household gods, as he would say, planted a terrible fixed foot.

This early habit, however, and this hatred of change, were not the only sources of his attachment to London, and to London streets. We have hinted at the melancholy which was so often the source of Mr. Lamb's humour—which, indeed, almost insensibly dashed his merriest writings—which used to throw out into still more delicate relief the subtleties of his wit and fancy, and which made his very jests to "scald like tears." In London there was some remedy for this, when it threatened to overmaster him. "Often," he said, "when I have felt a weariness or distaste at home, have I rushed out into her crowded Strand, and fed my humour, till tears have wetted my cheek for unutterable sympathies with the multitudinous moving picture, which she never fails to present at all hours, like the scenes of a shifting pantomime." This is a great and wise example for such as may be similarly afflicted.

Mr. Lamb's earliest associates in London were Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Charles Lloyd, and others, who "called Admiral Burney friend." They used to assemble weekly at Burney's house, at the Queen's Gate, to chat and play whist. Or they would meet to discuss supper, and the hopes of the world, at the Old Salutation Tavern. This was the "* * * * * Inn," to which Mr. Lamb makes so affectionate a reference in the dedication of his poems to Coleridge; this was the immortal tavern, and these were the "old suppers in delightful years," where he used to say Coleridge first kindled in him, if not the power, yet the love of poetry, and beauty, and kindliness;—quoting, with true enthusiasm,

> "What words have I heard
> Spoke at the Mermaid!"

Life was then, indeed, fresh to them all, and topics exhaustless; but yet there was one preferred before all others, because it included all. Mr. Lamb once reminded Southey of it in a letter which was written in answer to a reproach the Poet Laureate should have spared his old friend. He speaks of Coleridge,—"the same to me still as in those old evenings, when we used to sit and speculate (do you remember them, Sir?) at our old tavern, upon Pantisocracy and golden days to come on earth."

Mr. Lamb was at this period, indeed from the time he quitted Christ's Hospital to within nine years of his death, a clerk in the India House. It is scarcely pleasant to think of his constant labours there, when we think of the legacy of nobler writing of which they may have robbed the world. What have we to do now with all his

> "drops of labour spilt
> On those huge and figured pages,
> Which will sleep unclasp'd for ages,
> Little knowing who did wield
> The quill that traversed their white field*."

But we have the better reason, perhaps, to be grateful for what has nevertheless been bequeathed to us. These are:—the poems we have mentioned, collected with several others, and dedicated to Coleridge in 1818; a tale of wonderful pathos and sweetness, "Rosamund Gray," published

* "Poetical Epistle," by Procter, who repaid Lamb's affection, felt towards him to the last, in a manner worthy of the hearts and the genius of both.

with "Old Blind Margaret," in (we believe) 1800; "John Woodvil," a tragedy, published with "Fragments of Burton," in 1802; "Mr. H——," a farce, acted at Drury Lane in 1806; "Specimens of the old Dramatic Poets," with those immortal criticisms on them, which appeared in 1808; a series of noble prose papers, including those on Hogarth and the tragedies of Shakspeare, with several essays and poetical criticisms, which were sent to the "Reflector" in the year 1811; the celebrated "Essays of Elia," published between 1820 and 1833, at different periods, in the "London," "New Monthly," "Blackwood's," "Englishman," and other Magazines, and two volumes of which have been collected and separately published; with a vast number of his sayings and deep-thoughted articles, scattered about without a name (and yet uncollected) in periodicals celebrated and obscure—in miscellanies remembered and forgotten. We find we have omitted in this list to mention his "Tales from Shakspeare," his "Adventures of Ulysses," and a volume unworthily named "Album Verses,"—inasmuch as it contained some few poems as fine as any that ever flowed or sported from his pen. We hope to see all his productions recovered, and published under the superintendence of some competent person. His occasional theatrical criticisms in the "Examiner" should not be forgotten: they are exquisite, and will be recognised at once by any one acquainted with his style. It will startle some of his friends, perhaps, to be told that he has even done such a thing in years long past, as write a sort of poetical political libel for that distinguished journal.

Of the genius of Mr. Lamb as developed in these various writings, we may speak at greater length hereafter. It takes rank with the most original of the age. As a Critic, he stands *facile princeps*, in all the subjects he handled. Search English literature through, from its first beginnings till now, and you will find none like him. There is not a criticism he ever wrote that does not directly tell you a number of things you had no previous notion of. In criticism he was indeed, in all senses of the word, "a discoverer—like Vasco Nuñez or Magellan." In that very domain of literature with which you fancied yourself most variously and closely acquainted, he would show you "fresh fields and pastures new," and these the most fruitful and delightful. For the riches he discovered were richer that they had lain so deep—the more valuable were they, when found, that they had eluded the search of ordinary men.

As an Essayist, Charles Lamb will be remembered, in years to come, with Rabelais and Montaigne, with Sir Thomas Browne, with Steele, and with Addison. He unites many of the finest characteristics of these several writers. He has wisdom and wit of the highest order, exquisite humour, a genuine and cordial vein of pleasantry, and the most heart-touching pathos. In the largest acceptation of the word he is a humanist—no one of the great family of authors past or present has shown in matters the most important or the most trivial so delicate and extreme a sense of all that is human. It is the prevalence of this characteristic in his writings which has subjected him to occasional charges of want of imagination. This, however, is but half-criticism; for the matter of reproach may in fact be said to be his triumph. It was with a deep relish of Mr. Lamb's faculty that a friend of his once said—a friend, we may add, ever loved and admired by him through life, and worthy of all the love and admiration that are due to genius, to learning, and to virtue—it was with a fine appre-

ciation of the characteristics of his genius in criticism that T. N. T. said, "he makes the majesties of imagination seem familiar." It is precisely thus with his own imagination—it eludes the observation of the ordinary reader in the very modesty of its truth, in its social and familiar air. His fancy as an Essayist is distinguished by singular delicacy and tenderness; and even his conceits, when they occur, will generally be found to be, as those of his favourite Fuller (the church historian) often are, steeped in human feeling and passion. The fondness he entertained for Fuller, for the author of the "Anatomy of Melancholy," and for other writers of that class, was a pure matter of temperament. His thoughts were always his own; even when his words seem cast in the very mould of theirs, the perfect originality of his thinking is felt and acknowledged—we may add, in its superior wisdom, manliness, and unaffected sweetness. Every sentence in those Essays may be proved to be crammed full of thinking; the two volumes which contain them will be multiplied, we have no doubt, in the course of a few years, into as many hundred; for they contain a stock of matter which must be ever suggestive to more active minds, and will surely revisit the world in new shapes—an everlasting succession and variety of ideas. Yes, and help on the world; for is it to be asserted that because Mr. Lamb was chiefly devoted to the past, that he may not therefore advantage the present, and help on the future? The past to him was not mere dry antiquity; it involved a most extensive and touching association of feelings and thoughts, reminding him of what we have been and may be, and therefore seeming to afford a surer ground for resting on than the things which are here to-day and may be gone to-morrow. We know of no inquisition more curious, no speculation more lofty, than may be found in the Essays of Charles Lamb. We know no place where conventional absurdities are so shattered—where stale evasions are so plainly exposed—where the barriers between names and things are at times so thoroughly flung down. And how could it indeed be otherwise? For it is truth which plays upon his writings like a genial and divine atmosphere. No need is there for them to prove what they would be at by any formal or logical analysis—they "feel the *air* of truth;" no need for him to tell the world that this institution is wrong and that doctrine right—the world may gather from his writings their surest guide to judgment in these and all other cases—a general and honest appreciation of the humane and true.

As a Poet, Mr. Lamb has left several things "the world will not willingly let die." Shall we not name first his prose tale of "Rosamund Gray," which we have read a dozen times, as well as we could for our tears? We will match this tale against the world for unequalled delicacy and pathos. Shall we not treasure up too in our heart of hearts the memory of "John Woodvil," of him who offended and was forgiven—and of the angelic, ever-honoured Margaret, whom miseries could never alienate nor change of fortune shake, whom her lover's injuries "and slights (the worst of injuries)" could not, in his days of shame, when all the world forsook him, make *her* forsake, or cease to cling with love stronger than death to her dear heart's lord, life's pride, soul-honoured John! These are destined to be everlasting creatures—once known, taken to the memory for ever. How exquisite is the tenderness with which, when questioned on John's neglect, she only turns aside for a moment with a tear, and afterwards resumes her conversation cheerfully. How sublime is the reach of pathos with which

Sir Walter Woodvil, betrayed to his enemies by his son, breaks his heart without uttering a single word. When the charge of an imitation of the elder poets is brought against Charles Lamb, it is generally brought in ignorance. His style, it is true, smacks to us of the antique; tasting with a genuine Beaumont and Fletcher flavour: but this was because his way of thinking was like theirs; there is no imitation in it, setting aside the occasional indulgence of his love for them, which we all feel to be delightful. We could fancy their loving *him* just in the same way, because he lived in precisely that world of thought which was chiefly theirs, and which changes not with the alterations of age or style, but is everlasting, and changes never. Mr. Hazlitt tells a story of a rural description out of "John Woodvil," quoted anonymously in a modern book, meeting the eye of Mr. Godwin, who was so struck with the beauty of the passage, and with a consciousness of having seen it before, that he was uneasy till he could recollect where, and after hunting in vain for it in Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and other not unlikely places, sent to Mr. Lamb to know if he could help him to the author! We should have recommended him in his search to look out for a higher sort of Heywood, some one between Heywood and Fletcher. When the day of popularity for these great writers shall come round again, Mr. Lamb's poetry will be popular too. His minor pieces are full of delicacy and wit, and read occasionally like one of his Essays.

But it was not as a Critic, it was not as an Essayist, it was not as a Poet, fervently as we entertained for him in these characters the admiration we have poorly endeavoured to express—it is not in any of these that we felt towards him the strongest feeling of devotion—we loved THE MAN. He was the most entirely delightful person we have ever known. He had no affectation, no assumption, no fuss, no cant, nothing to make him otherwise than delightful. His very foibles, as is remarked in a recent publication*, were for the most part so small, and were engrafted so curiously upon a strong original mind, that we would scarcely have desired them away. They were a sort of fret-work, which let in light, and showed the form and order of his character. They had their origin in weakness of system chiefly; and that which we have heard by the unthinking condemned as wilful, in terms of severe reproach, was in the first instance nothing but a forced resort to aid that might serve to raise his spirits in society to what was no more than the ordinary pitch of all around him without it. Never should the natural temperament against which Mr. Lamb had to struggle be forgotten by those who are left to speak of his habits and character. Of all the great and peculiar sorrows he was fated to experience through life, (and there were many to which even an allusion may not here be made, and for which nearly his whole existence was offered as a willing and devoted sacrifice,) the sorrows with which he was born were the greatest of all. His friends, whom he delighted by his wit and enriched by his more serious talk, never knew the whole price he paid for those hours of social conversation. "Reader," he once said in a paper which, with some dash of fiction, conveyed his saddest personal experience, (a paper which is now, we believe, exceedingly scarce, as he would not

* See a very delightful paper in the "Athenæum." It has since been followed by the first of a series on the personal and intellectual characteristics of Mr. Lamb, which promises to do justice to the subject, and to confer a distinguished honour on that journal.

consent to reprint it,) " Reader, if you are gifted with nerves like mine, aspire to any character but that of a wit. When you find a tickling relish upon your tongue disposing you to that sort of conversation, especially if you find a preternatural flow of ideas setting in upon you at the sight of a bottle and fresh glasses, avoid giving way to it as you would fly your greatest destruction. If you cannot crush the power of fancy, or that within you which you mistake for such, divert it,—give it some other play. Write an essay,—pen a character or description ;—*but not as I do now—with tears trickling down your cheeks.*" We retire with reverence before the trials of such a spirit as this.

No one in a conversation said such startling things as Lamb. No one was so witty or so sensible. No man ever had him at a disadvantage, except the man who did not understand him. He had a severe impediment in his speech, but this gave even an additional piquancy to the deep and eloquent things he said. After the stammering and hesitation, a half sentence would burst forth at the close, and set everybody laughing or thinking. And they would laugh at it, and think about it the next day, and the day after that. " Lamb probes a truth," said Hazlitt, " in a play upon words." " He was of the genuine line of Yorick," says the delightful writer of the " London Journal." He was indeed;—or still more of the family of that ever-faithful and devoted " fool " in " Lear," with his sayings of wisdom and snatches of old songs—" Young Lubin was a shepherd boy." Who that was admitted to the intimacy of his acquaintance does not remember that and many others, and feel his heart sink with grief at our recent loss, though to rise again with pride in the consciousness of having been once admitted to such a friendship? We needed not to have made the restriction. Every one who knew him knew him intimately. He had no concealment, for he had nothing to conceal. He had the faculty,—as was remarked of him the other day, in the " Times " newspaper, by an old friend of his,—of turning " even casual acquaintances into friends." When you entered his little book-clad room, he welcomed you with an affectionate greeting, set you down to something, and made you at home at once. His richest feasts, however, were those he served up from his ragged-looking books, his ungainly and dirty folios, his cobbled-up quartos, his squadrons of mean and squalid-looking duodecimos. " So much the rather their celestial light shone inward." How he would stutter forth their praises! What fine things had he to say about the beautiful obliquities of the " Religio Medici," about Burton, and Fuller, and Smollet, and Fielding, and Richardson, and Marvel, and Drayton, and fifty others, ending with the " thrice-noble, chaste, and virtuous, but again somewhat fantastical and original brained Margaret Duchess of Newcastle!" What delightful reminiscences he had of the actors, how he used to talk of them, and how he has written them down!* How he would startle his friends by intruding on them lists of persons one would wish to have seen,—such odd alliances as Pontius Pilate and Doctor Faustus, Guy Faux and Judas Iscariot!—But the evenings

* See his papers on the " Old Actors." " I was always fond," he says, in the charming little story of " Barbara," which has immortalized an anecdote from the life of an eminent living actress, " of the society of the players; and am not sure that an impediment in my speech, (which certainly kept me out of the pulpit,) even more than certain personal disqualifications, which are often got over in that profession, did not prevent me at one time of life from adopting it."

passed with him are not for the hasty mention of such articles as this. The pleasure of recording some of them, and some of the exquisite sayings he seldom failed to send away his friends with, may be claimed by us from the editor of this Magazine at some future time.

Mr. Lamb's personal appearance was remarkable. It quite realized the expectations of those who think that an author and a wit should have a distinct air, a separate costume, a particular cloth, something positive and singular about him. Such unquestionably had Mr. Lamb. Once he rejoiced in snuff-colour, but latterly his costume was inveterately balck—with gaiters which seemed longing for something more substantial to close in. His legs were remarkably slight,—so indeed was his whole body, which was of short stature, but surmounted by a head of amazing fineness. We never saw any other that approached it in its intellectual cast and formation. Such only may be seen occasionally in the finer portraits of Titian. His face was deeply marked and full of noble lines—traces of sensibility, imagination, suffering, and much thought. His wit was in his eye, luminous, quick, and restless. The smile that played about his mouth was ever cordial and good-humoured; and the most cordial and delightful of its smiles were those with which he accompanied his affectionate talk with his sister, or his jokes against her. We have purposely refrained from speaking of that noble-minded and noble-hearted woman, because in describing her brother we describe her. Her heart and her intellect have been through life the counterpart of his own. The two have lived as one, in double singleness together. She has been, indeed, the supplement and completion of his existence. His obligations to her had extended beyond the period of his memory, and they accompanied him to his grave. Yet he returned them not unfittingly! The "mighty debt of love he owed" was paid to her in full. When he says otherwise in his charming sonnets to her, he merely expresses the ever-unsatisfied longings of true affection. Coleridge and she had the first and strongest holds upon his heart. The little volume to which we referred in the commencement illustrates this in an affecting manner. In the pride of that first entrance into the world under the protection of his greater friend, he had not forgotten his sister. He dedicated all he had written to her. "The few following poems," he says, "creatures of the fancy and the feeling, in life's more vacant hours; produced for the most part by love in idleness; are, with all a brother's fondness, inscribed to Mary Ann Lamb, the author's best friend and sister." When, in after life, he had the power of acquitting his debt to her more nobly, by dedicating his whole existence to hers, he presented the offering of his poetry to Coleridge. Well might he express that strange and most touching wish, after the life they had led—"I wish that I could throw into a heap the remainder of our joint existences, that we might share them in equal division. But that is impossible!" It was indeed, and the survivor is not the most fortunate. Never more shall we see the picture they used to present—worth a hundred commonplaces of common existence—when they paid the occasional visits they both loved to London!—never more see the affectionate and earnest watchings on her side—the pleasant evasions, the charming deference, and the little touches of gratitude on his! We recollect being once sent by her to seek "Charles," who had rambled away from her. We found him in the Temple, looking up, near Crown-office-row, at the house where he was born. Such was his ever-touching habit of seeking alliance

with the scenes of old times. They were the dearer to him that distance had withdrawn them. He wished to pass his life among things gone by yet not forgotten. We shall never forget the affectionate "Yes, boy," with which he returned our repeating his own striking lines,—

> "Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood,
> Earth seemed a desart I was bound to traverse!"

This paper, long as it has already proved, must not be finished without the mention of one most honourable characteristic in which Mr. Lamb has stood alone, amidst all the political strife and personal bickerings of modern literature. He put himself in personal opposition to no one. He would recognize no difference of opinion as a plea against social meeting and friendly fellowship. "It is an error," he said, in a spirit of deep philosophy (the passage does not appear in his published writings), "more particularly incident to persons of the correctest principles and habits, to seclude themselves from the rest of mankind, as from another species, and form into knots and clubs. The best people, herding thus exclusively, are in danger of contracting a narrowness. Heat and cold, dryness and moisture, in the natural world, do not fly asunder, to split the globe into sectarian parts and separations; but mingling, as they best may, correct the malignity of any single predominance. The analogy holds, I suppose, in the moral world. If all the good people were to ship themselves off to terra incognitas, what, in humanity's name, is to become of the refuse?" Charles Lamb wrote in periodicals of all opinions, and held all differing friends firmly and cordially by the hand, as if indeed of one family of brothers. His friendship with Southey did not shake his intimacy with the editor of the "Examiner," or move him one jot from the side of Hazlitt. Lamb first met that great writer at Mr. Godwin's house, when one of those meaning jests he used to blurt out so often bound at once the far-sighted metaphysician to his side. Holcroft and Coleridge happened to be there, and were as usual engaged in a fierce dispute. The question between them was as to which was best, "man as he was, or man as he is to be," and it was at its highest when Lamb stammered out, "Give me man as he is *not* to be!" The friendship, however, which this saying commenced, was once interrupted for some time by some wilful fancy on the part of the irritable and world-soured philosopher. At this time Southey happened to pay a compliment to Lamb at the expense of some of his companions, Hazlitt among them. The faithful and unswerving heart of the other, forsaking not, although forsaken, refused a compliment at such a price, and sent it back to the giver. The character of William Hazlitt, which he wrote at the same time, may stand for ever as one of the proudest and truest evidences of the writer's heart and intellect. It will be reprinted, we trust, in the edition of his collected works. It brought back, at once, the repentant offender to the arms of his friend, and nothing again separated them till Death came. Charles Lamb was, we believe, the only one of his old associates seen at the grave of Hazlitt.

And now the grave has received Charles Lamb. We stood near as it was closed over him—never closed it over a better or wiser spirit.—May he who has given so much happiness to others be now more truly happy—possessing the great reward which all his life has deserved that he should win!

SKETCHES ON IRISH HIGHWAYS.

IRISH RUINS.—PART II.—THE STORY OF COONEY BLANEY.

It has been said, that the complacency with which we dwell upon the miseries of our fellow-creatures is a strong proof of the evil tendency of our nature. This may be, in some degree, true; but even the snarling French Cynic tells us that "Les vices entrent dans la composition des vertus, comme les poisons entrent dans la composition des remèdes. La prudence les assemble et les tempère, et elle s'en sert utilement contre les maux de la vie." Rochefoucault gives to our feelings, in this instance, a better interpretation than could be expected from him.

I assure those who peruse these pages that if I return to the subject of Irish Ruins, like the bird which repeats its one-melancholy note, until it is incapable of giving voice to any other, it is because my heart pants to excite sympathy for my poor country, and that I would fain draw the feelings of the English toward them in the time of their sore trouble.

There is in Ireland misery enough for gatherers of its records, without being confined to one subject. Misery is the *refrain* of Irish affairs; if we escape Scylla, we fall in with Charybdis. The change of a Lord Lieutenant—the misrepresentations of an agitator—the cold denunciations of the opposite party, and the bitterness of each against the other,—have little to do with the real state of Irish distress. There is positively nothing known, nothing imagined, of the utter, hopeless, degrading poverty endured by the peasants in the southern and wilder parts of Ireland.

As I write—while you read, there are hundreds of creatures, gifted, unhappily gifted, with feeling and intelligence, yet having no prospect but starvation, no refuge but the grave! "I have worked, lady," said a worn-down peasant to me in the neighbourhood of Cork, "I have worked from six o'clock in the morning till six at night, to support a bed-ridden mother, a wife, and seven childre', two of them (the childre', I mean) are—God brake hard fortune to you and yours, lady!—born naturals. I have slaved these twelve hours upon pratees and a drink of could water *to wash them an' the throuble down together*, and the pay I get is tenpence a-day."

"But," I replied, "though you work in that manner, and at that small rate of wages, you have six acres of land, and your wife and sons cultivate it."

"We *had* six acres, we are only able to keep three now; it takes my eldest boy and myself the year round to work out the rent of them. The minister has his tithe, the priest his thrifle; the bit o' land is not rightly managed; the woman and childre' hasn't the strength in 'em to manage land which the devil has *trampled rough-shod over so many times*. The *baste** was seized and sould for the last gale, and so we've nothing to draw mendin: and what heart have we to mend it, houlding it, as we do, at a rack-rent, and may be 'turn out' for the first fool that thinks he can pay more for it than we do?"

"It is certainly very hard," I said, mournfully; "but, unfortunately, there are many in the same situation."

---

* Horse.

"And worse!" he replied; "there are some who haven't a broken roof even over their heads, nor the comfort of a *loving face to look into;* nor a child left with the feaver; nor a pratee to the ditch-wather they're forced to drink. But, Ma'am, honey—that's no comfort!—Sure, the *craythurs, when they're poorer than ourselves, must have what little help we can give them.*"

Poor generous Paddy! *Here* the "craythurs poorer than ourselves" are sent to the workhouse; but in Ireland the half-starved cottager works for the half-starved beggar! We may and we must condemn the *system* which makes the poor man poorer, by letting loose upon him a population of paupers; but we cannot avoid sympathising with the disinterested generosity of the peasant, who gives voluntarily, and without the prospect of return.

Since the first portion of this subject was written, our feelings have been both dismayed and saddened by the fatal affray at Rathcormac: that it has been and will be made the instrument of much evil cannot be denied; but the fact of so many men, armed only with sticks, having been shot by soldiers, almost in *cold blood*, is so appalling in itself, that we wonder where British temper and British forbearance had gone during the few terrible minutes that made the green field red.

Never was there given to England a more touching picture of Irish desolation than that which reached us from the widow Ryan, in whose "haggart" the dreadful tragedy was enacted. After describing the commencement of the slaughter, the old woman unconsciously draws as affecting a picture of filial piety as can be conceived.

"With that I turned back, and I met my daughter in the bohreen; and she went with me, *guarding me with her arms round my neck.*"

After describing how she went to the dead bodies, turning them over in her agonizing anxiety, to see if she could discover her son, she found him, poor woman! at last.—"I staggered down to him and I caught his pulse, *and he had no pulse;* I put my mouth to his mouth, *and he had no breath.* I then began to shut his eyes and close his lips; and Dick Willis cried out to me, 'Don't stop his breath;' 'Oh! Dick,' says I, 'he has no breath to stop.' With that I caught his *head*, and my daughter caught his *feet, and we stretched him in his blood where he lay.* And though my eye-balls are like two burning coals, *I cried no tear since.*"

Is not the poor widow's tale a more perfect, though more painful, illustration of the subject of "Irish Ruins," than "Way-Side Reminiscences" could furnish? It was spoken by the heart; and in every heart it will find an echo.

There is not as much *wild* pathos in the few words uttered by the widow of Rathkormac as in many episodes of distress which I have heard; but it is strongly concentrated—the agony is fearfully condensed.—"I put my *mouth to his mouth, and he had no breath!*" Only a mother can understand the strength of the description.—It makes my blood run cold. They say the words are not the words of the widow—that they were uttered for her, to serve party purposes, by some ingenious dealer in spoken and printed fiction. I, for one, take no heed of this assertion. It is impossible to coin such *truth;* no human tongue could have uttered—no pen could have transcribed them, unless under the influence of NATURE, strong as that in the bosom of the widow bereaved of her children. It is a terrible note upon a terrible chapter in

Irish history; and it will be fearfully used by those time-out-of-mind curses of Ireland—her FRIENDS!

"The four winds of heaven have been blowing upon my head these sixty years," said an old beggar to me, "until they have hardly left a grey hair to cover it." There was a perfect picture of desolation in that little sentence. The language of Irish metaphor is so strong that it bears thinking over; turn it as you will it is complete—there is no flaw in its construction—it is at once pathetic and forcible. I often call to mind the venerable man who had thus so happily expressed the loneliness of his situation. Clooney Blaney passed his latter years in migrating from parish to parish, and from ruin to ruin; he was fond of the "ould places;" though, unlike the "Old Mortality" of the great master spirit of our age, he had no desire to restore inscriptions or preserve monuments, he took much pleasure in patching up holes in crumbling walls, and spent the long days of summer, bare-headed, as indeed he always was, within their precincts.

Of all the ruins in my neighbourhood, he seemed most to delight in those of the seven castles of Clomines. Whether it was that they afforded him more extensive wandering-room, being scattered some on the very brink of the Scar, some far in the green and beautiful meadow, I know not; but I have often seen Clooney's bald head peeping above the gigantic trees of ivy that waved their sombre shining leaves in the gay sun, and heard the clatter of his trowel in the grey twilight of evening, as he pattered with the mortar or wet clay to "steady," as he used to say, "the stones—poor things!" Clooney could not bear to see the stone of a ruin displaced.

"It was weary work for them who put them there, and why should their spirits be bothered by letting go to destruction what we'll never build the like of again?"

A very wealthy farmer in the vicinity of the magnificent castle of Coolhull was so seized by the English mania for whitewashing, that he actually expended much time in "making the dirty baste of a castle look dacent for onc't in its life"—he whitewashed it, inside and outside, even the splendid oaken beams underwent an ablution. Some one told Clooney of this, and never was "gaberlunzie" so enraged: he set out on a journey of twelve long Irish miles about ten o'clock at night, and before the next morning, by dint of scrubbing and washing, had succeeded in restoring the north wall of the building to its original hue. The farmer knew there was no use in contending with Clooney, so after in vain endeavouring to persuade him that the castle looked better, that that was the way they "*sarved* ould English ruins in England," and repeating, to no purpose, all the reasons in favour of whitewashing he had ever heard or imagined, he permitted the eccentric old man to have his own way, and, after a fortnight's hard labour, Clooney declared that "the darlint ould castle again looked fit to be seen."

I met him, or rather saw him once, seated on the bridge of Tintern, not the Monmouthshire Tintern, but its Irish namesake. The abbey is the residence, or rather *ought* to be the residence, of the Colclough absentees. It is, however, but justice to Mr. Colclough to admit, that he has appointed an agent whose example and whose precepts are of infinite service to the country; upright, honourable, and sincere, the

agent of that happily managed property has proved himself the worthy son of a worthy father, and is both beloved and respected throughout the country.

"I'm lookin at that fine ould place with a glad heart, lady," said Cloooney: "I've been outside every taste of that beautiful abbey this morning, and sorra as much as the paring of your nail out o' place: all the stones firm, and the ould ancient mortar as firm as the stones; my eyes never ache looking at a fine even wall, and it's a good thing to see so holy a building so looked after; the pigs and the rooks are the worst enimies I have: the pigs do be always rooting at my walls, and the crows—ah! it's they's the bad stonemasons—it takes all the little thrifle I begs, and all the lime I gathers, to stop up the holes of them big black birds. It's a fine thing to keep a vow; I'll tell your honour the vow the man who built that holy abbey made, and then I'll *insense* you into my own vow. I have heard, and believe it, that a great Earl of Pembroke, William by name, made an offring to found an abbey in that place where he should first arrive in safety, being out at sea in a desperate storm. Well, the blessed wather he landed in, and in safety, sure enough, was the beautiful bay of Bannow down below; and if you look you will see the curos ould church by the same name at the other side. Well, he was unlike many of the new gentry, for he thought of his word, and dedicated this abbey to the Virgin (holy be her name!) and settled a convent of monks that he brought from an abbey called Tintern, in foreign parts, into it; and even when he was on his death-bed he left it with his beautiful lady to look to the comfort of these holy monks. Myself can't think of the half of those that came afther him, only I know that great Tory Queen Elizabeth (and by the same token it's red her hair turned just with the heat of the devil's fire in her head) —well, *she* took upon herself, to be sure, to give away the blessed abbey lands to one Toney Colclough for a dirty turn he did, as I have heard, though as I wasn't by, and there's as many lies a'most in printed books as there do be upon peoples' tongues, why I can't spake for certain, nor wouldn't in regard of the peoples that's in it now, which they are not, being in England."

"How are lies to get into printed books?" I inquired of poor Clooney, repressing a smile at the same time.

"Augh!" exclaimed Clooney, shrugging his shoulders, "sure there's nothing more natural than to believe that them who would tossicate the air with their lies, would dirty the white paper with the same. I've a great dread of them book writers; I never see one to my knowledge but one't, and he was no ways differing from other people; a great man I heard, with a paper up in Dublin."

"And so there was nothing particular about that gentleman's appearance, Clooney?"

"Nothing that I remember: it's a long time ago, to be sure; but, yes, there was. I heard say that he bet Father Roche by three tumblers, and walked steady afther it, and sure that was a proof to the wide world what a head he had!"

"So it was, but you promised to tell me the reason of your own vow. Is it true, as I have heard, that you have *taken an obligation* * on your-

* *Irish*—for made a vow.

self never to wear a hat, and wander over Ireland until your death, repairing the ruins of your country?"

"It is, ma'am," replied Clooney, "every word of it true: but if you plaze I'd rather not tell it to you here, for the people do be passing, so we'll go across the bohreen, and into the meadow by the strame, and there, if you wish, I'll tell you every word of my history: not that there's much in the differ between it and any Irish history going, they're too much alike, that's the worst of them."

I followed Clooney, and as the old man trudged on before, I could not avoid registering in my memory the picture he represented; the few hairs which, according to his own observation, "the winds had left to cover his bare head," when unmoved by the air, fell over his shoulders in two or three long thin tresses, now floating around him like a halo, and then twisting into elfin locks at either side of his bald crown: slung across his shoulder was his begging bag, patched with pieces of blue, red, or grey stuff, and his sturdy staff, from the top of which, suspended by a string, hung his trowel, was a genuine shillela, armed with a ferule, so that it would serve either for climbing or fighting; he was firm and erect in his carriage, and as he wended his way, first removing a car which was turned up upon its wheels to stop a gap, then striking his staff firmly into the ground, as if he delighted to see how deep it would go, as a specimen of the strength of his arm, it was impossible not to see in him the wreck of much bodily and mental power; and I called to mind sundry stories of poor Clooney, which represented him at once eccentric and superior to his associates, if indeed the peasants among whom he only passed occasionally deserved to be so called.

The spot he chose for his communication was—

> "Where shady pathways to a valley led,
> A weeping willow lay upon that stream;
> And all around the fountain's brink were spread
> Wide-branching trees, with dark green leaf rich clad,
> Forming a doubtful twilight—desolate and sad!"

The very air seemed weighed nearer to the earth by sadness. As I looked upon the sky, its blue clear canopy grew grey and dim, and the stream murmured hoarsely amongst the sedges. Clooney was seated on a block of red granite, probably one which had not been needed for the completion of the bridge; he had unslung his wallet, and placed it by his side on the ground, his staff and trowel resting on it. I could hardly tell what made old "Grey Jacket," his soubriquet amongst the peasantry, so interesting to me at that moment: I suppose it was his being so admirably in keeping with the scene—the turrets of Tintern Abbey to the right just peering amid the trees; one arch of the old bridge we had stood upon seen above the swelling hill, and looking more calmly beautiful than ever it had looked before—at least to me—with its fringe of blossoming wall-flowers, and its patches of moss, green, grey, and brown, nature's own cunning embroidery: then, from far away, the boom of the fearful ocean came upon the ear, and I saw over the cliffs which skirted its shores the wavering and shining wings of the snowy sea-gulls, as they hovered for a moment in mid air, and then disappeared into the bay. So still, so calmly still was the scene, that I felt startled when Clooney's voice exclaimed "There's a soft seat for you, lady dear, upon

the stump of that ould tree, and you have no occasion to fear toads or sarpints, or anything of that sort; I dare say you know why yourself;" and the old man smiled half in jest, half in earnest, at the allusion the Irish are so fond of making to the powers of Saint Patrick.

"Were you ever in Connamara, Dick Martin's kingdom, as I've heard it called lately, though that same gentleman's dead this good while?"

"Never."

"An more's the shame an the pity," he replied, "for Connamara flogs the lakes, and the Giant's Causeway, and the caves of Michelstown, for bare grandeur; it's a wonderful place entirely; so desolate, so lonely-looking, with nothing to disturb the clouds but an eagle flying through them, and the '*sough*' of the wind among the rocks is like the moaning of dead thousands; it's a wonderful district entirely—and forrigners, to look at it, would think there could be but small pleasure in living in such a place: but it's very quare to see how people take delight in what they're used to. To my thinking it used to be the joysomest place in the wide world. Well, lady, I was born and bred up just on the borders of Connamara, and had the run of the house of one Terence O'Toole."

"O'Toole of Mount Brandon!" I exclaimed.

"Mount Brandon was its English name, to be sure; but the gentleman was beyond your memory, died before your time."

"He did; but I have often heard both of his talents and eccentricities. So you were really brought up by Terence O'Toole—by a man whose ancestral property extended to thousands upon thousands of green and fruitful acres, whose power was that of a despot over his tenantry, and who died——Do, Clooney, tell me how he died?"

"Avick! how fond people are to know how people die, and yet, to my thinking, peoples' deaths have a sort of relationship with their lives; your quiet careful men die in their beds, while others, great, good, and of high blood, maybe have no bed to die on. Well, lady, I have heard tell that Terence O'Toole was, in his youth, I have heard, the handsomest man ever born in Ireland, and that's saying a bould word: he carried everything before him in college with his head, and everything out of it with his sword or pistol, for he had a dead thrust with the one, and a dead bullet with the other; he never put up with an affront, nor ever gave the wall to an inferior—or a superior; he was the devil for making love, which gave him some trouble in Ireland, but in far countries none at all, for there, I heard say, it's the ladies make love to the gentlemen: he was always the finest-bred man in the company, mighty civil and courteous, and christian-like too, for whenever he shot a man in a *jewel** he would always kneel down by the side of the corpse and ax its forgiveness, which the whole country considered very condescending in the same gentleman: he was also the finest dancer in France, and the best singer in Rome, when he was there—one who knew said that a French queen, who was afterwards beheaded, was deeply in love with him. In the thick of his young days his father died, and left him a power of land and a power of debts, but he didn't think it behouldin him to mind either the one or the other, though, like a thrue patriot, he gave up all foreign company-keeping, and resolved to spend his money like a prince in his own counthry. So fond was he of Mount Brandon, that he wouldn't be in

* Duel.

parliament, and was quite satisfied with returning the members without thinking of being a member himself: he made it a boast too that not a member should ever spend a farthing in trating the men, only all at his expense. A six weeks' election was nothing those times, open house for all comers and goers, whiskey on draft for the poor, and claret on draft for the rich; nothing but feasting and fighting. Ah! Ireland will never see such times again!"

"I hope not!" I ejaculated, as the vision of duels and shillelas rose before me, "I hope not!" I think Clooney looked at me reproachfully; I am not quite certain, but I think he did.

"Those were his young days," he continued, "and I suppose he thought they could never have an end; and, to be sure, every one in the counthry thought it high time for him to marry, but he did not think so himself, for his eye was set on a farmer's daughter on the estate, a young and beautiful girl, who loved him, as no one ever loved him before or since. She proved that, by bearing shame for his sake; and God knows, the memory of that poor girl's love is tould by the ould people of Connamara to this day, the same as they'd tell of a ghost, to warn their daughters from danger. Her father was a could, proud man, of an ancient family, and she was his only *dote*, and proud he was of the admiration bestowed upon her by high and low; though little he thought what was to follow: but when it was made plain to him, he said no hard word to her, but he took her hand, and walked her out of their house, and took the key out of the door, and nine straws out of the thatch, and he left her waping in a neighbour's house, and went up to the Mount, which was *thronged* with company, and walked straight into the hall, where they were at their wine after dinner; and *the masther* never saw him till he stood at the foot of his table, white as a sheet, and his teeth chattering. And the ould man laid the key of the farm and the nine straws upon the table without a word; and, having done that, he knelt down upon his bended knees, and he riz his long lean arms above his white head, and he cursed Terence O'Toole, with a curse that came slow and heavy from his lips, and that no one in all that grand company had power to stop; and when he had finished cursing, he turned his back upon them all, and stalked right away, without another word or a sign. It struck the masther, that if he acted so, he might ill use the poor girl, upon whom his heart had been so set. And as soon as he could he got away to see after her. He heard that she had been taken suddenly in her throuble in the neighbour's house, and that now she had a babby on her bosom. Well, to be sure, he ordered everything for her like a lady, and went home, consoling himself for the sin, with thinking of all the good he would do for her, and for every one else; and how he would get her proud father over. But before the morning broke he was waked by the small cry of a babby under his window, and he called up the ould housekeeper, for his heart mistrusted, and she took it in; and there was a taste of a note from the grandfather pinned on its breast; and when he read the note (no one ever saw that scrap from that day to this) he flew to the cabin she'd been in, and there was the woe of the world; for the ould man had first stole away the babby, coaxed the stupid woman that had charge of it to let him have it to show its father; come back in no time, and, while the nurse slept, rolled his poor, feeble, helpless girl up in the

blanket as she lay, and carried her, God knows where. Well, to be sure, O'Toole roused the counthry, and, for that the snow lay deep on the ground, they tracked the old man's steps to the border of a broad lake, and there, lady, the mark of the feet ended; but the ice of the water was broken and destroyed at the edge, and under it——!"

"Good Good!" I exclaimed, petrified with horror.

"Ay, sure enough, lady, the proud ould man had buried his own and his child's dishonour under that ice!" He paused, and then continued. "The gentleman took no pains to hide his sorrow; and the monument to *her* memory was put up of beautiful white marvel; and some talked of her end, *but more talked of O'Toole's generosity.*"

The world, I thought to myself, was the same then that it is now.

"I have heard tell," recommenced Clooney, "that the masther was never to say like himself afther that day; he took on more than ever with the fighting and the drinking, and seemed for a time to love nothing but the hounds. But a talk of great trouble came over the place, and the great gentleman was afraid to go off his own land, for fear of being took; and then came a dissolute of parliament, and he was advised to go in, and so he did; and promised the gentleman he had got in before a situation. Well, he went off in great grand style to Dublin, where the parliament was then; and some English lady at the castle, with thousands, fell in love with him and married him, though he never held up his head like a man afther. She was a weakly, conceited, little lady, and was never to say asy, till she got him to London; and I've seen a deal in my life, but I never saw the Irish fortune, to say nothing of the remnants of one, that could stand London yet. The masther, when he would come home, was not like himself, but chuff and rough; and the expenses at the Mount made less, and many retainers turned off, and ancient residenters cast away, and the family seldom in it, and the masther high and up like with the gentry. I remember once he went as foreman to the grand jury with padlocks on his pockets, and when asked why, he made answer, he was afraid to go among such a pickpocketing set without them; and so they challenged him to fight, and it was a fine sight to see them all go out one afther the other, and he flinging away, winging one, laming another, and so on; but he behaved mighty like a gentleman all through, for he did not shoot one of them dead. Another election came on, and who should start against the masther, but the very gentleman that he had brought in so often—set up against him upon his own ground, out of revenge for his forgetting the situation he promised—and such a contest!—the ouldest people in the counthry never remembered the like. The luck of the O'Tooles turned; he fought—was wounded—and lost the election. This was not long before the Rebellion; and sure any one then would know that throubles were coming, both to the ould residenters and the country itself. 'Where's your mistress?' said the masther to the ould housekeeper, and she handing him a drink of whey out of a silver pint. 'My lady's in her own room, very bad with the narvous disorder,' replied the ould woman. 'And my sons, where are they?' 'Indeed, then, they're just amusing themselves with shooting each other for divarshun, now the bother of an election is over.' 'This is not wine-whey,' said the poor gentleman. 'My grief, no, Sir; but it's good two milk,' she made answer. 'Sorra a drop of wine in the

cellars; and the devil of a marchant has sent in an execution, over eleven hundred, for his bill, and no one here strong enough to keep it out; only I oughtn't to be telling you the throuble, my darlint masther, while the weakness is on you.' She might well think of the weakness, and he almost fainting. 'Where's *the boy?*' said he again; 'and by 'the boy' he meant me.' 'He's below,' she said, 'afther hiding some of the plate under the turf-rick, for fear of them vagabonds seeing it.' 'Send him up,' says the master; 'and though I'd the run of the house all my life, it was the first time I was ever had up before him. He called me to his bedside, he put his hand upon my head, and looked for full five minutes in my face; he then sighed out from the deep of his heart, and turned upon the bed.' 'May I go, your honour?' I said. 'Ay,' he made answer, 'do; why should you not go, poor boy? those I trusted in are all gone.' 'May be your honour would let me try to turn the luck, by staying,' I made answer. He held his hand over the side of the bed; I fell on my knees and kissed it; and I never left him from that day to the day of his death."

The old man, overcome by the full gush of remembrance, laid his head on his hands, and continued silent for some minutes.

"The young gentlemen (he had but the two) were fine, proud, wilful boys; that on the tip top of an English education had been learnt what faults their father had done; and indeed they did pretty much the same themselves, only in a different way, siding with their mother against him: and she had none of the great love for her husband which makes people cling to the throuble, sooner than lave the throubled. I'm not going to set up but what the masther was hard to bare with; he certainly was. Yet any way, she soon took herself and her children off to England, to her relations—poor wake lady! The best property that could be sould was sould; and, at last, if it wasn't for the tenants who had been made over with the land to the new proprietors, the house of Mount Brandon would have been badly kept; but they were ever and always sending a pig, or a fat sheep, or something on the sly, to the housekeeper, who knew they war for the masther's use, and he none the wiser. Oh! 'tis untold what I've seen him suffer; trying, in his grey-headed years, to swallow the pride: and when at last we found that some, though they knew he had nothing but his body to give, wanted *that* to rot in a jail, we were night and day on the watch to keep them out; and one night the masther says, in his strange way that there was no gainsaying, 'It's a fine, clear night, and I should like to walk to the ruin by the side of the monument.' I couldn't tell you how his health had gone, and his strength along with it, every thing but *his pride*. And the ould housekeeper and myself went along with him; and he romanced so much as we went, first about one thing and then about the other, that I thought the throuble had turned his brain. It was a clear, moon-shiny night, and the stars were beaming along the sky, now in, now out; and he sat down upon an ancient stone, as this might be, and he says,—I remember the very words—

"'Boy,' says he, 'the time will be, and that not long off, when what little respect belongs to ould families and ould ruins will be done away entirely; and the world will hear tell of ould customs and the like; but they will look round upon the earth for them in vain—they will be clean gone! If I had my life to begin over again, I'd take great delight in

restoring all them things. It's no wonder I should have sympathy with ruins; I, who have ruined, and am ruined.'

"'Sir,' said the old housekeeper, who was hard of hearing, and stupid when she did hear, 'Sir,' says she, 'sure Michelawn and the boys might mend the ruins up of this ould chapel, if it's any fancy for it you have.' So he looked at me, and smiled a sort of half smile, could and chilly, without any thing happy in it; like the smile you see sometimes upon the lips of a corpse when the mouth falls a little—a gasping smile. 'Sir,' keeps on the ould silly craythur, 'come away home, for it isn't safe for you to be any thing like out of the house, which you havn't been for many a long month before."

"True," said he, "true, just let me look here;" and he turned to where the little monument stood to the poor girl's remembrance, and he laid his hand on the marble urn, which was at the top, and drew it back on a suddent, as if he had not thought it would have been so could. He then rooted with his stick among the buttercups and daisies that grew about it; and, with a quick thought, flung off his hat, and fell on his knees upon the grass. As he fell, so four men, vagabonds of the law, sprung on him. Whether he felt their hould or not is between him an heaven; but this I do know, that when I looked in his face, as they held him up off the grass, he was dead. And that was the end of the most beautiful and most accomplished Irishman of the last century.

"It was his end, God help us! And the murdering villians kept possession of the body for debt. The neighbouring gentry would not suffer it, and offered to pay the money; but his ould tenants would not hear of that; they rose to a man, over the estates which had once belonged to him and his, battled the limbs of the law out of possession, and gave the masther the finest wake and funeral that the counthry had seen for fifty years. There was a hard fight betwixt them and the constables when the body was moving, but they bet them off. And then—whew! —who would follow them into the Connamara hills!"

"What became of his sons?"

"They are both dead: nor is there one stone upon another of Mount Brandon."

"But your obligation?"

"Ay! didn't you hear that he wished the ould ruins of ould Ireland looked to?"

"True; but why do you wear no hat?"

"Didn't he, who was so high, so great, die that bitter night, bareheaded."

The old man's eyes were moist with tears.

"One other question, Clooney; the poor girl's child—the baby who wailed beneath his window?"

"Didn't he call me 'boy,' and give me his hand to kiss; and don't I do pilgrimage through the world for the sins of my father and my mother! The poor girl's babby was the only child that loved him!"

A NEW LIBRARY OF NOVELS.*

MR. BULWER'S INTRODUCTION TO "PELHAM."

We have a great affection for novels—old and new, good, bad, and indifferent—something preferring the old and the good. We can welcome them in all shapes,—in three volumes, in two volumes, in one. All we desire is to have them. If we have a grateful feeling, therefore, on earth, it is for the generous speculator who, to satisfy such as ourselves, publisheth whole libraries; conveyeth novels to us in monthly convoys; ushereth in to us, at stated and not distant intervals, portions of large squadrons of such books, which, in pure love for us, he hath marshalled, ready for introduction, in long array behind. Above all things in the world, we like to reckon on the certainty every month of one of these visiters of some sort or other—an old friend or a new.

Here, then, is the sample of a stock which has exceedingly pleased us—the announcement by a most admired friend, "Mr. Henry Pelham," of a long list of acquaintances who are to arrive in succession after him. Ah! such acquaintances should be welcomed and cherished, for they never change. We may take them with us wherever we go, in the certainty that they will remain the same. Some of them, it is true, we are not sorry at times to lose sight of; but how many stay with us, and we desire to stay, unchanged for ever! There is Parson Abraham Adams, who, to this day, does all sorts of delicious and noble things,—still does he regret the loss of his "Æschylus," forgetting that he could not see to read if he had it; and only this morning we saw him leap out of Peter Pounce's chariot, leaving his hat behind, which Mr. Pounce threw after him with great violence. What a list of such friends and visiters could we recite if it were necessary to call them to the reader's memory! There is "Tom Jones," who calls on us perhaps just after Sir Charles Grandison has gone; and Lady Bellaston, who, it is more than possible, may have met the Miss Marglands on the stairs. There is Pamela, excessively shocked at Squire Western, and unable to get out of his way; and in that corner are clustered together several very pretty and good-hearted girls, Sophia Western, and Sophia Primrose, aye, and our favourite Fanny, and Mrs. Honour herself is in waiting. Nor do these old acquaintances prejudice us against new comers. We have room for them too we trust. Novels, we again say, with all their various creations, are quite a passion with us. Even the worst we have some relish for (we can read them once),—and we can put up with the indifferent. We do not know how many new friends the present library may introduce to us, but we observe some promised whom we are prepared to give a welcome to. Let them flow in upon us! We have little doubt but that we shall find ourselves exclaiming with the poet—

> "Hic ingentem comitum affluxisse novorum
> Invenio, admirans, numerum."

"Comitum novorum," that is, as a friend of ours translated it, "novel" friends.

There is one great advantage attending these libraries—supposing them

* Colburn's Modern Novelists, "Pelham, or the Adventures of a Gentleman."

to be judiciously conducted, and presuming that the very bad will not intrude to try our feelings too severely. The newest faces they introduce to us will probably have some marks upon them to show they have not been unaccustomed to look upon the world. Now this may generally serve as a fair claim upon our notice. For, as Mr. Bulwer says, it is generally the case in the progress of a novel to posterity, as it was with St. Denis when he walked with his head under his arm, "the first step is half the journey." Mr. Colburn, for instance, has, in his time, published a large admixture of bad novels with good. He has had the honour of standing "pledged at the baptismal font" to as capital a set of creations as we can desire to hold our own—but he has also acted sponsor to a number of pretenders, whose small voices we never more wish to hear of. These, however, he judiciously proposes to renounce and deliver up for judgment. He means, as far as possible, to restrict his present publication to the reissue, in a new shape, of such as may now, at last, with a greater or less chance of success, fairly commit their cause to a sort of minor posterity. The purpose is excellent, and cannot be otherwise than successful.

The first volume, at least, is a capital earnest of success. "Pelham," a novel of the best school, which will be read as long as an admirer of wit or a lover of truth remains, with a new and most interesting introduction by the author, with a characteristic likeness of him, and (not least in our regard) a type which is not drizzling to the eye, as many which seem handsome are, but stands out from the page with a neat and compact elegance—"Pelham," we say, attended thus, has a kind of right to bespeak success for the whole series. His friends "The Disowned," and "Devereux," will not be long, we trust, before they join him. Complete, they shall have a sacred corner on our book-shelves. They shall meet Fielding there, and be within the reach of even greater than Fielding. They shall find themselves, as a reward for their life and knowledge, where memories of Shakspeare may be found.

Mr. Bulwer always uses his imaginative faculty, and his singular knowledge of character, to the very best purpose—

> "He is a keen observer, and he looks
> Quite through the deeds of men;"

and he has a knowledge which increases the value of this a thousandfold, inasmuch as it directs his observation to the establishment of high results of instruction and of moral profit and advantage. This, indeed, is what all true men of genius accomplish in one way or other. We recollect a passage in which the matter is admirably stated by a somewhat shrewd Dunce—Mr. Dennis—and which we regret being unable, at this moment, to lay our hands on. He says, however, as well as we can remember, that men of genius always excite interest, or curiosity, or passion, in order to satisfy and improve, to delight and to reform the mind, and so to make mankind happier and better. He asserts that they do not prove their genius except by keeping two objects in view, a subordinate and a final one; and that the subordinate one is pleasure, and the final one instruction. Now this is a description of the character of Mr. Bulwer's novels, and the highest eulogium that can be passed on them. Even the short introduction prefixed to this edition of "Pelham" has increased his claims on our respect and attention. So true it

is that the most trifling contributions of a man of genius have value. He is like the lady in the fairy tale, of whom we have just been hearing a most interesting account from a *very* young friend, who could not open her mouth but out came diamonds and pearls *.

This introduction, in truth, is full of important advice, and of encouragement for all who may adopt it. "For the formation of my story," says Mr. Bulwer, "I studied with no slight attention the great works of my predecessors, and attempted to derive from that study certain rules and canons to serve as a guide; and if some of my younger contemporaries, whom I could name, would only condescend to take the same preliminary pains that I did, I am sure that the result would be much more brilliant. It often happens to me to be consulted by persons about to attempt fiction, and I invariably find that they imagine they have only to sit down and write. They forget that art does not come by inspiration, and that the novelist, dealing constantly with contrast and effect, must, in the widest and deepest sense of the word, be an *artist*. They paint pictures for posterity without having learnt to draw." Mr. Bulwer impresses also with great earnestness on the mind of the candidate for literary honour, the necessity which exists for the greatest and most undivided attention to the mere art of composition. It will startle the young "genius" who fancies that he has merely to wake up some fine morning, without any previous effort, and find himself on the spot extremely famous—to hear that Mr. Bulwer, a man of a genius as unquestionable as the best that ever adorned this country, has been obliged to purchase the facility of expressing his thoughts by a most laborious slowness in the first commencement, and a resolute refusal to write a second sentence until he had expressed his meaning in the best manner he could in the first. Nor is this all. He will learn, besides, that such labours as these make that well nigh certain which is almost impossible without them; that a man's own exertions are indeed his best patrons; that the public is the only critic that has interest and no motive in underrating him; and that "pride of carving with one's own hands one's own name" is worth all the praise and all the "cheers" of reviewers that ever befooled or misled the world.

Mr. Bulwer's simple and manly statement is indeed a very heavy hit at these gentlemen reviewers. With the honourable exception of three weekly journals, the "Literary Gazette," the "Atlas," and the "Examiner," "Pelham" was received with indifference or abuse by all the critics. But Mr. Bulwer indeed explains it. "I knew not a single critic, and scarcely a single author, when I began to write." "I have never received to this day," he proceeds, "a single word of encouragement from any of those writers who were considered at one time the dispensers of reputation. Long after my name was not quite unknown in every other country where English literature is received, the great quarterly journals of my own disdained to recognise my existence." Why the truth is, and Mr. Bulwer knows it, that these reviewers are in the main very sorry fellows. The fact is, men who review books are

* We must, however, except the *Political* writings of Mr. Bulwer,—and express our sincere regret that one so admirably calculated to inform our minds, improve our tastes, and administer to our enjoyment, should descend from the high pedestal on which he stands to struggle in an arena—for the ungraceful and unholy combats in which he is altogether unfitted by nature, habit and education.—Ed.

generally men who have found themselves unable to write them; and men, moreover, who entertain on that score reasonable annoyance and spleen. They have been foiled in literature, therefore they set up as its guardians. St. Nepomuk was made the patron saint of bridges, and of all who pass over them, simply because he himself happened to lose his life from a bridge. The reason is an exquisite one, and very plain; and so is it with our critics. Some, however, it will be urged, have really passed the bridge. It must have been an asses' one then. They may have written books, but the books, we dare be sworn, were very bad ones. But enough of the reviewers.

A narrow escape, too, Mr. Bulwer would seem to have had from those more dreaded, and more powerful guardians of the gates of literature—the publishers. We have here a description of the first trials he made, and of the reception they met with from "a celebrated publisher, who considered the volume of too slight a nature for separate publication, and recommended me to send the best of the papers to a magazine. I was not at that time much inclined to a periodical mode of publishing, and thought no more of what, if *nugæ* to the reader, had indeed been *difficiles* to the author. Soon afterwards I went abroad." On his return he had the good fortune (yet how much less an advantage to him than to the world!) to meet with a more favourable reception for his subsequent writings from Mr. Colburn.

This edition of "Pelham" is rendered still more valuable by the first publication, in a sketch of some forty pages, of the original germ of that masterly novel. The reader will follow with interest these "first sprightly runnings" of Mr. Bulwer's genius. They sufficiently indicate the full stream of wit, eloquence, passion, and power, which was so soon to follow. Mr. Bulwer, though a boy in years when he wrote "Mortimer; or the Memoirs of a Gentleman," had yet some experience of the world, which he had entered prematurely. The result is precisely what was to have been expected under such circumstances. The world is the agent, the man the passive instrument. "Mortimer" is changed by the usages of society, against which he cannot struggle, and becomes little better than a fiend. The way in which this is wrought is really at times appalling, from the very levity and boy-like sport of the most passionate situations. We feel ourselves one moment in the control of a master of the emotions, and find ourselves laughed at the next, and made nearly ridiculous. Out of all this how nobly, and with what a fine self-correcting moral, "Pelham" has arisen! There we find, that let the usages of the world be what they may, a man of sense can subject them to himself, instead of being conquered by them, and "gradually grow wise by the very foibles of his youth." Mr. Bulwer has, indeed, wrought out his own conception of a new, a useful, and a happy moral in this celebrated work. He has redeemed and brightened the commonplaces of life, and proved that "the lessons of society do not necessarily corrupt, but that we may be both men of the world, and even, to a certain degree, men of pleasure, and yet be something wiser—nobler—better."

We are very sure that no one ever yet read "Pelham" in a right and proper spirit without feeling thus—wiser, nobler, better for its lessons. That has already secured for Mr. Bulwer the grateful hearing and the applause of posterity.

A "PASSAGE" IN THE LIFE OF TOM BERMINGHAM.

"Tom!" said my worthy progenitor to me, as we sat one evening over a second bottle of unpaid claret, at his chambers in Albany; "Tom, what is that ungentlemanlike and ill-folded dispatch that you're conning so attentively, with a face that's enough to turn your wine into vinegar?"

"My tailor's bill, Sir," said I, with a groan that came *ab imis præcordiis*, followed up by a scarcely audible maledictory exclamation, which I will not repeat, for fear of shocking the ladies.

"Poor devil!" ejaculated the "governor."

"Meaning me, Sir?" said I.

"No, Tom, meaning your tailor; you're welcome to the benefit of it, however. But no matter; fill your glass, and let us hear the sum total."

"Only five hundred, Sir, in round numbers."

"Is that all? how very moderate!" exclaimed my exemplary parent.

"Why, indeed, Sir," said I, "it might as well have been a thousand, for any chance he has of seeing his money."

"That you may say, Tom; but this sort of thing can't go on for ever, and how long do you flatter yourself that it will last?"

"That is a point beyond my powers of computation, Sir; a spent fortune is like a spent cannon-ball—it goes a great way before it stops."

"Ay! but it *does* stop at last, Tom; and let me tell you, there was but a small trifle of powder in the charge, at starting. Tom, there's but one thing for it, and I've told you so a thousand times, only you keep never-minding me; you must marry an heiress or a rich widow."

"The Lord defend me from widows, Sir!" exclaimed I, with a shudder (for there *was* a widow—and a rich widow too—but more of her anon); and as for heiresses, Sir, I don't believe in them. They are like ghosts, or mermaids, or griffins, or unicorns; one hears of such things—some of them well-authenticated cases too—but one never meets with them oneself."

"Psha! Tom, you are a lazy, indolent dog, or you might do very well, if you would set about it in earnest; to begin with, you are a devilish good-looking fellow!"

"So the women *do* say," answered I, with a peep at the chimney-glass.

"Six feet one."

"In my stockings," said I.

"Young enough, in any conscience," said my father.

"I should think so," said I, "in spite of my wig."

"A Captain in the Guards."

"True," said I, "for the last ten years, and heartily sick of the same."

"Heir-apparent to an old Baronetcy, and an estate of three thousand a year, in the county Tipperary."

"Yes," said I, "saddled with a double mortgage, and the jointures of two immortal old women!"

"Well, Tom, all the more necessary for you to make the most of it. You know very well it's all up with me; and if this infernal dissolution takes place, I shall find it convenient to cross the water for the benefit

of my health; but it's of no use talking to you. Are you going to the Opera to-night?"

"I believe I must look in there by-and-by; Lady Hornsey has sent me a ticket, as usual."

"Ay, ay! *There's* a chance for you, I have no doubt, if you think proper to avail yourself of it; a mighty good sort of woman, I'm told, with a clear five thousand a year."

"Yes, with a face like a nutmeg-grater, and a squint that's enough to give one a vertigo!—old enough to be my mother, too!"

"The carriage is ready, Sir Dionysius," said the servant, most opportunely interrupting our *tête à-tête*.

"Well," said the Baronet, "go your own road, Tom; you young gentlemen are always too wise to be taught—you must buy your experience, and a rare price you are likely to pay for it."

"Faith! so I ought," said I, "for it's the only thing I am ever *likely to pay for!*"

Thereupon, my revered relative walked off, leaving me to the society of the empty claret-jug and my own reflections.

"Tom," quoth I, soliloquizing, "the governor is right—something *must* be done in the matrimonial line—it is now or never—you will be thirty next month—'time has thinned your flowing locks'—a grey hair makes its appearance now and then in your whiskers—but for all that, your day is not yet gone by—you must be 'up and doing,' however—the spring is half over—there is an end to all things in this world, even to the patience of well-bred duns and the credit of civilized debtors—it is highly probable that before the shooting season fairly sets in, you may be reduced to the dreadful alternative of Lady Hornsey or the King's Bench—'the dagger or the bowl' with a vengeance!—*N'importe!*—death before the dowager! say I; but in the mean time, we may as well make the most of her Opera tickets."

"Habit," saith the proverb, "is second nature;" which philosophical maxim accounts, they say, for the equanimity of eels under the process of excoriation, and the cheerful vivacity of lobsters during their immersion in boiling water. We certainly get used to everything in this world, from the tax-gatherer to the *tic-douloureux;* and fortunately for myself, long practice had qualified me to emulate the firmness displayed by the above mentioned ichthyological proficients in practical philosophy. In fact, although I could not be said, either literally or metaphorically, to have been ever flayed alive, *hot water* was a medium in which I had long existed so habitually, that my moral *epidermis* might be fairly reported as proof against a *scald*. Thus it was that in spite of the uncomfortable prognostics in which my worthy father indulged, and I could not fail to participate, I found no difficulty in summoning the requisite degree of placid *nonchalance* to my aid ere I showed myself at the King's Theatre—no fit *locale* for the exhibition of blue devils, except such as figure in the opera of "Don Giovanni" or the *ballet* of "Faust."

To one less seasoned than myself to the *contrariétés* attendant on financial embarrassments, my entrance into the pit would have appeared singularly inauspicious; for there, in the door-way, leaning with his elbow against the wall, while his correctly-attired person, gracefully disposed in conformity to Hogarth's "line of beauty," projected so far as nearly to impede the passage, stood my tailor!—the identical *schnei-*

der whose "small account" had given rise to the unsatisfactory discussion which I have just reported.

A tyro in the noble science of *dun-soothing* would certainly have endeavoured to slip by unobserved, under the conviction that it is highly inexpedient to recall the fact of your existence to the memory of your creditors, unless you have serious thoughts of paying them; but I knew better. Civility is a cheap "circulating medium," and although not strictly a "legal tender" for value received, it is often effectual to procrastinate still farther the long-deferred "resumption of cash payments." Mr. —— was gazing intently through his mother-of-pearl *Devonshire*, which was *braqué* in the direction of a box on the first tier. *J'aurais pu m'éclipser;* but I scorned it.

"How d'ye do, Mr. ——?" said I, addressing him with as much *disinvoltura* as if he had been a member of White's.

Mr. —— acknowledged my courtesy with a flattered look. For a tailor, he was very much like a gentleman.

"May I ask to what 'bright particular star' you are just now confining your astronomical observations?" said I, seeing the *lorgnette* again brought into play.

"I was admiring the beautiful Miss Henderson," answered he; "in that box over the second chandelier. The great heiress, I mean."

"What! a beauty and an heiress, too! That is a conjunction unheard of in the planetary system of our London world. Perhaps you could put me in the way of an introduction."

"I very much wish it was in my power to do so, Captain Bermingham," answered the schneider, with an obliging smile and a respectful bow.

"So do I, with all my heart, Mr. ——," said I, as I walked off; "for *your* sake, as well as my own," added I, *sotto voce*, however; for I feared he might think the observation personal.

"Well," thought I to myself, as I squeezed through the alley, in the direction of Miss Henderson's box, "*Fas est et ab hoste doceri;*" which, freely translated, means that a gentleman may take a hint even from his tailor. "Let us see what this divinity is like."

I looked up. I was transfixed. She *was* a divinity! Such an alabaster brow! such glossy ringlets! such Grecian purity of features! and, better still, such *British* purity of expression! such a soul in that soft dark eye! such a delicate tinge on that fair cheek! such grace and dignity in that swan-like neck; with a hand and arm that might have driven Phidias himself to desperation! "She is an angel!" exclaimed I: "but an heiress! the thing is impossible."

From this vision of Paradise I turned to a far different object—my adorable widow, whose box was at no great distance, and so situated, that she could take very accurate note of the direction in which my eyes had been fixed for the previous ten minutes. From the unusual projection of her black velvet hat over the *parapet*, I shrewdly suspected that she was watching my movements; and although I was by no means desirous to encourage the development of her unhappy *penchant*, yet as I found her a convenient acquaintance, I came to the conclusion that politeness required me to pay my respects to her forthwith, especially as I might, perhaps, without any apparent anxiety on the subject, elicit some information concerning Miss Henderson, from one who dealt in all the gossip, and *more than all* the scandal, of London.

She received me but coldly, in consequence, probably, of the tardiness of my arrival; and seemed disposed to "play off" the individual who had preceded me in the performance of his *devoirs*. This was a raw-boned, pale-faced and lanky-haired Professor at the Royal Institution, who wore gold spectacles, and took vast quantities of Lundy Foot. His appearance, I should have thought, would have been a regular *scare-Cupid;* but Lady Hornsey was blue as ignited alcohol, and there is no calculating the force of scientific sympathies.

After remaining for a short time a silent auditor of some very inflammatory discourse concerning the nature of *gases*, sufficiently analogous to the state of the atmosphere, I determined to leave the worthy Professor in undisturbed possession of the field; and accordingly made my escape on the first practicable opportunity which a pause in the conversation afforded.

In spite of all my inquiries I could obtain no positive information on the subject of the lovely Miss Henderson, whose anti-romantic name I was the less inclined to deplore, from the consolatory reflection that it was *changeable*. That she attracted a good deal of attention was evident; but all those to whom I applied for the necessary domiciliary, genealogical, and financial *renseignemens*, seemed as much at a loss as myself to account for the sudden and unannounced appearance of so brilliant a luminary in the "starry firmament" of fashion.

It need scarcely be told that, ere the close of the *ballet*, I took my station at the entrance of the crush-room, to watch for the arrival of my nymph, on her way to her carriage. She came forth from her box, leaning on an elderly man, evidently her father, and accompanied by a mustachioed *merveilleux* in waiting. If she had appeared lovely at a distance, her attractions certainly lost nothing on a nearer inspection; and the witchery of her soft, clear voice, which occasionally reached my ear, as she addressed a few observations to her party, accomplished the work of fascination, and completed the measure of the romantic enthusiasm with which the first glance of her angelic countenance had inspired me.

While thus "drinking delicious poison" from her eyes, I stood gazing upon her in mute admiration, at a respectful distance, I heard snatches of conversation behind me, in which her claims and perfections seemed to form the principal subject of discussion.

"Lovely creature!—Splendid eyes, by Jove!—Miss Henderson—great heiress—uncle died in India—father, City man—very wealthy—Stock Exchange—hundred and fifty thousand down.—Man with her!—Lord Clon-*something-or-other*—Irish peer—very *hard up*—not a rap—cleaned out a few nights since at the Athenæum*."

I looked wistfully towards the *interlocuteurs*, but they were strangers to me. I had, however, obtained some hearsay evidence respecting the lady, and was obliged to content myself with that for the present.

How malignantly envious I felt of Lord Clon-*something-or-other* when I heard the fair object of my devotion say to him, with a winning smile, as she prepared to obey the summons that reached her from below, "Remember, we shall expect to see your Lordship on Monday evening,—a very small party."

---

* Meaning, of course, *not* the distinguished club, but the notorious gambling-house of that name.

I followed the father and daughter down stairs, watched them into their carriage, and felt like Ruggiero in "The Rovers; or, the Double Arrangement,"—

> "Barbs, barbs! alas! too swift ye flew,
> Her neat post-waggon trotting in."

"Coach, Sir?—coach, Sir? Cab, Sir?—cab, Sir?" was re-echoed on all sides.

A sudden thought struck me as the barouche drew off. I jumped into a cab—"Follow that carriage," said I to the driver. "Come, be quick! or you will lose sight of it."

"Why, then," answered the *auriga*, in tones that at once proclaimed his country, "bad 'cess to me if I don't make you spin over the ground in iligant style, and no mistake! Only it wouldn't do to stick too close to their skirts, as them divils of sarvents might smoke us."

"Umph!" thought I to myself, "a respectable confidant for an *affaire du cœur*, Master Tom Bermingham! But no matter; the end must sanctify the means."

On we went—the barouche before, the cab behind—up Regent-street, across Cavendish-square, up Harley-street, until the carriage stopped at a house situated within a few doors of the New-road.

The cabman, still a good deal in the rear, checked his Rosinante.

"What'll I do now, Sir?" inquired he.

"Wait a moment," said I, "till the carriage draws off. But stay, I have it! It will be a rather hazardous trick, certainly; but there's nothing like making a bold push. Pat, you shall have a sovereign if you will undertake to overturn me as close to that house as possible—without breaking any bones."

"Done!" said he; "but I needn't send the cab over. I'll just dhrive again' that lamp-post—asy, like. Do you jump out, and throw yourself on the ground; lie *quite* (quiet), and lave the rest to me."

There was no time to be lost, as we heard the carriage-steps put down. While he spoke, Pat suited the action to the word;—bang we went against the post. I was not sufficiently prepared for the shock, comparatively gentle as it was; I was fairly jerked out, and, without any spontaneous effort, measured my length on the curb-stone rather more roughly than I had calculated; while my faithful squire set up a shout that might have been heard at the Zoological, and in two minutes the master and servants of the house were collected around me.

I lay quite motionless, and, to all appearance, insensible; while exclamations of terror and pity burst from the different individuals who composed the group, as they lifted me from the ground, and carried me, unresisting, into the hall.

I had scarcely been deposited on a couple of hall-chairs when I heard a female voice, which I immediately recognised, exclaiming, "Good heavens! what's the matter?" and a faint scream which followed the question proved that the fair inquirer fully appreciated the *awful* nature of the casualty.

"Here, Julia; for God's sake, your *vinaigrette*, *eau-de-Cologne*, salts—anything! Here's a poor gentleman who has just been thrown out of a cab. John, run for the apothecary round the corner! God bless me! I am afraid he's dreadfully injured."

I gave a faint groan, without opening my eyes.

"Oh! for mercy's sake, bring him into the dining-room, poor young man!" exclaimed the lovely Julia. And when, in obedience to her benevolent suggestion, I had been removed to a softer couch, the dear angel actually went down on her knees, and began rubbing my temples with *eau-de-Cologne*.

Yes; I felt those delicate fingers on my forehead: her breath fanned my cheek! I would have broken ten legs to secure such a moment; and, lucky dog that I was! I enjoyed it in a whole skin.

I was fearful, however, of carrying the joke too far, lest the surgeon should arrive, and insist upon phlebotomizing me, or, what would be worse, discover that I was *shamming;* I therefore, with a deep-drawn sigh, opened my eyes, and looked languidly around me. What rapture, to meet the earnest gaze of those soft black orbs!—to see that heavenly countenance bending over me in anxiety and alarm—nay, as I almost flattered myself, with something of a tender interest!

"Thank God, he revives!" exclaimed she, in a tone of delight; but I could, *of course*, only recover my consciousness gradually. Before I was sufficiently *collected* to speak, one of the party, having unrolled me from my cloak, had extracted my card-case from my coat-pocket, and read my name and address as therein recorded—"Capt. Bermingham, —— Guards, Albany."

"God bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Henderson, "Captain Bermingham, of the Guards! The son of Sir Dionysius, the member for ——, whom we met at dinner last week, at the Seymour-Higginbothams'. He told me his son was in the Guards. I hope, my dear Sir," he continued, addressing me, "you are not seriously hurt?"

"No, nothing of consequence, I believe," answered I, faintly. "I really—I—am quite shocked—I am afraid I am giving a great deal of trouble."

"Don't mention it, my dear Sir." said my good Samaritan. "But pray compose yourself, until the arrival of the surgeon, who will be here immediately."

"Will he?" thought I; "then I must be off immediately, after I have secured an excuse for calling to-morrow."

"Thank you very much," said I, rapidly reviving; "but I trust I shall have no serious occasion for his services. My left arm is a little bruised, I believe; but I am sure I have no bones broken—I was only a good deal stunned. I shall, however, be quite well, in a minute or two, and cannot think of trespassing farther, to-night, on your kindness. My name is Bermingham—Captain Bermingham of the —— Guards. I must make the best of my way home now; but I trust you will allow me, when I am rather more presentable, to have the honour of calling upon you, and expressing more fully the gratitude I feel for the benevolent attention I have received."

"I shall be happy to see you, at any time, Captain Bermingham—especially as I have the pleasure of being slightly acquainted with your worthy father. But you really must not think of going—you cannot walk, I am sure. But stay, if you really will go, my carriage is here, and shall take you slowly home."

"My dear Sir, I cannot think of——"

"Nay, I must insist. My coachman shall drive very carefully. In which direction were you going?"

"My dear Sir—you are too kind—my head is so confused—I scarcely recollect—I think—I believe I was going to join some friends in the Regent's Park, to sup after the opera; but, as you really are so kind as to allow me the use of your carriage, I shall trouble the coachman to drive me home to the Albany."

During all this time, I was furtively watching the countenance of the lovely Julia, whose interest in my welfare was apparently not diminished by my restoration to consciousness. I have no doubt I looked pale, for in the performance of my successful manœuvre, I had got a slight shake; and my left shoulder just warned me that there was sufficient of *reality* in the affair to heighten the effect of the romance.

I now took my leave, as gracefully as was consistent with the imaginary injuries I had sustained in the fall; and supported by the arm of one of the servants, I proceeded to the carriage. But before I had got out of the house, it occurred to me that I ought, in common gratitude, to inquire the name of my new friend, as I could not be *supposed* to know it. I therefore begged that he would have the goodness to inform me to whom I was so greatly indebted, &c. He complied by giving me his card, which, having asked it merely for form's sake, I put into my pocket without looking at it; and indeed there was not sufficient light at the street-door, where I received it, to admit of my reading the name.

"Plase your honour," said the cabman, as I was slowly assisted into the carriage, "you've forgotten the fare."

"Get along with you," said the butler. "Do you think the gentleman's going to pay you, for a'most breaking his neck? You ought to be had up to Bow-street."

"Stay," said I, with Christian meekness, and a forgiveness of injuries that was truly edifying, "I dare say the poor man is not much to blame, and accidents will happen. Here is your fare, my good fellow," I continued, slipping a sovereign into his hand, "and for God's sake, drive more cautiously in future."

Mr. Henderson's servants delivered me safely in Albany, with every precaution that my *precarious* state required.

My father had not returned from his club, and I gave the strictest injunctions that he should not be informed of what had occurred,—supposing always—and I regret to say it was not a matter of course—that he did not make his appearance in that exquisite state of beatitude in which the vulgar cares of existence, and the trifling interests of humanity, sink into insignificance in the eyes of one who is

"O'er a' the ills o' life victorious."

After a night of unbroken slumbers, enlivened by very agreeable dreams, throughout which romantic affection and marriage settlements —the darts of Cupid and the three per cent. consols—were oddly jumbled in my head, according to the usual incongruity of the fantastic visions of Morpheus, I arose in high spirits, and very little the worse for my tumble. As I was completing my toilet,—an operation in which I did not forget a black silk handkerchief, by way of a sling for my *invalided* arm,—as I meant it to do great execution,—I saw on my dressing-table the card which I had received from my Harley-street friend on the preceding night, and which I had taken from my waistcoat-pocket while undressing. What was my surprise, when I discovered that, instead of

"Mr. Henderson," it bore the name of "Lieut.-Col. Sir George Jervoise!" Could it be the same card?—Yes, there was the address—No. —, Upper Harley-street.

"Well," thought I, "I took it for granted he was her father; but I suppose he is only her uncle. Perhaps her father is dead. So much the better—parents are sadly in the way, when a young lady is disposed to make a disinterested match."

With this consolatory reflection, I made my appearance at the breakfast table, where I found the "governor" all sympathy for my mishap, of which he had heard the most exaggerated accounts.

At his request, I now gave him my version of the affair, which was tolerably correct, as far as it went, although I took the liberty of suppressing such facts as I was not desirous to communicate. I therefore said nothing of Miss Henderson, but dwelt long and eloquently on the kindness of Sir George Jervoise. "He stated, Sir," observed I, "that he had had the pleasure of meeting you at dinner lately."

"To be sure, to be sure," said my father, suddenly recollecting the name. "It was no later than last week, at the Seymour-Higginbothams'. I sat next to him, and a very sensible, agreeable fellow he is. The dinner was given in honour of him and his young bride!"

"*Bride!*" exclaimed, or rather screamed I, bouncing from my chair.

"Why, what the devil's the matter with the man?" said my father, staring in amazement.

"Bride, Sir? Did you say 'bride?'"

"Yes, Sir! his bride! And a mighty pretty woman she is, I can tell you! with a splendid pair of black eyes. An heiress, too. They had only been married about three weeks. She was a Miss Henderson."

I started on my feet, upsetting sundry cups and saucers in the abruptness of the movement, tore off the sling from my arm, threw it into the fire, and began pacing the room with gigantic strides.

"Good Lord!" exclaimed my father, in real alarm, "the boy's mad! My life for it! he has had a concussion of the brain in that cursed fall!" And so saying, he began ringing the bell, as if the house was on fire.

"For heaven's sake, Sir!" said I, "don't alarm the neighbourhood. I have only made a confounded fool of myself;—that's all!"

"Well, Tom," said he, "I am glad it's no worse; but as it isn't the first time by a great many, to my certain knowledge, you may as well take it easy, any how."

"Take it easy, indeed!" exclaimed I. "When I have run the risk of breaking my neck for nothing! But you shall hear the whole truth, Sir, and judge of my disappointment."

I then proceeded to supply the deficiencies of my former narrative, and put my worthy father in possession of all the facts of the case. He listened to my recital with the most provoking hilarity; and, after complimenting me on what he was pleased to designate my "unheard-of impudence," and "unparalleled effrontery," he ended by declaring, with an oath, that I was his "own son, every inch of me."

"But, Tom, my boy," said he, "don't be down-hearted! There are plenty of heiresses—and pretty ones, too—to be had, if you will only take the trouble of looking for them;—and, at all events, if the worst come to the worst, there is Lady Hornsey."

"Don't mention the old sorceress!" said I, "unless you wish to give

me another fit of St. Vitus. I'll have nothing to say to her or any body else. I'll go at once, and throw myself into the Regent's Canal."

"Ah! then, Tom," said my affectionate relative, "sure the Basin in the Green Park is a deal more convenient!"

"Why, it's nearer, as you observe, Sir," said I. "But I wish to do the polite thing; and, after Sir George's attention to me last night, it will be but decorous to leave my card in Harley-street, P. P. C. on my way."

To Harley-street I went accordingly; and as, in spite of the awful discovery which I had made, I was rather anxious than otherwise to appear interesting in the eyes of the adorable Lady Jervoise, I judged it expedient to resume my sling, in case I should be admitted. But even this slight relief was denied me. Neither Sir George nor his lady was at home, and I was obliged to content myself with leaving my card, accompanied by a grateful message, which I trusted to the servants to deliver.

Never was the equanimity of my temper more grievously disturbed than on that day. But, lucky or unlucky, merry or sad, people in this world must dine, that is to say if they can get a dinner; and after fuming away my whole morning over the Sunday papers at the Club, I suddenly recollected that I was engaged for that day to Lady Hornsey.

"Well," said I, "it is a bore, but I may as well go and see how the Professor gets on."

Whether it was that I had mistaken the hour, or bestowed too much time on the cares of the toilet, or that I wished, by concentrating the attention of the whole party upon me, to give greater effect to my *entrée*, I cannot exactly say, but I arrived late in Berkeley-square. The company had sat down to dinner. The first object that attracted my notice, as I entered, was the Professor, installed as *l'ami de la maison*, at the bottom of the table,—a post which I had frequently filled, at the request of the "fair hostess," who probably considered me in a state of probation for its more permanent occupancy.

Little did I heed the gleam of triumph which shot from under the *specs* of my scientific friend, for, lo! within two of him, radiant in all the splendour of her unrivalled charms, sat Lady Jervoise! Her husband (*cheu!*) was the dexter supporter of the chair.

I dropped into the only vacant seat, which, by good luck, was next to her. Our recognition was mutual; and my arm, still *en écharpe*, elicited the kindest inquiries, in a tone that was anything but indifferent.

The conversation proceeded with great spirit. Her manner was as fascinating as her countenance was angelic. Every sentence she uttered increased my adoration and my despair. I drank wine with Sir George, and wished he had pledged me in Prussic acid; but the only vengeance I had it in my power to inflict was flirting with his wife; which act of "wild justice," as Bacon calls revenge, I performed to the best of my ability. She listened with no reluctant ear to the "soft nothings" with which I assailed her; but every now and then I observed on her face a momentary expression of surprise, for which I was at a loss to account. At length, when, upon one occasion, I had said "your ladyship," she interrupted me with considerable hesitation, while a deep but most becoming glow of timidity diffused itself over her lovely countenance.

"Do you know," said she, "I rather think you are under a mistake with respect to me?"

"Indeed!" said I, while my heart gave a bounce. "Have I not the pleasure of addressing Lady Jervoise?"

"No," answered she, laughing; and directing my attention to a very pretty little black-eyed woman who sat near the Professor, at the opposite side of the table, "*that* is Lady Jervoise. You did not see her last night, for she was not very well, and stayed away from the Opera. I am her sister, and on a visit with her. *My* name is Julia Henderson."

* * * * * * *

Reader, shall I go on? or do you anticipate the result? My star was in the ascendant! They say "the course of true love never did run smooth:" perhaps so; but with me the waters had been so "dark and stormy" at starting, it was but fair that, during the remainder of the voyage, the stream should flow in an even though rapid current. I have not space for the particulars; suffice it to say, that the fair Julia was a *co-heiress;* that her Indian uncle and stock-exchange father were both dead; that she herself was lately arrived from Paris under the care of a step-mother; that her fortune, which was, however, only half what my crush-room friend had reported, was entirely at her own disposal; and finally, that, within two months of my cab adventure, I had the pleasure of converting Miss Henderson into Mrs. Bermingham,—a transformation which, I am happy to say, we have neither of us, so far, seen occasion to regret.

C. H.

THE CAPTIVE HEART.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

As the freed bird from its prison springs,
With eager heart and glancing eye,
And, spreading out its quivering wings,
Flies upward to the happy sky,
So my poor heart, so long thine own,
At length from Love's enchantment free,
Goes forth into the world alone,
Exulting in its liberty.

But as that bird, a pris'ner long,
With weary wing, unused to soar,
Forgets to trill his joyous song,
And feebly sinks to earth once more,
So from its bonds released in vain,
My heart its fainting strength essays,
Then feels the recollected chain,
And sinks—as in my prison'd days!

Alas! too like that wild bird's flight
The heart which love at length sets free;
He seeks the greenwood's known delight,
And I my youth's lost liberty;
Shunn'd by his mates, he flies alone,
I, welcomed back by friends of yore,
Find each vain pleasure tedious grown—
My heart hath lost the power to *soar!*

GENERAL JACKSON.

In 1831 I accidentally missed my passage in the New York packet for Havre. I was going abroad for some years, but having made my adieux—painful ones in that country of strong domestic attachments—I had ten days upon my hands, and nothing promised to fill the time so satisfactorily as a journey of some four hundred miles, to pay my respects to General Jackson, and see the nominal capital of the United States.

I arrived in Washington on a hot evening in August. At this season our diplomatic metropolis is nearly deserted. I was set down by the stage-coach, in which I was the only passenger, at the door of a vast hotel. Ten or fifteen negroes, slaves and servants in the establishment, crowded around to take my baggage, and I was led through an inner court that resounded to my echoing footsteps, and, passing a hundred vacant apartments, arrived at the "cool rooms" I had asked for, at the end of a long kind of opera-house corridor. This was the great hotel of Washington, and the house in which the large proportion of the Members of Congress live during the session. It would accommodate, perhaps, three hundred people, and is built around two considerable courts, with galleries something in the fashion of an *auberge* in Switzerland.

It was a bright moonlight night, and I took the opportunity of the sun's absence to stroll through the city. As I took my hat, a young negro lad, who had been appointed to the particular charge of me, came up, and laid his hand affectionately in the small of my back, and, enquiring if I was rested after my journey, followed me out, and set a chair for me upon the side walk, in front of the hotel. One or two white persons sat smoking on the other side of the door, with their chairs resting upon two legs and leaning back against the house, and the unemployed blacks were gathered in a group at a respectful distance, chattering and laughing with animated voice and gesture, singularly in contrast with the supine attitudes and indolent under-tones of their white masters. My attendant, who I found was called "Vivian Grey," in compliment to the then new novel of Mr. D'Israeli, seemed somewhat surprised at my rejection of the comfortable *al fresco* which he had provided for me; but finding I was bent upon a walk to see the town, he whipped off his white apron, stuffed it in his bosom, and followed me bareheaded, explaining the lions as he went along, but assiduously maintaining his position at half a step behind me, and though familiar and humorous in his remarks, preserving in everything else the respect of an inferior. Though an American, I was from the north, and as much a stranger to the manners of the southern blacks as an Englishman would have been (this was the first slave I had ever seen), and I must say, after a great deal of experience of servants in all countries since, that "Vivian Grey" and his brethren are by much the best class of servants, take them all in all, that I have yet seen. The objection of their familiarity is a trifle weighed against the simple affectionateness and interest in their masters from which it springs, and is better, a thousand times, than the insolent civility and selfishly-measured attentions of the boasted English waiter.

Even with the charm of moonlight, Washington was a desolate scene.

The capitol, really a most noble and imposing structure, and capable of great defence as a work of art, stood lofty and lonely on the slight ascent which it crowns; and a mile off, on a similar swell of land, the snow-white mansion of the President was clearly visible through the transparent night; and between lay a long and broad street, lined with trees and houses, but with scarce a human being stirring from one end to the other. A group or two of negroes, distinguishable far off by their merry voices and hearty laughter, were the only interruption to the solitude and silence of the scene.

I breakfasted early the following morning, and in the course of the amusing gossip of "Vivian Grey," I discovered that I had two acquaintances then in Washington, one of whom, under the auspices of my Asmodeus, I started immediately to find. He was a very young man, the son of the President's most intimate personal friend. I found him in bed, and, having satisfied his curiosity as to the object which could "possibly" have brought me to Washington at such a season, he rang the bell. A black servant appeared.

"Here, George," said he, still half-asleep, "run up to the President's, and ask if he is well enough to see any one to day?"

Unskilled as I then was in the etiquette of courts, I was somewhat surprised at the facility with which a visit to the chief magistrate of a republic of fifteen millions of freemen was to be managed, and sat moralizing, while my grand chamberlain of twenty years got out of bed and despatched a most hasty morning toilet in the expectation of accompanying me immediately.

The servant returned in a few minutes with the intelligence that the President was ill in bed, but hoped to be up to-morrow. He was recovering from a severe attack of dysentery.

I employed the day in a visit to Mount Vernon, some seven miles distant: a spot not only interesting as the residence and tomb of Washington, but unsurpassed as a gem of natural scenery. The old mansion stands on a high terrace above the Potomac, commanding one of the loveliest views of mountain and water in the world. There are still living upon the place a few old negroes, who survive the service of the great saviour of his country; and several rooms in the house remain untouched, as they were left at his death.

On the following morning, at twelve, I met my friend by appointment, and walked up to the President's. The house is a fine one, and worthy of its tenant—considering him as a republican chief magistrate. The door was opened by a servant in plain clothes, who introduced us immediately to a small drawing-room on the first floor, in which we found several gentlemen, who had called unexpectedly like ourselves, sitting in animated conversation with a person who could not be mistaken for a moment. The President rose as my young friend presented me, came forward a step or two, and gave me his hand; and, after a few inquiries of civility, the conversation went on, and left me at leisure to study his physiognomy at my ease.

General Jackson is very tall, bony and thin, with an erect military bearing, and a head set with a considerable *fierté* upon his shoulders. A stranger would at once pronounce upon his profession; and his frame, features, voice, and action, have a natural and most peculiar warlikeness. He has (not to speak disrespectfully) a *game-cock look* all over

him. His face is unlike any other: its prevailing expression is energy; but there is, so to speak, a lofty honourableness in its thin-worn lines, combined with a penetrating and sage look of talent, that would single him out, even among extraordinary men, as a person of a more than usually superior cast. He looks like the last person in the world to be "humbugged;" and yet a caricature of him would make an admirable Don Quixote. In the days of chivalry he would have been the mirror of tried soldiers—an old iron-grey knight, invincible and lion-like, but something stiff in his courtesy. His eye is of a dangerous fixedness, deep set, and overhung by bushy grey eyebrows; his features long, with strong, ridgy lines running through his cheeks; his forehead a good deal seamed; and his white hair, stiff and wiry, brushed obstinately back, and worn quite with an expression of a *chevaux-de-frize* of bayonets. In his mouth there is a redeeming suavity as he speaks; but the instant his lips close, a visor of steel would scarcely look more impenetrable. His manners are dignified, and have been called high-bred and aristocratic by travellers; but, to my mind, are the model of republican simplicity and straightforwardness. He is quite a man one would be proud to show as the exponent of the manners of his country.*

General Jackson would be a bad diplomatist in Europe, or any where without power. He has but one *cheval de bataille*—he rides down and breaks through every thing that other men would think of avoiding or circumventing. He cuts all gordian knots. His is no "head to creep into crevices." Having made up his mind as to his aim, and trusting to his own directness of purpose, he shuts his eyes, like the monarch of the herd, and charges—generally with success. His passions are said to be tremendously violent; and a long life has but little subdued their warmth. His paroxysms are not unfrequent; and sooth to say, he has often cause: for never man was so crossed and thwarted as he has been in his administration. His stern uprightness and singleness of mind, however, bring him generally well through. His immediate passion is soon over, but his purpose does not evaporate with his anger; and he has shown, since he has been in power, some rather startling specimens of his inflexibility. This extends to the desire of serving his friends, and *hinc illæ lachrymæ*,—it is the only thing like a breath on his justice. Immediately on his inauguration, he turned out inexorably every officer of the government, from the highest next himself, to the clerks in the post-offices, and rewarded his partizans with the places. Offering no pretence of excuse or apology however. He is quite above that. His reasons were openly avowed: he thought that where there was an advantage in his gift, his friends had the first claim. And a sacrificing business he would have made of it, if America had not been a

* In his early life Jackson was a partizan soldier upon the frontier in the Western Country. The principal scene of his exploits was in Tennessee, (where he has since resided,) which was not then one of the States of the Union. He acquired at this time (between the age of eighteen and twenty-five) a formidable reputation among the Indian tribes as a warrior, and was called, in their significant language, "*The Pointed Arrow.*" In one of the deputations of Sachems to the Government, since he has been President, an old chief, who remembered him well, complimented him in the course of his speech, and quoted, in the graphic manner of Indian eloquence, a speech made at a war-council of the tribe, in which it was proposed to attack him and his party. "Shall we attack the white man?" "No! *The Pointed Arrow is there!*"

country where a man may turn his hand to anything at half a day's notice.

I remember very well that when Andrew Jackson was first named in a Western paper as a candidate for the Presidency, it was generally considered a joke. He is said to have thought it so himself; and a conversation has been published between him and some political agent of the party that took him up, in which he quite laughed at the idea. "No, no!" said the old General, "they may send me out to fight the Indians, but I should never do for a President." Little, in fact, had been known of him for many years. He lived in quiet retirement in the West, upon a fine estate he had hewn out of the forests of Tennessee; and now and then a traveller visited him as the old hero of New Orleans, and mentioned it in a letter to a newspaper; but he was considered quite as belonging to history. His "points" came out, however, upon inquiry, and, to everybody's astonishment, he was soon ahead of every competitor in popularity, and triumphantly defeated Adams (then President, and canvassing for his second election), one of the deepest diplomatists and wisest and most scholar-like of men. The latter, by the way, has since been returned by his native town as a representative; and after having been President of the United States for four years, is now a Member of Congress.

President Jackson is surrounded by men of first-rate talent; but he is a person to take advice, and follow it——if he likes! The leading man, the right hand of his party, is MARTIN VAN BUREN, who was recalled a year or two ago from the Court of St. James, his nomination having been negatived by Congress. Van Buren was the architect of his own fortunes, and is a winning, clever, subtle, politic man, who, in a country of more tortuous policy, would have doubled upon Machiavel or the Devil. I should think him by no means a bad man; but he acts as if he believed every one capable of betraying him; and while he pleases everybody by his agreeable manners, trusts nobody beyond the outside of his lips. He is cautious, impenetrable, and of infallible sagacity, turning the unluckiest *contretemps* to account, and never less defeated than when apparently down. Witness his election to the Vice-Presidency of the United States, immediately on his mortifying recall from England, when his enemies thought him politically "done for." He has quite made up his mind to be the next President (to which the Vice-Presidency has hitherto been the sure step); but, if I was of his politics (which I am not), I should fear that the tide upon which he and the old General have ridden to port has reached its limit. The next thing is the ebb!

MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

Election Movements—A Coming Event—The Pilgrim for Portugal—Colonial Disquietudes—The Legal Circles—The Kemble Family—Matters Miscellaneous.

ELECTION MOVEMENTS.—In England, whenever there is great political excitement, every other pursuit is, for the period of its existence, abandoned. Arts, science, literature are all for the time paralyzed, and the public thoughts, and feelings, and interests are absorbed in the one universal subject.

The effect thus produced has been strongly felt during the last month. A general election involves not only the thoughts and wishes of innumerable partizans on either side, but actually and personally engages so many individuals in all parts of the empire, that scarcely a family exists in those classes where art, science, and literature are most cultivated, of which some one or more members are not particularly concerned. The result of this agitation is the reckless neglect of all ordinary pursuits, either of business or relaxation; and the canvassing, polling, and returning, take up the day and night in one unvarying round of solicitation and anxiety, discontent or gratification.

Of the elections, then, it becomes our duty to speak; and, although it must be admitted that the calculations of one party differ very considerably from those of the other, we are of opinion that the decided increase in the number of Conservative Members returned is perfectly satisfactory as to the stability of Sir Robert Peel's Government, provided the pledges of reform to a certain extent, which he has given, are acted upon in such a manner as to justify the support of the Conservative Whigs, who have, in a great many cases, promised the Ministry their provisional support. There are a certain number of Destructives who have made up their minds neither to trust nor try the new Government, and who, with the wisdom and justice so proverbially characteristic of the party to which they belong, have determined to oppose all their measures *good or bad*.

It is from this impartial and enlightened portion of our representation that has emanated a proposition, conceived in the pure spirit of their inflexible hate for the administration, to start a new candidate for the Speakership of the House of Commons. The election of Speaker being the first act of the newly-elected representatives will afford these enlightened patriots the opportunity of defeating Ministers, if they can, before they have done one single act by which their professions may be tried or their principles declared; and for this purpose Mr. Spring Rice, it is said, has been selected as the champion.

Everybody admits that, for Speaker, Sir Charles Manners Sutton has every possible qualification,—talent and temper combined,—patience most exemplary,—official dignity united with personal amenity,—and the experience derivable from seventeen years' faithful and honourable service;—in fact, his valuable qualities are acknowledged on all hands and by all parties. Yet, as he will most probably be proposed by the Ministerial party, he is to be opposed by the Destructives, without any other earthly view than to beat Ministers in the very outset of

their career; utterly careless of the prejudice and danger to the public service which must accrue from putting a novice into the chair at a moment when a new Parliament is assembled without one record to refer to, without one precedent existing, by which to shape their conduct or regulate their proceedings. The fire has destroyed all those documents which must be absolutely necessary to the guidance of the House under the rule of a new President. What signifies the public welfare? what matters the confusion into which the House of Commons must be thrown, provided Peel and his colleagues are discomfited before they have begun their arduous career?

In order to effect the expulsion of Sir Charles Sutton it has been alleged that he is a Conservative,—that he was instrumental in turning out the late Ministers,—that he has had frequent audiences of the King,—that he "rushed" to the Council to aid and justify by his presence many unconstitutional acts,—and, above all, to sanction the needless dissolution of Parliament. Of these allegations let us see the truth, and appreciate the value.

Sir Charles Sutton is a Conservative, most assuredly,—so are all the members of his noble family; but he was always a Conservative. He was a Conservative at the beginning of the first Reformed Parliament; and yet, although he had absolutely retired from the chair, Lord Althorp and the Whig Cabinet entreated him to return to it: he consented, and was re-elected Speaker on the motion of Lord Morpeth seconded by Sir Francis Burdett. During the two years of that Reformed Parliament his conduct was the theme of universal praise, and when the Session closed, his reputation and popularity stood as high as ever.

But then he had a hand in removing the late Ministry, and he had frequent audiences of the King. Considering that both Houses of Parliament had been burned, and that the King took, as everybody knows, a strong and gracious interest in the affair, nothing could be more natural than that the Speaker should be honoured with his Majesty's commands upon the subject. The King proceeded to Brighton, the Speaker remaining in London, occupied in getting a few rooms prepared in his half-demolished residence, to which he and his family in a few weeks returned, Sir Charles Sutton patriotically preferring to live in a portion of his ruined official dwelling to saddling the country with a charge for rent for the mansion of the Duke of Leeds in St. James's-square, which the Government proposed to take for his occupation until the rebuilding of the Parliament Houses should be completed.

Of his own motion the King removed his Ministers; and having done so, his Majesty came to town, where, as is evident, it became necessary to hold several Councils; Sir Charles Manners Sutton, being one of the very few Privy Councillors in London at that time of the year, was summoned to attend. To such a summons there can be but one answer,—of course the Speaker obeyed it, and was present upon several occasions, and his opponents say upon one specially, when the useless dissolution of Parliament (which, since they have seen the results, most desperately offends them) was decided upon. Whether the Speaker was or was not present at this Council can make no kind of difference; but it so happens *that he was not.* The dissolution was settled in a Council at Brighton, to which, as there were Privy Councillors enough without him, the Speaker did not go. Equally false are the histories of

his constant visits to Sir Robert Peel, the reports of which have been industriously circulated, in order to prove that he was actively engaged with the Government, in which, strange to say, if he were so deeply interested in the expulsion of the last one, he has not secured himself any one of the high offices which must necessarily have been placed at his disposal, as a return for his extraordinary exertions.

It is, however, decided that the Destructive struggle against the Government is to be made upon the election of Speaker; and although, if Sir Charles Sutton chooses to be put in nomination, we believe him to be perfectly secure of a triumphant return, we think the fact, that the Destructives mean, if possible, to defeat a Ministry before they have done anything either to prove or disprove the truth of their professions, the sincerity of their declarations, or the purity of their intentions, is quite sufficient to show the principles upon which the Destructives act, and the motives by which their actions are regulated.

The extraordinary feature of the elections is the decided manifestation of Conservative feeling amongst the people. The list of more than one hundred and ten Conservatives who were not in the last Parliament, but who have supplanted as many Radicals and Destructives who were, has been so frequently published and republished, that we do not think it necessary to submit it to our readers; but we *do* think that when the few following results of contests, taken from the long and gratifying catalogue, are looked at, we shall be borne out in the assertion of our belief that, *if* they act up to their promises, the present Ministry are likely, not only to be firm and lasting, but to be one of the most popular Ministries that ever was formed in this country.

At Ipswich, Kelly and Dundas, Conservatives, eject Morrison and Wason, Destructives; at Yarmouth, Praed and Baring, Conservatives, expel Rumbold and Anson, Destructives; at Leicester, Goulburn and Gladstone supplant Evans and Ellis, Destructives; at Ripon, Dalbiac and Pemberton beat off Stavely and Crompton; and at Southampton, Dottin and Hoy defeat Easthope and Bingham. These are all double gains, besides all the single changes, which have been more numerous in the boroughs where the Destructives piqued themselves on certain success. In counties, the Conservatives have likewise shown their strength. Buckinghamshire has returned *three*—Chandos, Young, and Praed; Cambridgeshire, Yorke and Eaton; South Lancashire, Egerton and Wilbraham; South Derbyshire, Gresley and Crewe; Norfolk, Walpole and Wodehouse; East Surrey, Alsager against Briscoe; Lincolnshire, Corbett against Ingilby; Kent, Geary against Rider; Gloucestershire, Worcester against Moreton; Northamptonshire, Knightley against Althorp (or his intended nominee); Suffolk, Vere against Shawe; and so on, until we come to South Hampshire, where Fleming and Compton have sent to the right-about Lord Viscount Palmerston and Sir George Staunton, the one late Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and the other formerly Ambassador to the illustrious Wong-Fong-Tong-Jong, Emperor of China, of *Koo-too* celebrity.

We do not enumerate the sixty or seventy single defeats which the Destructives have experienced; but in summing up with as much accuracy as possible the certain supporters of the Government so long as they pursue the course they have announced, we should say that the Conservatives will muster above 300; and to these are to be added men

who are yet unsettled, and who wait to see what will happen. That much *will* happen to surprise the country we have no doubt; nor can anybody with confidence reckon upon the results of the first Session of the new Parliament, who bethinks himself that we have all the practical knowledge and official experience of the present Ministry embarked in the cause of moderate and constitutional reform; that we have Messrs. Cobbett and Fielden publicly expressing the most Conservative principles, a determination to support the King's Government, and a rooted hatred and contempt for the paltry absurdities of such men as Mr. Wakley, Sir John Campbell, and Mr. Carlile, who talk of stopping the supplies and overthrowing the country, by way of working her regeneration.

Byng, the old Middlesex Member, in a letter to his constituents, thanking them for his return, says that he trusts they will never abandon the cause of reforming the evils which assail this country, because so long as he can remember—and that is a tolerably long time—the English people, rich and poor, have enjoyed blessings and happiness in a degree not known to any other nation upon earth. Hume, our other representative, has at length established his reputation upon really strong grounds; he stated his claims upon the affections of the electors to be founded upon the same principle as that which induced the Romans to consecrate a certain well-sized bird. "Gentlemen," said Hume, "the preservation of a community may be worked by a very unpretending individual—Rome was saved by a goose—I am the goose of Middlesex"—an admission which was received with the most enthusiastic marks of concurrence and approbation. We have no more space for these matters; and before we meet our readers again, the fight for the Chair and the division on the Address will have proved whether we are right in our speculations.

A Coming Event.—The reports which some weeks since were very general with respect to the probability of an increase in the highest family in the realm, have assumed a more authentic character, and we believe we may safely state that these rumours are well-founded. Upon a subject of such vast importance—as we take it to be—to the welfare and happiness of the country, it would be premature and indelicate to say more; but certain we are, that the probability of our being blessed with a direct descendant from his Majesty, to whom the nation might look with hope and confidence, as its future Sovereign, would be hailed with universal joy and satisfaction.

The Pilgrim for Portugal.—The Duke of Leuchtenberg, engaged to marry Donna Maria da Gloria, under the name of Prince Augustus of Portugal, has been here sight-seeing in London. The King of England presented the Duke of Leuchtenburg, *alias* Prince Augustus of Portugal, with two horses and a snuff-box, all of which, in case of need, may serve his Highness *at a pinch*.

Colonial Disquietudes.—We have occasionally mentioned our apprehensions as to the state of the West India colonies, and the consequences of that most extensive and expensive measure of emancipation which the late Government carried. Our fears, we regret to say, have all

been realized. Nothing can be more distressing or deplorable than the accounts which have reached this country from Jamaica; and we need hardly say that, *pars pro toto*, Jamaica represents the feelings and embodies the opinions of the whole of our occidental colonies.

We are always inclined to treat with caution, and even suspicion, reports and details emanating from private individuals, who may be more or less affected and operated upon by the measures of a Government; but in the case of Jamaica, we regret to say that our information is gathered from no private or individual source—it is embodied in a report of the House of Assembly and the Council, made by order of the Governor, which report presents to view the difficulties and dangers to which our settlements are exposed by the misapprehension, so frequently foretold, of the black, who believes freedom and idleness synonimous terms. We ought, however, to say, that much of the mischief connected with the present case arises from a mistaken partiality on the part of the Marquis of Sligo for the *suffering blacks*.

The Legal Circles.—In the course of the legal promotions to which we last month referred, Sir James Scarlett, as we stated, has become Lord Abinger, and Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer. The death of Sir Elias Taunton has made another vacancy on the Bench, to which Serjeant Coleridge has been elevated; it was generally rumoured in the newspapers that Serjeant Spankie would have been the new Judge.

Mr. Serjeant Coleridge is universally well-spoken of for his professional abilities and his private worth. It is true that, for a short time, he edited the "Quarterly Review," and therefore we are astonished at even his success; to have been, however, remotely and questionably connected with the public press is, we are told, as great an obstacle to preferment with the present Government, as it was in the time of Lord Liverpool. The reason for this disinclination to advance literary men is said to arise from an apprehension that such patronage might lead to the belief that the Government stood in need of their aid.

The death of Sir Elias Taunton was awfully sudden; he left his dinner-table at an early hour on the day immediately preceding the opening of term, in perfect health, and in less than half an hour was a corpse.

Sir Frederick Pollock, the Attorney-General, has been returned for Huntingdon, and Sir William Follett, the Solicitor-General, for Exeter. It is said that the latter learned Knight will succeed Mr. Justice Coleridge as recorder of the ancient city which he represents, and of which he is a native.

The Kemble Family.—We understand that Mr. Charles Kemble's second daughter, who has been undergoing a rigid course of musical education, bids fair to become the most eminent English vocalist ever known. The reports we have received justify us in holding out the most sanguine expectations. She is said to unite all the qualities of voice, person, and science, not only in music itself, but in general accomplishment. We suppose she will appear—we are sure she ought—in England first; although it is necessary, it seems, that Italian music should be the medium through which her powers are to be made manifest to her countrymen and countrywomen. We suspect if Mr. Laporte secures

her, he will take in a trump to his hand which will give him a better chance of winning this season than he ever had before.

Matters Miscellaneous.—His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland has returned to London from Berlin, accompanied by Captain Slade, Mr. William Holmes, and Mr. Jelf. The Duke came direct in a steamer to Deptford. We rejoice to hear that Prince George's sight will in all probability be restored. The Lord Mayor of Dublin has fought a duel with Mr. Ruthven, in Dublin, in consequence of Ruthven's having been rude. The Lord Mayor resigned his office, had two shots at his man, (whose friend, Mr. Jacob, swore he should stand there to be shot at till the *repale* of the Union, before he should make any apology,) and then came back to Dublin, resumed his office, and was loudly cheered.—The *O*'Connell faction is evidently on the decline. The Irish people begin to appreciate the humbug of the *rint*, and think it a very unnecessary exhibition of Dan's talent to extract sixteen thousand a year from empty pockets, and get his bread out of the wallets of a starving population.—Lord Haddington has reached Dublin as Lord-Lieutenant, which, as we know nothing of state secrets, we suppose to be a very fine thing; but why his Lordship was appointed, we, of ourselves, are as much at a loss to guess as we are why Lord Heytesbury should have been named as Governor-General of India. Sir Henry Hardinge, from whose firmness and decision, clearness, integrity, and intrepidity, much is to be expected, had also arrived as Chief Secretary; and Sir Edward Sugden, the Lord Chancellor, has taken his seat in his court.—The Irish elections have turned out well in the main; and after a scrutiny, a few of those which look ill, will come off well.

We regret to announce the sudden death of Lady Dinorben, wife of Lord Dinorben, one of the pitchfork peers, better known as Colonel Hughes, of Kenmel Park. His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex was staying in the house at the time, when great preparations were making for the celebration of his Royal Highness's birth-day the next day. Her Ladyship was a Miss Grey. The cause of her death was an apoplectic seizure.—Sir Philip Sidney, son-in-law to his Majesty, has had revived, in his person, the ancient barony, which was several centuries ago in his family, of De Lisle. His Lordship has also been appointed one of the Lords of the Bedchamber.—Sir George Seymour has been honoured with the Grand Cross of the Guelphic Order.—Mr. Gregson, the eminent barrister, who drew the Reform Bill for the Whigs, has been appointed by Sir Robert Peel one of the Under Secretaries of State for the Home Department.

The general report is that a most sweeping measure of Church reform is in agitation, and that the Bishop of London is in constant consultation with Sir Robert Peel. We are glad to hear that the Archbishop of Canterbury is also consulted upon this most vital question.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Cunningham's Edition of Burns' Works.

When Mr. Cunningham's first volume of the new edition of the works of Burns appeared about a twelvemonth ago, containing the life of the poet, we spoke of it in terms of the highest commendation, promising regularly to notice the volumes as they appeared. This we have failed to do; delaying till the work was complete, when we should be able to consider it better as a whole, and by that time becoming even more deeply acquainted with the great author.

We remember also in our article, alluding to Mr. Cunningham's competency for the task, praising his care as an Editor of former works, and his great merit as an original writer. Such qualities as these fitted him admirably for what he had undertaken—a correct and enlarged edition of Burns; but he had other advantages. He was born and brought up in Dumfries, the town where the last days of the great poet were spent, and where his ashes now rest,

"'Mong crowded obelisks and urns."

He had, in addition, from his youngest days been a lover of poetry, and had listened to Burns at the house of his father,—the steward in the estate in which the farm of Ellisland is situated. The years, then, that Mr. Cunningham has lived, have been so many years of observation on the life and character of the poet. Since the article alluded to was written, we have again perused the Life of Burns, and glanced over the former biographies by Currie, Lockhart, and Walker. Mr. Cunningham's is the most comprehensive and correct,—he places clearly before you the extraordinary course the poet ran—you seem to feel his painful situations—you account for the wildness of his life, by the burning strength and impetuosity of his passions, than which there have been none more vehement—you see the dissipation (but Burns was not, it must be remembered, an habitual drunkard, a man glorying in insobriety) that the neglect his extraordinary genius sustained brought upon him. Every error of his short but remarkable life may be accounted for, by the situations in which he was placed; but confess we must, that had Burns been patronized by the nobility of his country, his life would still have been "wild from wisdom's ways,"—he never had that control over his passions, which would have completely kept him from the paths of wickedness and sin. Pity is it that we cannot say of such a man—

"His course to the latest was bright!"

But we may justly remark with Wordsworth, in his "Address to the Sons of Burns, after visiting the Grave of their Father,"

"Oh! be admonish'd by his life,
And think and learn."

It is now too late in the day to question what right Burns has to be considered as one of the greatest poets of this nation; all snarling and cold criticism falls off his name like rain off a duck's wing (to use a trite simile). As a poet who addresses our feelings and touches our sympathies, and the finest chords of our heart, who is superior to him?

"He is one of the first in the very first rank,"

as Goldsmith * says of another. He writes boldly, untrammelled by rules,

* We are pleased to see that Mr. Prior, the well-known writer of the Life of Burke, is nearly ready to publish a Life of Goldsmith, for which he has, for many years, been collecting materials; and we are happy to state that his labour has not been in vain. Many curious facts in the life of Goldsmith we shall now become, for the first time, acquainted with. His works will be published at the same time in monthly volumes.

speaking "the language of the soul," and careless of the rigid laws and rending talons of criticism. There is no poet has finer outbursts, not even Shakspeare; but then the darling bard of Scotland wants the grandeur and sublimity of the bard of Avon. He is as equal in his flights as Shakspeare, and soars always on top of Parnassus; but Shakspeare and Milton are the supreme gods of Britain's poetic mount, and will never be displaced; a thousand years may pass by, without the appearance of a poet in any nation equal to them.

Had time and fortune attended Burns, what was there he could not have written? His mind was capable of the most sublime and most passionate effusions—how many of his lyrics attest this; to name merely one or two:—"The Song of Death," "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," "To Mary in Heaven;" but, unfortunately, he was one of the many treated hard and sharp, by being obliged to add

"Night to day, and Sunday to the week."

He died in his thirty-seventh year. At that age, both Dryden and Sir Walter Scott were unknown to fame. What then could we not have had from him, had he lived till he was sixty-two, the youngest age of the two authors just named? What would have been his drama of "The Bruce," for which the noble lyric of "Scots wha hae," &c. was written? But let us quit a subject which it is painful to ponder on, and attend to the volumes before us.

Here is the 2nd volume, containing sixty-four poems—the whole of those contained in the first edition published at Kilmarnock in 1786—with several additions which the poet never printed. There are thirteen pieces which never made their appearance during Burns' life-time, and nine printed neither by Currie nor Cromek, the whole chronologically arranged, and illustrated with notes historical and critical.

The third volume opens with the Address to Edinburgh—

"Edina! Scotia's darling seat!
All hail thy palaces and towers,
Where once beneath a monarch's feet,
Sat Legislation's sovereign powers!

"From marking wildly scatter'd flowers,
As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd,
And singing lone the lingering hours,
I shelter in thy honour'd shade."

Written when Burns was on the tiptoe of hope!—in the happiest day of his existence! Then follows, for the first time in print, a singular epistle of some fifteen verses to Major Logam; several are in the poet's happiest manner; this is one—the Major loved to play on the violin:—

"Hale be your heart! Hale be your fiddle!
Lang may your Elbuck jink and diddle,
To cheer you through the weary widdle
O' this wild warl',
Until you on a crummock driddle
A gray-hair'd carl."

We cannot refrain from quoting another, equally good:—

"Come wealth, come poortith, late or soon
Heaven send your heart-strings ay in tune,
And screw your temper pins abune
A fifth or mair,
The melancholeous lazie croon,
O' cankrie care."

Another new piece is an "Elegy on the Death of Dundas of Arniston," with which, Burns says himself, he was never pleased. The first copy of verses written in Friars Carse Hermitage, the property of Reddel; a

strange "Epistle to Hugh Parker;" some complimentary lines to John M'Murdo, the father of "Bonnie Jean," and "Phillis the Fair;" another version of the "Kirk's Alarm;" a letter to Graham of Fintry, on the close of an election in the county of Dumfries, the best friend, perhaps, Burns ever had—his stay in life, and friend to his Muse; three electioneering ballads, and his elegantly-turned compliment to a pretty actress.

"Sweet naïveté of feature,
Simple, wild, enchanting elf,
Not to thee, but thanks to nature,
Thou art acting but thyself.

"Wert thou awkward, stiff, affected,
Spurning nature, torturing art;
Loves and graces all rejected,
Then, indeed, thou'dst act a part."

This volume contains between 150 and 160 songs, many of which will be new to more than one-half the numerous readers of Burns! These treasures are taken from Johnson's "Musical Museum"—a work the first number of which was published during the poet's sojourning in Edinburgh. He was a constant contributor to the volumes, furnishing songs of his own, and "brushing up" (as Mrs. Burns said) the drossy strains that had sailed down the stream of tradition; to many of these he gave, as the Highlandman did to his pistol, a new lock, a new stock, and a new barrel, making them completely his own, merely preserving something of the hue and mould of the original. Cromek tells us that Burns contributed to the "Museum" "*one hundred* and eighty-four original, altered, and collected songs;" and how many of these had, before Mr. Cunningham's day, been published as Burns'?—why, not fifty! Mr. Cunningham tells us that those additional songs printed from Johnson, he gives on undoubted authority. We believe him; for though Burns said, in a letter to Wm. Tytler, "I invariably hold it as sacrilege to add anything of my own to help out with the shattered wrecks of venerable compositions," yet he was then writing to please a capricious antiquary. The poet elsewhere wrote—"The songs marked Z in the 'Museum' I have given to the world as old verses of their respective times; but, in fact, of a good many of them little more than the chorus is ancient, though there is no reason for telling every body this piece of intelligence*." We ourselves have seen a copy of Johnson's "Museum," we may inform Mr. Cunningham, in which is written, with the poet's own hand, "B, R, and X are Burns'." The lady to whom the work was presented, and in which Burns wrote several beautiful verses, printed in Vol. III., is still alive to attest this, with the volumes in her own keeping.

Volume V. contains the correspondence with George Thomson, and the songs contributed to his work; interspersed are seventeen songs which Burns supplied Johnson with. Notes are added, pointing out the olden strains, and affording many curious anecdotes regarding the heroines, with a very interesting account of Highland Mary. The poems and songs are arranged, as near as can be, in a chronological order.

The sixth volume commences the correspondence: the letters addressed to Mr. Thomson are so linked with the songs, that it is impossible to separate them. Here we find four love-letters, addressed to a Miss E., written in 1783, which were printed in Currie's first edition, but omitted in all the others; and four-and-twenty letters found neither in Currie nor Cromek. These explain many points in the poet's life, and present us with many additional facts,—such as his quarrel with Robert Aiken (to whom the "Cottar's Saturday Night" is addressed), his separation from Jean Armour, his departure for Jamaica, the printing of his first volume, and his Edin-

* See Cromek's Select Scottish Songs; and vol. viii., p. 154.

burgh expedition. Other letters explain the cause of his delaying in Edinburgh, which neither Currie, nor Lockhart, nor any former biographers could assign any just or plausible reason for. These are valuable additions to the life and works of such a man as Burns.

The seventh volume concludes the letters, and is as rich as the former in its additional information.

The eighth and last volume gives us the "Remarks on Scottish Song," amply illustrated by the editor; some curious fragments called "The Ayrshire Ballads," which Burns sent to Tytler; an account of two tours made on the Borders and in the Highlands, here printed for the first time, (extracts, nevertheless, are given by Currie:) "The hastiest effusion," says the editor, "of a genius so original and rare merits preservation; we have too little of one who thought so well, and gave such vigorous utterance to his feelings."—p. 161. Then follows the "Common-Place Book," as printed by Currie and Cromek, to which the editor has made several additions, principally, or wholly, in verse; concluding with "The Poet's Assignment of his Works" to his illegitimate daughter—an "important document, which throws light both on the actions and feelings of the poet, during a period when 'hungry ruin had him in the wind.'"—p. 217. It is here printed for the first time. No life of Burns can be written without reference to a paper so highly interesting as this: it was only known to be in existence during the last two or three months. Mr. Cunningham tells us he is indebted for it to the kindness of Gilbert M'Nab, Esq., of Ayr, to whom, also, every Scotchman should be indebted for bringing to light a fine trait in Burns' character. He could not leave his country without providing for his illegitimate offspring: how many a person would have skulked from such a duty! An excellent and enlarged glossary, with a garland of poetical tributes, conclude this, the best and completest edition of the works of Burns.

We have now given an analysis of a work which every Scotchman, Englishman, and Irishman should be delighted with, and should possess; for Burns addresses himself to every feeling, every taste; he is a medley of delicious sweets for every palate: at times his muse goes so 'high-kilted' that she makes the face of decency blush; but oftener does she cause the smile and laugh of admiration, and the tear of pity. Whose heart has not beaten time to the glorious address of Bruce to his troops? or laughed laughs, "not three, but many," at Duncan Gray? let the tear fall as he read the pathetic address to Mary in Heaven? and, as the poet says,

> "Who wadna be in love
> Wi' bonnie Maggie Lauder?"

So, who is there but has admitted into his intellectual seraglio the two Bonnie Jeans, Phillis the Fair, the Blue-Eyed Lass, the two Jessies, Bonnie Lesley?—

> "To see her is to love her,
> And love but her for ever;
> For Nature made her what she is,
> And never made anither."

With many other such beauties, such graces, and such loves. What a gallery it would make! But who could paint such beings, with their divine attributes?—

> "Her lips are roses wat wi' dew;
> Oh, what a feast her bonnie mou'!
> Her cheeks a mair celestial hue,
> A crimson still diviner."

A Voyage round the World. By James Holman, R.N. Vol. II.

The first feeling naturally excited by these remarkable volumes is that of unqualified surprise, amounting almost to positive incredulity as to the physical disadvantage under which their author has laboured. Mr. Hol-

man, in his former works, presented a moral phenomenon to the world, which it was impossible to regard without deep interest, and afforded one of the liveliest illustrations of the "nil mortalibus arduum" ever supplied for the contemplation of the curious in the inexhaustible resources and diversified energies of man, as displayed under circumstances apparently the most unfavourable for their development. The accurate and highly satisfactory execution of his task, however singular from the novelty which attended them, was not in itself, however, so extraordinary as might, at first sight, appear. Every traveller is compelled to rely more or less upon the observations of others for his information. His own personal investigations frequently form but a small part of the materials for amusement or instruction which he collects; and even these are so liable to error, that they must frequently be subjected for correction or confirmation to the judgment of those about him before they can be depended upon as accurate or important. We repeat, therefore, that it is not in itself so remarkable that Mr. Holman should have proved a judicious and intelligent traveller, but that alone, and depending solely upon his unassisted resolution to overcome all difficulties, he should have thrown himself among the inhabitants of districts, with the language of which he was almost entirely ignorant,—that he should have had the courage to plan and the perseverance to execute his journeys under the greatest of all possible impediments, superadded to the obstacles which every one who passes through a foreign land must encounter,—that he should have exposed himself to the perils of the wilderness and the ocean without the slightest chance of escaping any one of their numerous casualties, had it occurred, and lost all sense of relative disadvantage under the absorbing influence of enterprise and zeal for inquiry,—this does appear a singular instance of fortitude and successful determination, which cannot be regarded in any inferior light than as affording to mankind in general a most instructive and important lesson. Premising this much, we proceed to give a brief abstract of the volumes before us.

Mr. Holman left England, in 1827, on board his Majesty's ship Eden, bound to Sierra Leone and the new settlement of Fernando Po, upon both of which important stations the author has given us observations of as much accuracy with respect to subjects on which the sight of the traveller is usually employed, as if made by the most curious of eye-witnesses. A great deal of interesting narrative is also supplied on the Ashantee war, with a description of the slave-trade on that part of the coast of Africa, while Dampier, or Cooke himself, could not be more graphic in describing the manners of the natives of those barbarous regions. From the shores of Africa, Mr. Holman pursued his way across the Atlantic to Rio Janeiro, and took an early opportunity of visiting the extensive mining establishments in the province of Minas Geraes, of which he has given a full description. We are next transported, in following this indefatigable voyager, to the Cape of Good Hope, where a residence of something more than six months was devoted to collecting all accessible information with respect to the colony, as well as to travelling a considerable distance into the interior, and visiting the settlements of Port Elizabeth, Graham's Town, and Bathurst: and, in connexion with this subject, a valuable statistical sketch has been procured of the rise and progress of the Albany Settlement. On his return to Cape Town, Mr. Holman seems to have carried his reliance on his own resources to the utmost, frequently passing from one desert station to another, with restive horses, and but a single native guide as attendant, and sometimes experiencing, in addition to the perils of the way, the most boorish inhospitality on the part of the Dutch settlers. After taking leave of Cape Town, the author proceeded to the Mauritius, and from thence subsequently to Madagascar, where an ample and comparatively untried field was presented to his eager pursuit of information. With his observations on this island the second volume of his work is con-

cluded. The remainder is yet unpublished, and few readers we imagine will accompany Mr. Holman thus far without looking forward with interest to its appearance. We do not doubt that it will fully equal in merit what has already appeared from the pen of this intelligent writer; and, in the mean time, merely assert, that, considering the discouraging circumstances under which he has laboured, and the ability with which those circumstances have been met and completely obviated, a more able, certainly a more deserving candidate for approbation, has seldom presented himself to the notice of the reading public.

The Princess. By Lady Morgan. 3 vols.

This work is in three volumes, and may properly be divided into three parts, though not according to the arrangement of the book. The first comprises the political history of Belgium, the second a description of its capital, and the third the characters and incidents of the novel—which seems merely a vehicle for communicating the other two.

With respect to the first, we differ *toto cælo* from her ladyship. At the time of Julius Cæsar the people were a part of France, and from that period to the year 1830 they continued the dependency of some other power,—now of Spain, now of Austria, and now of France again. Nor was it for want of opportunity that they remained in this state of degradation. Their neighbours, the really *bold Batavians*, who formed part of the seventeen provinces under the same Spanish despotism, threw it off as an intolerable burthen, but *les braves Belges* would not follow the heart-stirring example of their gallant countrymen, who justly earned for themselves a name and rank among independent nations. This yoke they carried in contented slavery till Europe was liberated after the deposition of Napoleon, and new arrangements took place. Of all those which the Holy Alliance chose to make, this was perhaps the most, indeed the only one, marked by judgment and beneficence. The seventeen kindred provinces were reunited. Belgium became a constitutional part of the state of the Netherlands, sent her deputies to the common legislature, and enjoyed a freedom, security, and independence, never before known or even contemplated. But *les braves Belges*, like Mr. East and the Birmingham Dissenters, would not accept of any boon, however valuable, conferred on them by Tories. After enjoying a state of unexampled prosperity and civil liberty for fifteen years, their patriots seized on the first commotion in Europe, to display their discontent, and a revolution the most causeless and silly was again enacted. We are so tired of political commotion, and so anti-destructive in our principles, that we sincerely hope the arrangements now made in this country may be permanent—but we hardly can expect it. If it had not been for the protocols of other powers, the ephemeral independence would long since have ceased; for after a four days' excitement had subsided, *les braves Belges* showed themselves utterly incapable of resisting the forces of their fellow-subjects, as they will be of any other power: and we anticipate that the first commotion on the continent will again make Flanders, as it has been for the last century, the arena on which contending armies fought, and again become the dependent province of the strongest—a catastrophe to which, as a component part of the powerful kingdom of the Netherlands, she could not be liable. But, as her ladyship says—*nous verrons*—we would only add, that the line of argument she adopts on this subject is that which O'Connell and his faction applied to Ireland, when agitating the question of repeal and separation. Has her ladyship joined the party, and does she throw it out as "a coming event which casts its shadow before it?"

With respect to the second portion, her description of the sight-worthy objects in the capital, we think it a great improvement on the books hitherto published, though some that we have seen a little resemble it. We have now before us one in French, in which a lady, like Homer's Minerva, takes

a gentleman by the hand, and leads him through all the lions of Bruxelles. This was written just after they were enjoying the excitement and benefits of the French Revolution, and the streets in the plan are marked *Rue de la Liberté, Place d'Egalité, de la Révolution*, &c. In the work we are noticing, a lady takes the hero by the hand in the same manner, just after a similar event, and directs his attention to everything worth seeing in the capital.

The third part, which is in fact the novel, is a strange story. A Belgian lady comes over to England without much more apparent purpose than that of reconciling a man to his wife; and to effect this conjugal purpose, she is a perfect "Mathews at home," now dazzling as a Princess, now fascinating as an *artiste*, and now *pottering* along as an old *béguine*. The parties proceed to Belgium with some other company, but the moral object is not effected; the wife goes off with another man, and the deserted husband proposes to marry his kind monitress, but after all she won't have him. Among the characters introduced are some Irish, but her Ladyship seems to have fallen out with her native land, and bestowed all her love on her adopted Belgium. 'Tis true indeed that her hero and heroine, who turn out to be cousins, have a drop of Hibernian blood in their veins, though contaminated with that of the Saxon and the Pole; but her genuine Milesians are not favourable specimens. Sir Ignatius Dogherty is a stupid, unfeeling sot; his wife, a vain vulgar fool; Dr. De Burgo, an artful selfish coxcomb; Mr. W. W. Macnally, a common swindler; even Larry Fegan, of whom better things were expected, turns out an ungrateful, reckless, drunken jockey. We are sorry to see such representatives of the Emerald Isle exhibited by one of its most patriotic writers, and still more sorry to say that every thing has been latterly done in that unhappy country to render them like, by confounding the moral perceptions and eradicating the better feelings of the people.

With respect to the merit of the work as a composition, we think Lady Morgan has lost nothing of the talent which has so long distinguished her. She displays the same acute conception of character, the same happy adaptation of sentiment, and the same amusing and lively current of conversation. The careless morals, impudent assumptions, heartless attachments, and selfish feelings that distinguish certain exclusive classes in England are as well depicted, as the broad humour, the thoughtless enjoyment, the petty vanities, and the reckless dissipation of our neighbours of Ireland. Even on points in which we differ, we cannot withhold our meed of praise. In some of her political opinions there is more acuteness and solidity than we could expect; and while she seems capable of only skimming lightly the surface of things, we are no less instructed than amused by curious research and historical detail, and obtain new views of the arts and literature of a country, while we are merely following the incidents of a novel.

Arboretum Britannicum, or the Hardy Trees of Great Britain, Native and Foreign. By T. C. Loudon, F.L.H.G., &c. Part I.

We know no man more indefatigable or useful in his department than Mr. Loudon, or who has done so much or so well. He is never idle, but continually making valuable additions to our stores of botanical knowledge in everything immediately or remotely connected with the science. We have here a new work on a new plan, which proposes to supply a deficiency long regretted in this delightful pursuit, and we think the design as useful and instructive as it is original. It proposes to give plates of all the hardy trees, either native or foreign naturalized, by which their aspect and character will at once be recognized at a certain age, and to accompany the plates with letter-press describing their use and ornamental qualities, mode of culture, use in the arts, and other information. The want of a

work of this kind will be appreciated by the fact, that there are so few of our trees whose portraits even an artist can give with any accuracy. The oak, ash, weeping willow, and one or two others, are all that have been attempted among the vast variety.

Our author justly remarks on the importance of his subject that a knowledge of trees is necessary to the civilization of man. He might exist as an inferior animal on herbs and roots, but without the timber of trees he could make no progress in architecture, commerce, or agriculture. Trees seem to delight most in warm climates, but, like the larger animals, the larger vegetables are proportionably scarce. In the most favourable regions there are not more than one thousand genera; in colder atmospheres not more than one hundred; and in England not twelve, including about thirty species, which attain to the height of thirty feet. Many varieties, however, are produced by cross fecundation, and may be so to an infinite extent, and those so produced rendered permanent, by proper treatment, which the present work proposes to point out; and there seems to be no reason why the varieties of ornamental may not become as copious as those of fruit trees by such a process.

The engravings will present all the trees of ten years growth, within ten miles of London, and personally inspected by himself. He purposely selects that age because it requires such a period to become naturalized, and the arboriculturist who wishes to examine, or the artist to sketch and take the portrait, may know where to find it, and be sure, if it be a foreign tree, that it has not perished prematurely, and the attempt to naturalize it proved abortive. To give a more perfect idea, the engravings are all on a limited and certain scale. The whole tree is given in the proportion of one-quarter of an inch to a foot: a detached branch with the leaf having fruit or flower, two inches to a foot. To make the recognition more complete, if the tree be deciduous, a twig representing its appearance in winter is added to the species. In the first number are sixteen plates on tinted paper exhibiting portraits of species of the magnolia, acer, negundo, and æsculus, which give very fair promise of the value and utility of this interesting work.

The Mayor of Wind Gap and Canvassing. By the O'Hara Family. 3 vols.

The wizard Walter Scott called a host of historical romancers into imitative existence; Scotch, Welsh, and Irish all came forward, crowding their offerings on the shrine of popularity, hoping for something of the rich reward which attended the efforts of the "Great Unknown." Undoubtedly the person of the most original and sterling genius amongst them was John Banim. His perfect knowledge of the people of whom he wrote—his power of creating mystery and exciting interest—his coarse but astonishing strength—his vivid imagination—made him at once

"If not first, in the very first line."

And when, from the quantity he at one time published, the English folk were somewhat tired of his various modifications of Irish character, it was not that his talent had decreased, but that the appetite for Irish novels was satiated.

It is, however, some time since Mr. Banim's health permitted him to write; and we are glad to see that however his *bodily* health may have decreased, his *mental* health retains its vigour and elasticity.

"The Mayor of Wind Gap" is as exciting and as powerful as anything he ever wrote. The national habits, peculiar opinions, and painful prejudices of the country are sketched and finished to the life; and the Strange Man of the Inch is an O'Hara creation that none other could create. The story is highly dramatic throughout, and would tell admirably as a melodrama, better perhaps than as a tale; for some of the conversations would

bear curtailing. Banim's dialogues are never as good as his incidents—they want animation, and are heavy when they ought to be the contrary. He is the best *raconteur* we have, and his Irish life, we repeat, *is* to the life. Let any one who is sceptical, read "Canvassing;" let them make acquaintance with the most inimitable post-boy that ever sat on a narrow bar behind a pair of Irish horses who would neither stand nor go; let them compare "My Lord's" driver with Miss Edgeworth's "Larry," and Banim's portrait will lose nothing of *individual* interest by the comparison; we say *individual*, because Larry's history is one of the most beautiful episodes in the wide world of fiction, and we have little to do with "My Lord's" driver when he has ceased to stretch his Lordship upon the rack. Let those who wish to have a vivid representation of an Irish election brought before them, read "Canvassing." The scene is inimitable—rich in tricks and shillelahs—and whiskey and fighting—a very jewel of elections! the bare reading of which would send any true-born Paddy forth with this petition, "Will any body fight me, for God' sake?" We do not like the winding up of the story as well as its commencement and progress. Mr. Banim's high life is not genuine—it wants grace, and ease, and polish; but we do not say this by way of censure. It would be ridiculous to set a Salvator Rosa to paint miniatures! and to our Irish Salvator we would say, "Do not attempt it."

Changes and Chances. By the Author of "Six Weeks on the Loire." 3 vols.

We have read these volumes with *exceeding* pleasure, both as regards the story in motive and construction; there is healthy feeling and sound judgment in every page. The characters, though few in number, are well sustained throughout; there is no maudlin principle—no feeble writing—no false sentiment—all is as it should be in a novel intended for the amusement of young women. We wish there were many such works published, and then we should have sounder principles in practice. We love the old clergyman, and have encountered, since the days of the Vicar of Wakefield, nothing half so good. We, stubborn though we are, felt sorry at first that our heroine did not marry her first love; but we trust that the readers of "Changes and Chances" will admit, as we do now, how much more wisely she acted; nothing can be expected but misery from a reformed rake, notwithstanding the adage to the contrary. We cannot, however, avoid seeing that the tale suffers from being extended to three volumes; there is an episode introduced in the third which the book would have been better without, and though admirably written, it is a clog on the free current of the story, which otherwise would have been perfect. We remember the time when novels and romances extended to four and five volumes, but no one now-a-days would have the courage to publish anything beyond three. Why there should be *three* is a mystery we cannot solve; we know that the expense of advertising is the same, but that objection extends to *single* volumes, which, nevertheless, pour from the press continually, while *two* seem condemned to the booksellers' shelves; whereas, in five cases out of nine, the *construction* of the story is destroyed by an extension, which, for our own part, we consider not only unnecessary, but injurious. We hope to meet with the author of "Six Weeks on the Loire" in many chances; but in nothing, as regards her feelings or her style, would we have her *changed*.

Selections from the American Poets.

This neat volume is from the press of the Emerald Isle, and creditable to it. The reproach of *Irish editions* has now passed away, and the works

published in Dublin are not in any degree inferior, in point of execution, to those of a similar class in London. It contains what we have long wished to see—a selection from the poets of the republic, as giving a fair specimen of the sentiment, feeling, polish, and refinement of the people. "Let them not be estimated," says the compiler, "according to the biassed misrepresentations of employed political partisans, whose interest it has been to set them before us in an unfavourable light; or of a weak and superficial woman, whose mortified vanity has led her to pour the vial of her pert contumely on America and the Americans." Though we cannot altogether agree with this estimation of the authors alluded to, we do think they travelled too much in the spirit of Smellfungus.

It is not to be expected that the infant state of society in America could produce those long and laboured epics to which the learned leisure of an adult people can alone direct its attention; but the shorter productions now collected are *scintillæ* which evince the existence of the fire which time and maturity will develope. Specimens are given from the works of forty American poets, some of whom—as Irvine, Willis, Segourney, &c.—are already known to the English reading public. The rest are not so, and exhibit names which we never heard of before; yet many of the poems display considerable talent. "The Pilgrim Exile," by Pierpont, which we remember to have read some years ago, we think little inferior to Campbell's "Exile of Erin." There are, besides, eighteen specimens from anonymous authors, which we think superior to similar things in our periodicals. We will conclude with an extract from "The Blind Girl to her Mother." The author is, we believe, a young person who has written some very pretty lines on the Brazilian bird called *ben te vi*, which, however, are not in this collection.

"Mother, they say the stars are bright,
And the broad heavens are blue;
I dream of them by day and night,
And think them all like you.
I cannot touch the distant skies,
The stars I ne'er can see;
Yet their sweet images arise,
And blend with thoughts of thee."

We have not room to quote more of this touching little song, or others equally beautiful.

Marston. 3 vols.

These are very entertaining volumes—we were about to describe them as *pleasant*—but the nature of the story forbids our using such a term. It is, in fact, a record of mournful events, the peculiar character of which, together with their asserted veracity, induces a feeling of surprise that they have not before found a narrator. According to report, the principal actors in this "strange eventful history" lived and moved some years ago in the circles of high life, the members of which will not improbably feel a good deal interested by the present development of the melancholy details. The dramatist—if we may so express ourselves—is in this case a lady, herself occupying a station in fashionable society; and if this be, as it is understood, her first appeal to the novel-reading world, we do not hesitate to say that it is an extremely creditable one.

We will just shadow forth the main incidents, to give our readers an idea of their complexion and character. Marston (the name given to the chief personage) is a man of fortune, and a follower of the ancient religion of the country. He has married in early life, and has by this union an only daughter. His wife, however, of whom he is dotingly fond, dies; and the bereaved man seeks consolation in devoting himself to the clerical offices

of his church. This step, of course, precludes his marrying again; but he cannot restrain his feelings and passions—and, in fine, imbibes a strong attachment to Mrs. Howard, a youthful widow. A series of conflicts ensues between conscience and passion; the latter unfortunately triumphs, and Marston becomes wretched and criminal. He at length seeks to destroy himself in presence of the woman he loves, and she, interposing, receives the contents of the pistol in her bosom. The hero of the tale, in a state of distraction, now flies (or rather is conveyed by a trusty servant) to the Continent, where, after some lapse of time, we find him superior of a monastery. The story now takes up the fortunes of his daughter Emily, and Charles Howard, son of the murdered widow,—and romantic indeed those fortunes are. Marston still occasionally appears upon the scene, his introduction being always pregnant with interest; his daughter meanwhile has risen into womanhood, and become a mother, and the singular and melancholy fate of *her* child concludes the narrative.

Thus far the work is tristful enough, but it is chequered and relieved in arious ways. There are several very striking episodes introduced, among which we were particularly pleased with that of the mysterious, though not "ancient mariner;" but what tends to give the book a peculiar charm, and we may add value, is a detailed account of the magnificent proceedings carried on at the meeting of Kings and their councillors at Vienna, entitled the Congress of 1814. This account is, from its specification, really most curious. The reader is borne in imagination to the very spot; a glittering array of Princes high, and warriors mighty, and ladies bright, swims before his vision in the most dazzling colours: the gorgeous past is recalled—the dead or superannuated spring up again to life, activity, and enjoyment—until the stream of gaiety is checked by the astounding intelligence of the return of the banished Napoleon.

The Exile of Erin; or the Sorrows of a Bashful Irishman. 2 vols.

These two volumes sketch as they gallop; they are somewhat after the model of the old novelists, with a dash of satire in their construction, and an abundant supply of incident. A *bashful* Irishman is of course a palpable contradiction; a "living statue"—a "standing river"—an "honest lawyer"—are all anomalies that everybody understands; a "bashful Irishman," consequently, never existed.

The flow of incident never halts for a moment—the impudent hero's adventures are ever new, and, generally speaking, he manages to extricate himself from his troubles with marvellous tact and adroitness. He leaves his country fresh from the instructions of a priest and an apothecary, being a "poor boy"—has the impudence to make love to an heiress—marries—*not* his first love—visits Paris, Switzerland, London, Wales, Ireland, and—but we must not anticipate the termination of this Irish "Tom Jones's" career; those who seek amusement will find much in its pages to serve the purpose admirably, and it is written with much greater attention to propriety and decorum than the once-celebrated book we have mentioned. There is a sound morality, too, throughout the whole, for the *bashful* (!!!) gentleman meets the reward he deserves, and his vices are not ushered forth as virtues; he is seen in his hideous deformities, and you feel that poetical and moral justice is rendered at the conclusion.

We must ask one question of the intelligent author, whose means of obtaining knowledge of the habits and manners of *mediocre* Irishmen must be very extensive—has he nine lives? because if he had twice nine, and crossed the herring-pond, they would be lives no longer; not a Paddy but would be prepared with a loaded pistol or shillelah to "batter the life out of him," and we doubt much if this said book would not provoke the Lord Mayor of Dublin to a *second* "jewel."

Irish brass will certainly carry an Irishman a great way; but we would not have the unsophisticated English reader take the book "for Gospel." It is an amusing, lively *brochure*, and many of the *sketches* bring the ridiculous portions of their originals vividly to our remembrance.

Fulcher's Poetical Miscellany.

We have been latterly much surprised, and in no small measure gratified, at finding in a little volume, whose exterior promised nothing more than is to be found in the generality of pocket-books, a collection of original poetical contributions, which it would be creditable to most existing periodicals to acknowledge. The Editor has succeeded in procuring the valuable assistance of Mary Howitt and Bernard Barton, who have both supplied pieces in no respect unworthy of their reputation. Our attention, however, has been more particularly called to a poem in two parts, entitled "The Two Pictures," which, although published anonymously, we judge, from certain internal evidences, to have emanated from the pen of a lady. Whoever may be the author of this truly delightful lyric, we are warranted in pronouncing an opinion, that if not yet generally acknowledged, the talent which has been equal to its production cannot remain long unknown, or without the appreciation it deserves; nor are we transgressing in any degree the limits of strictly-merited commendation, when we assert that the strength of conception and spirited versification in the specimen before us need but a more extended field and a favourable opportunity to ensure a high place in the elegant literature of a period distinguished for no mean proficiency of attainment in the mysteries of the "joyeuse science." Whether our prediction be correct or not it remains for a future day to determine. We congratulate Mr. Fulcher on his acquisition of so valuable a correspondent.

Bagster on Bees.

We have derived much amusement and instruction from a little volume written by Mr. Samuel Bagster, of Paternoster-row, on the habits and economy of the bee. It is an interesting subject, and he has treated it in a popular manner; showing a laudable anxiety to preserve the lives of these industrious insects, instead of destroying them ungratefully in their own sweets to furnish our enjoyment. Mr. Bagster informs us that he has invented what he calls "The Lady's Safety Hive." We intend to investigate its structure and report thereon; in the mean time we recommend this pretty book to all who love this interesting portion of natural history, as being replete with information and amusement.

Advice to a Nobleman on the Instruction of his Children on the Piano-Forte.

A fourth edition of this little treatise affords evidence that it is fulfilling the didactic desires of its author, who, if he writes with something of quaintness and inelegance, manages, nevertheless, to convey in small compass much useful matter, and a variety of hints that may be profitably followed out into practice by the careful student. We like greatly his sound and explicit remarks on all that constitutes the ground-work of playing, and his marked reprobation of the flippancies and fastastic tricks which have lent their false recommendation to the performances of so many professors and amateurs of the present day, and have made piano-forte playing, in too many instances, a mere game of leap-frog over the keys. He is a favourer of the chiroplast and the metronome; but it is a *reasoning* support which he lends to these and other mechanical appliances.

LITERARY REPORT.

The new, revised, embellished, and cheap edition of Colburn's Modern Novelists, which commenced last month with Mr. Bulwer's popular story of "Pelham," is now carried forward by the publication of the second and concluding volume of that story. The March Number will comprise, in a single volume, complete, Lady Morgan's spirited and diverting novel, called "O'Donnell." It will be embellished with a Portrait of the Authoress and an interesting Scene.

Sir Egerton Brydges has announced a third volume of his Autobiography, with Anecdotes of Mrs. Montague, chiefly literary, and some of Mrs. Carter; also, a few words on Hannah More.

The Poetical Works of S. Rogers, illustrated by above a hundred Vignettes from designs by Stothard and Turner, are to appear in monthly parts.

IRELAND AND THE IRISH.—We omitted to mention in our last Number the announcement of the publication of a new and cheaper edition of Sir Jonah Barrington's important Memoirs of Ireland and the Union, to be completed in six monthly Parts, and to comprise all the Portraits and other Embellishments of the original expensive publication. The cheap republication of this work at the present moment, by which means it may obtain a place in the various libraries of circulation, is certainly a great desideratum.

A History of the Belgic Revolution has been undertaken by Capt. White, whose "Narrative of the Siege of Antwerp" appeared some time ago, with so much effect in the pages of the "United Service Journal." The Captain's new work will be shortly before the public, as it has been sent to the press.

In the western capital of England, a prospectus has been issued of a quarterly periodical, to be entitled the West of England Journal of Science and Literature.

A Synoptical List of the Members of the English Bar, containing the Dates of their Calls, the Inns of Court to which they belong, &c., by J. Whishaw, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, is in the press.

An Excursion in North Wales, embellished with Plates, from Drawings by Cattermole, Cox, Creswick, and Walker, of Derby, in monthly Numbers, by T. Roscoe, is in progress.

The Garrick Papers, a new and cheaper edition of the Life and Correspondence of David Garrick, will appear early in February.

Early in February will be published a History of the Cotton Manufacture of Great Britain, with a Notice of its early History in the East, and in all the Quarters of the Globe; a Description of the great Mechanical Inventions which have caused its unexampled extension in Britain; and a View of the present state of the Manufacture, and the Condition of the Classes engaged in its several Departments. By Edward Baines, Jun., Esq.

The following are likewise announced as being in the press:—Penruddock, a Tale, by the Author of "Waltzburg."—Narrative of the Campaigns of the Twenty-eighth Regiment, since their return from Egypt in 1802, by Lieut.-Col. C. Cadell.—An Universal Gazetteer, founded on the works of Brookes and Walker, by G. Landmann, Esq. C.E.—A new Work, by the Author of "Sayings and Doings," "Love and Pride," &c.—The Rustic Muse: Poems, by John Clare, the Northamptonshire Peasant.—Pantika, or Traditions of the most Ancient Times, by W. Howitt.—The History and Description of Fossil Fuel, the Collieries and Coal Trade of Great Britain.—The Exile of Erin, or the Sorrows of a Bashful Irishman, a Satirical Novel.—The History of the Overthrow of the Roman Empire, and the Formation of the principal European States, by W. C. Taylor, B.A.—The Natural and Civil History of Algiers, by B. P. Lord, of the Bombay Medical Establishment.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Classic and Connoisseur in Italy and Sicily, with an abridged Translation of Lanzi's History of Painting, by the Rev. G. W. D. Evans, 3 vols. 8vo. 36*s.*

Oriental Memoirs, by J. Forbes, Esq., second edition, revised by his daughter, 2 vols. 8vo. 32*s.* bds.; Illustrations to ditto, royal 4to. 3*l.* cloth.

Facts and Fictions, or Gleanings of a Tourist, fcp. 8vo. 7*s.*

The Maid of Padua, a Venetian Tale, by Mrs. Golland, 4 vols. 12mo. 24*s.*

The Mysterious Bridal, by W. S. Stone, 3 vols. 12mo. 15*s.*

Treasury of Scripture Knowledge, fcp. 8vo. 12*s.*

The Treasury Bible, fcp. 8vo. 30*s.*, or demy 4to. with space for MSS. same price.

Burke's Commoners of Great Britain, Vol. II. royal 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* cloth.

The Revolutions of the Globe familiarly described, by A. Bertrand, M.D., 12mo. 7*s.*

History of Evesham, by George May, with plates, 8vo. 9*s.*

Treatise on Friendly Societies, by C. Ansell, Esq., F.R.S., 8vo. 5*s.*

The Riches of Chaucer, by C. C. Clarke, 2 vols. 12mo. 18*s.*

The Village Churchyard, and other Poems, by Lady E. S. Wortley, post 8vo. 8*s.* 6*d.*

The History of Greece, by Thos. Keightley, 12mo. 6*s.* 6*d.*

Collection of all the Statutes in Force respecting the Relief and Regulation of the Poor, with Notes, by J. T. Pratt, 8vo. 21*s.*

Principles and Illustrations of Morbid Anatomy, by J. Hope, M.D., coloured Lithographic Drawings, royal 8vo. 5*l.* 5*s.*

The Casket of Knowledge, (Phrenology, 40 Cards complete in case.) 5*s.* 6*d.*

Philosophy of Health, by Southwood Smith, M.D., 2 vols. Vol. I. 12mo. 7*s.*

A Voyage round the World, by J. Holman, R.N., Vol. II. 8vo. 14*s.*

The Manuscripts of Erdely, a Romance, by G. Stephens, Esq., 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Book of the Constitution of Great Britain, by T. Stephen, 8vo. 16*s.*

Storer's Delineations of Fountains Abbey, with Historical Notices, 4to. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

The Bridegroom and the Bride, with Miscellaneous Poems, by Andrew Park, 12mo. 5*s.*

The Mayor of Wind-Gap, by the O'Hara Family, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

The Annual Obituary and Biography for 1835, 8vo. 15*s.*

Treatise on the Nature, Principles, &c. of the Gun, by William Greener, 8vo. 15*s.*

Recreations in Rhyme, by a Cornubian, sm. 8vo. 7*s.*

Specimens of the Theatre of the Hindus, translated from the Sanskrit, by H. H. Wilson, M.A., 2nd edition, 2 vols. 8vo. 21*s.*

Treatise on Marine Surveying, by T. C. Robson, plates, 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Chaos and the Creation, an Epic Poem, with Notes, royal 8vo. 15*s.*

Nimrod's Hunting Tour, with Anecdotes, &c. of Sporting Men, 8vo. 15*s.*

Colburn's Modern Novelists, Vol. I. ("Pelham," Vol. I. illustrated) 5*s.* cloth.

FINE ARTS.

The British Gallery is about to open, and the Gallery of British Artists in Suffolk-street to close. We believe we may refer to the latter as having been successful, if we bear in mind the season of the year, and that the principal patrons of art are absent from the metropolis. Several of the pictures are marked "sold;" and we understand the visiters have been numerous. Next month we shall be enabled to notice the British Institution,—of the present exhibition report speaks highly.

PUBLICATIONS.

High Life and Low Life. Drawn in Lithography by R. Lane, from Paintings by E. Landseer, R.A.

"High Life" is represented by a stately hound, with all the accompaniments of a noble hall; "Low Life" is the butcher's mastiff, with the appropriate tokens of his master's calling and his own pursuits beside him. The prints are capital: the picture is one of Landseer's best; and the lithography is from the pencil of one who is still unrivalled in this department of art.

Engravings from the Works of H. Liversege.

This publication is now drawing towards a close. It will form an interesting volume of the works of one who died young—of whose genius we had the promise rather than the fruit; yet who has left a name that will rank high in the list of British artists.

Thomas's Library Atlas, No. I.

We are induced to notice this very neat Atlas chiefly because of its extraordinary cheapness;—six clearly-engraved maps, distinctly coloured, for eighteen-pence! or plain, two-pence each! The whole, it seems, will be complete in about 12 Numbers: thus, for a few shillings, any one may possess an Atlas of the World! The work is well engraved; and will, we doubt not, be as successful as it deserves. It is remarkably elegant and attractive, and, as far as we have yet ascertained, very accurate.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE, COVENT GARDEN, &c.

We made allusion last month to the Christmas entertainments; they have not exhausted their wonders yet. The attractions of "King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table" would seem, indeed, to be only in their spring; so youthful and easily-contented is the spirit that sustains them—the good humour and enjoyment of the holiday people and of the school-emancipated children. The giant Cormoran still stalks about to the great delight of boys learned in giant history, whose only regret is that he cannot, like the clever St. Denis, continue to stalk about after his

head is cut off. Ulfo, the goblin dwarf, still plays his most fantastic and elf-like tricks before the high gods of the delighted gallery, and to the equal delight of applauding pit and boxes. We shall never believe but that the soul of some limber ape has been infused into the trunk of Mr. Wieland. He drives us, with those extraordinary antics of his, to take refuge in the school of Pythagoras, and we shall immediately set about to ascertain what sort of excellent, and highly-judicious, and unobjectionable animal we have ourselves the honour to represent. It is just possible we shall find ourselves out to have been a lion. If so, the reader shall find that we can roar gently. We will not presume on the discovery; we will aggravate our voice to such a nightingale pitch, that it shall do any reader's heart good to hear us. We will roar so that we will make the reader say, "Let him roar again! let him roar again!"

The only thing that at all afflicts us in the success of these grand spectacles is the injury they have done to the pantomimes. These old friends of ours have ceased to hold up their heads. Harlequin, indeed, seems to have very little head to hold up, and less heel. The rotatory persuasiveness of both, in which we delighted of old, and which seemed so exquisitely fitted to keep the heart of that fluttering little Columbine constant and still, is gone—gone utterly. Harlequin is a senseless fellow, and will soon have scarcely a leg to stand upon. But his decline, sad and serious as it is, is nothing to the decline and fall of our ancient friends Pantaloon and Clown—or rather, the no fall; for the truth is, their bruises now are not worth mention. They take as much care of each other as if they had feelings like other men—senses, affections, passions. What degeneracy is this! Where are the tumbles, and thumps, and bumps of the old time? Where is that moving epitome of bruises—that choice piece of battered high-life in the gout, the Pantaloon of our childhood? Where, oh where is the Clown? Him we hanker after. His memory is the memory not only of our childhood, but of the happy years that followed, awaking maturer thoughts, and ripening us into manhood. Our first political lesson we imbibed at a pantomime. There we first witnessed the self-seeking aristocratic spirit—there we first beheld that system of tricks and changes which governs nations and perplexes monarchs—and there we first saw the acquisitive principle of statesmen developed, pockets picked, heels tripped-up, and the suffering silly victims laughed at! Oh, where is the Tory gusto with which the Clown then did his office, with fingers ever trembling and itching at his neighbour's purse, with eyes ever goggling, and mouth ever watering, and appetite insatiable! It is gone—it can be seen nowhere, except in places where the joke has become too serious. The original flourisheth again; the prototype hath assumed all the confidence of its youth; but where is the merry indication of it, which, while it wrung our sides with laughter, wrung nothing from our pockets, yet taught us to hold them warily! It is gone, and we are left to lament it. We should ask pardon for these moral reflections, but that they have been forcibly educed by the fallen state of pantomime in the theatre at Covent Garden; and we are now about to change the subject, and present the reader with certain other opinions of ours, not quite so grave and moral perhaps, but equally judicious and wise.

We hope that considerate person is not greatly startled. There is nothing very dreadful, we can assure him, in our immorality. When we intrigue, it is in a very harmless way; and when we inculcate our own example, it may be followed with perfect innocence. What we have to say at present has to do indeed with a most pure matter—to wit, pure comedy. Now pure comedy we take to be comedy merely, that is to say, comedy with no admixture of the real—comedy where nothing actual is; where no "cold moral reigns" to convict any passages beside it of immorality; and where intrigue therefore may run riot with idle gallantry and an occasional license of speech, and no harm done, meanwhile, to the real and substantial inte-

rests of virtue. Such is the artificial comedy of Congreve, and Wycherley, and Farquhar. It is now banished from the stage, to our very sincere regret, and, we think, we may add, to the regret of all the lovers of wit and genius. "Congreve and Farquhar," said Charles Lamb, some years ago, "show their heads once in seven years, only to be exploded and put down instantly. The times cannot bear them." The times have not improved. The "Constant Couple" of Farquhar, cut and mangled, and pieced out and interlarded with fifty impertinences, was played the other evening at Covent-garden, under the title of "Off to the Continent." The alterations were to suit the times, but even they would not carry off the spice of wit and idle gaiety which was left to indicate the original. The thing, it is true, did not at once explode, nor was it put down instantly—that is to say, the people in the pit did not rise up and hiss, and say they would have no more of Farquhar, but they did what was just as effectual. We cannot blame them—we suppose they could not help it. They sat yawning most of them, sleeping the more fortunate of them, and the rest, who could neither indulge themselves with a yawn nor a sleep, sat looking round them, and pitying each other. The play has not been acted since. We dare not hope it might have been otherwise, if the original comedy had been acted. And yet we wish it had, that the thing might have been fairly tested. But to test such comedies fairly, we again say morality must be set upon the shelf. It will not grow stale there during the short two hours of Sir Harry Wildair's light amusing pranks—we shall not be less worthy or less fit recipients of its doctrines, because we have been carrying on for even so short a time an intrigue with Lady Lurewell, in the light fancy of the passing evening. For it is no more.—In itself, indeed, supposing it actual and a part of life, it is scarcely reducible to the point of strict morality—and what are we in reference to it, even considered in this view? Merely its spectators. But it is not actual, it is not a part of life. We make ourselves worse than ridiculous to consider it so. Nor is this all. We do an impertinent thing when we plume ourselves up with morality at a sight so harmless as this—flinging about us with monstrous profusion all sorts of grave reproaches, of which, when a serious occasion comes, we find we have but few to spare. We set up a pedantry of virtue, and discover too late that the substance is wanting. We bark and make noises at a shadow, while we sneak past the reality in quiet. We have been afraid to dally even for one harmless hour with the mere names and images of wrong, and the next minute we may be seen sitting down quietly face to face with substantial wrong itself. Hear what one of the profoundest of critics, one of the noblest of humanists, has to say on this point. "I do not know how it is with others," says Charles Lamb, "but I feel the better always for the perusal of one of Congreve's—nay, why should I not add even of Wycherley's?—comedies. I am the gayer at least for it, and I could never connect those sports of a witty fancy in any shape with any result to be drawn from them to imitation in real life. They are a world of themselves almost as much as fairy land." This is precisely what we seek to establish. Let us not try these unreal creatures as if they were real. Let us resolve to enjoy the wit of such as Farquhar and Congreve, and treat their creatures by the test of their own usages, and not by the virtue or the morality of our's. They cannot break through that which never united them—they cannot violate that which exists not for them. Sir Simon and Dapper Wit may both or either carry off Miss Martha, and what has virtue to do with it? Sir Harry Wildair, or Captain Standard, or Vizard, may have been the Oxford youth who bribed Lady Lurewell's maid out of her honesty, and soothed her own soft innocence to ruin, but what consequence to virtue who it was? Lord Froth's or Sir Pliant's children—what has morality to do with the question, as to who may have been their father? Infinitely, infinitely less, let the well-disposed reader be assured, than with the "images of notional justice and notional benevolence" with which the sentimental

comedy pampers its admirers. The artificial comedy is far more honest. It may not take its spectators into the gross conceit of having part and parcel in the saving of lives which has cost them no risk, nor flatter them with the grosser persuasion that they had put hands into their own pockets to give away a fortune which in reality cost them nothing, and cost the author less. It accomplishes something higher and better and more moral than this, by virtue of its very want of pretension to the high, the good, or the moral.

But, alas! we fear after all that this artificial comedy is very seductive. We hope we have not been arguing all this time against the truth. For see, even the mere talking about it has "seduced" us into saying so much, that we find ourselves fairly obliged to stop without indulging in one of those brilliant things we had meant to entertain the reader with concerning divers other matters. There is the pleasant and witty "Telemachus" at the Olympic; the very humorous "Man-Fred" at the New Strand, with a piece of capital burlesque by Mr. Mitchell; the re-opening of the Queen's Theatre with a nice set of entertainments, and under very charming auspices,—to wit, those of Mrs. Nesbitt, whose radiant eyes are to us the most delightful of visions, the assurance of sweetness, good-nature, and truth. Then there are two farces which have been acting at the Olympic and the Adelphi, against which we meant to have entered our protest. We allude to the "Scene of Confusion" and "The New Actress," in which the actors distribute themselves in various quarters of the theatre, in the orchestra, boxes, pit, and gallery, and play their parts among the audience. This is excessively impertinent,—an equality of pretensions which nothing should sanction. Besides it is very injudicious on the part of the actors, and for their own sakes we greatly wonder to see them resort to it. They will lose by it sadly in the end. Then, but for this most tempting artificial comedy, we should have said something of Mr. Jerrold, who has been writing a piece for the Olympic, and who is the best writer of the "intermediate" style of comedy in our day. Why is he not writing for one of the large houses? Have the horses pranced him out,—or do the poor translations which are being crammed down there at present, king's seals and king's words, go down better with the audience than his power of dramatic situation, his fine-hearted vein of sentiment, his wit, and his honest satire? We should like to have an answer to this; for indeed it strikes us as something extremely disgraceful that the only really good and original writer of domestic comedy in our day should be precisely that person whose efforts are discountenanced by the managements of Drury-lane, of Covent-garden, and the Haymarket, where we have a right to *demand* something better than gross farce or stupid translation, and where we should have had reason to hope that the original talent of our own country would not be, as far as possible, anxiously pushed aside. One word in conclusion on the talent of a neighbouring country. The French players are here—at the New English Opera-house—with a good company. M. F. Lemaitre is, indeed, a company in himself,—an actor of the first order, a comic genius, a good tragedian, and a man altogether very remarkable. His performance of Robert Macaire, in "Auberge des Adrets," is unique. We never witnessed anything like it. There may be a sublimity, it seems, in the very coxcombs of blackguardism.

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

At a recent meeting Major Felix read a portion of his interesting account of a journey to Mount Sinai. The convent on the mount was founded by Justinian, who endowed it with the whole peninsula of Sinai. When

Mahomet was spreading his religion with fire and sword over the East, he is said to have spared this convent in gratitude for an opportune supply of water and provisions; and, as the monks assert, gave them a firman, written by Ali, which confirmed to their order Justinian's grant of the peninsula. Not being able to write, Mahomet spread ink over his hand, and laid it on the paper as his signature. This firman was sent to Constantinople, where Sultan Selim collected all the relics of the prophet; and the monks received another to the same effect, which, they say, is now at Cairo. It appears that the monks of the convent are very ill used by the Arabs. The gardens are spacious and highly cultivated; vines are trained on trellises, and form shady walks. The apples and pears are excellent, and are sent to Cairo; melons, apricots, pomegranates, almonds, and mulberries, are in great numbers; so also oranges and lemons. There is a Greek church on the mount, which glitters with the golden portraits of saints and worthies. The floor is of Mosaic work; and the hands and skull of St. Catherine, to whom it is dedicated, are carefully preserved; but the great object of interest—"the Holy of Holies"—is the spot where tradition has placed the *burning bush*, and over which a small chapel has been erected. This bush is called *Seneh*, which means a thorny shrub, and may be the species of *Acacia* called *Lens* by the Arabs, of which there are many in the desert. The word Sinai is probably derived from Seneh; and as the Lord said to Moses, "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground," this custom is strictly enforced by the monks; and the Major and his party entered the small chapel barefooted. Horeb and Sinai form but one mountain; and this is the reason that they are frequently confounded in Scripture. A chapel has been built over the cave, which the prophet Elijah is supposed to have occupied during the forty days when he was miraculously supplied with food. Mass is sometimes said, and pilgrims perform their devotions in it. The author compared the account of Moses with the present aspect of the mountain; and observes, he and his party had the satisfaction of reflecting that the features of the country could not have changed since the advent of the Israelites: for though the general face of nature is ever varying, and destruction or decay effaces the works of man, the firm and lonely desert, and the granite mountain, remain the same throughout time—undisturbed—unshaken. Leaving Mount Sinai, the summit of which the author reached, and proceeding northward, he came to Sarabeit-el-Khadan, where, on a small plain, he found a number of sand-stone tablets, from five to eight feet in height, three feet in width, and two in thickness. The greater number was enclosed by a wall, parts of which remained, but some stood on mounts outside the wall: within were several small chapels, erected at different periods, one of which had columns. The tablets were covered on all sides with hieroglyphics—were erected by different kings—and recorded some event that had occurred in a particular year in their reigns. The enclosure had certainly the appearance of a burying-ground; but the monuments were not sepulchral, nor was there the slightest reference to the well-known funereal forms which are found on every tomb, and on every mummy-case. They appeared to be memorials, not of victories or national events, but of some private act of the Pharaohs who set them up.

ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.

The translation of a paper by Dr. Olbers on the approaching return of Halley's comet was read at a recent meeting. After some preliminary observations, the author proceeds to show that a probability exists of the comet's being seen in February or March next, before its conjunction with the Sun. This probability arises chiefly from the circumstance that other comets, in particular that of 1811, have been visible at greater distances from the sun and the earth than Halley's will be in the spring of 1836. Dr. Olbers does not suppose that Halley's comet is so large that, under

similar circumstances, it will be so easily seen as the splendid comet of 1811; still it is described by former observers, especially at its appearance in 1682, as having been sufficiently remarkable. Besides, it will be more strongly illuminated by the sun, in the proportion of 8 to 5, than the comet of 1811 was on the 17th August, 1812, when it was finally observed by Wisniewsky; and, which is an important consideration, the latter comet was seen in July and August, 1812, with very inferior telescopes, whereas telescopes of great power may be employed in observing Halley's comet. In reasoning on the probability of its being visible in February and March next, from the splendour of its appearance in 1682, Dr. Olbers, of course, assumes that it has not since that time sustained any sensible diminution of its mass. Many astronomers believe in the gradual dissipation of the matter of comets; but we have as yet no facts to warrant this conclusion in respect of Halley's comet. In 1607, and at its last return in 1759, it appeared pale and dim, but in 1682 it shone forth with great splendour; and the diminished appearances of 1607 and 1759 may be explained by its position at those times between the sun and the earth, without supposing its mass to have undergone any change. It ought, however, to be stated that Halley's comet became invisible to Messier in 1759, so early as the 4th of June, when its distance from the sun was only about 1·68 and from the earth 1·42. About the beginning of next March, the comet's distance from the sun and earth will be nearly the same, and = 3·78; but, according to the received theory of light, the intensity of the light of a heavenly body not self-luminous is proportioned to $\frac{1}{R^2 D^2}$, R representing its distance from the sun, and D its distance from the earth. Hence, in the beginning of March, the intensity of the comet's light will be about thirty times less than when Messier lost sight of it; but, at that time, it was close upon the confines of the evening twilight; whereas in March next it will still be at a considerable height in the sky, when the twilight has entirely disappeared. There is a very remarkable fact connected with the appearance of Encke's comet, unquestionably proved by the experience of 1822 and 1833, to which Dr. Olbers thinks sufficient attention has not been given, viz. that it was visible at a far greater distance from the earth and sun before it had passed its perihelion than after. Should this turn out to be the case also with Halley's comet, the probability of seeing it in the spring of 1835 will be increased.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

Mr. Aikin read a paper on the natural history and commercial history of cotton. The word *cotton*, observed the lecturer, has been adopted in modern European languages from an Arabic word, meaning the same thing, and which, when put into English letters, would be pronounced *kutūn:* in Egypt it is called *gotūn*. The Spanish word *algodon* is evidently the Egypto-Arabic word, with the article *al* prefixed. The Germans, who in general avoid intercalating into their language words of foreign origin, call it *Baum-wolle*, *i. e.* tree-wool. Mr. Aikin then laid before his numerous auditors the most important notices which are to be found in ancient classical authors, respecting the growth of cotton in India and on the coast of Arabia; and the importation of cotton fabrics of various qualities from India to Egypt by the way of the Red Sea. He likewise noticed the establishment of the culture of the cotton-plant on the coasts of the Mediterranean—but, though exceedingly interesting, our space calls upon us to pass on to more modern times. Cotton-wool was imported by the Genoese and Venetians into England and the Netherlands in the very beginning of the fourteenth century; but the use to which it was applied, except for candlewicks, is not known. In 1430, fustians were made, perhaps invented, in Flanders—being probably intended as an imitation of the velvets manufactured in Italy. In 1534, several ships from London and Bristol traded to the Levant, and imported, among other articles, cotton-wool. It might be expected, therefore, that at this time some

cotton fabrics should have been established in England; and this seems at first sight to be confirmed by a statement in "Leland's Itinerary," in the reign of Henry VIII., that cottons were made at Bolton-le-Moors, in Lancashire, and in the villages about; as also by the mention in an Act of Parliament, passed in 1552 (Edward VI.), of Manchester, Lancashire, and Cheshire cottons. In this manner Mr. Aikin came down to the present period; noticing, however, as he went along, the invention of the "spinning-jenny" in 1767. This engine draws several threads at once; and as it derives its principal motion from a mechanical first mover, produces them more even than had heretofore been done by hand. It was soon discovered that an improved method of carding the cotton before it was subjected to the action of the jenny, was essential to the good performance of the machine. This was attempted with some success by Mr. Hargreaves, was very much improved on by Mr. Peel, and was brought to perfection in the carding machine of Mr. Arkwright. Egyptian cotton was introduced in 1823; it is of a long, strong, and silky staple, and has since been improved by the introduction of seeds of the Sea Islands' cotton. The demand for raw cotton in the British market has gone on progressively increasing; the following are the details of the importation of cotton wool for the last year, viz.:—

Uplands and New Orleans . . .	262,885,000 lbs.
Sea Islands	3,500,000
Brazil	26,540,000
Surat and Bengal	11,570,000
West Indies	1,610,000
Egypt	1,540,000
	303,645,000 lbs.

On comparing the above with the importation of 1831, it appears that there is an increase in the last year in the proportion of 303 to 288; but that the quantity furnished from all the above-mentioned countries, except the United States, has diminished. In the year 1832 the whole quantity of cotton spun in Great Britain was 277,260,000 lbs., of which about one-ninth, or 30,325,000 lbs. was loss, from dirt and waste in spinning, and the produce was 246,935,000 lbs. of yarn. Of this quantity 222,596,000 lbs. was spun in England, and was thus disposed of:—Exported in yarn, 71,662,000 lbs.; ditto in thread, 1,041,000 lbs.; manufactured goods, 61,251,000 lbs.; or about 134 millions of lbs. Besides the above, there were candlewicks and mixed goods, of which part were exported, 12,000,000 lbs.; supply of home-market and stock on hand, 70,941,000 lbs.; sent to Scotland and Ireland, 5,700,000 lbs.: total 88,641,000 lbs. Therefore, in whole numbers, about 62 per cent. of the entire quantities of cotton manufactured in England is exported; and of this, 33 per cent. is in the state of yarn and thread, and 28 per cent. in woven goods. According to Macculloch, the total value of every kind of cotton-goods annually manufactured in Great Britain at present may be estimated at 34,000,000*l.*; from which, if we deduct 7,000,000*l.* as the cost of the raw material, and 21,000,000*l.* as wages to 900,000 workmen, there will remain for the cost of superintendence, coals, materials of machinery, and profit, 6,000,000*l.* The amount of capital vested in buildings and machinery is computed at 20,000,000*l.*

VARIETIES.

Eclipses, &c. for 1835.—There will be two eclipses of the sun this year, and one of the moon; neither of the solar eclipses will be visible in England, and the lunar eclipse will be but partially visible.—*May* 27. At

32 min. past ten in the morning, an annular eclipse of the sun will occur, in long. 59 deg. 3 min. W. and lat. 24 deg. 20 min. S. which will be visible throughout all South America, the South Atlantic Ocean, Africa, part of Spain, and the Mediterranean, and terminates in long. 21 deg. 50 min. E. and lat. 5 deg. 8 min. N. at 37 min. past four in the afternoon.—*June* 10. There will be an eclipse of the moon, visible at Greenwich, commencing 32 min. past eight in the evening; the middle 35 min. past ten; the end 30 min. past twelve. The digits obscured will be 0. 7. deg. on the northern limb.—*Nov.* 20. The sun will be totally eclipsed. This eclipse will be visible in the South of Ireland, and in a slight degree at the Land's End, and will be a very great eclipse to nearly the whole land of the southern hemisphere, extending throughout the South of Africa, the Indian Ocean, and approximating upon New Holland. It will commence at 54 min. past seven, in long. 20 deg. 13 min. W. and lat. 23 deg. 7 min. N.; and ending in long. 73 deg. 31 min. E. and lat. 10 deg. 50 min. S. at 8 min. past one in the afternoon.—*Transit of Mercury.* The planet Mercury will make a transit over the sun's disc the 7th of November, which will be visible to the western shores of Africa, when it commences at half-past five in the evening; and in its progress to the west part of North and South America, New Holland, and closing on the north-east of Africa, at 40 min. past ten at night. The above calculations are for the meridian of Greenwich. Jupiter's satellites will not be visible from the middle of May till the middle of July.—*Halley's Great Comet.* The comet originally seen by the celebrated and original astronomer-royal, Halley, in 1665, and called by his name, will re-appear in the northern hemisphere on the 7th of August, and will remain visible until the 7th of February, 1836, being exactly six months.

Total Produce and Consumption of Cotton in all Places.—The following is extracted from the evidence given before the Court of Peers in Paris on the 10th inst.

The total production of cotton in all countries is thus estimated :—

	Kilogrammes.
United States	175,000,000
East Indies	30,000,000
Brazil	12,000,000
West India Islands and Colonies, Bourbon, &c.	3,000,000
Egypt and Levant	10,000,000
	230,000,000

The consumption is as follows :—

In England	150,000,000
France	40,000,000
United States	18,000,000
China, half the crops of India	15,000,000
Switzerland, Saxony, Prussia, Belgium	17,000,000
	240,000,000

(Note.)—50 kilogrammes are about equal to an English hundred-weight, and 1 kilogramme rather more than 2lb. 2½ oz.

This shows the consumption to surpass the produce by 70,000 bales, and confirms the annual falling off of stocks, and continual advance in price.

New Classification of Vessels.—The first fruits of the arduous and important labours of the Committee, to whom the task was consigned of preparing a new Register of British and Foreign Mercantile Shipping, have lately been presented to the subscribers, and are of a character to entitle the originators and prosecutors of this measure to the thanks, not only of the merchant, the shipowner, and the underwriter, but every man who feels an interest in the prosperity of our commercial navy.

cotton fabrics should have been established in England; and this seems at first sight to be confirmed by a statement in "Leland's Itinerary," in the reign of Henry VIII., that cottons were made at Bolton-le-Moors, in Lancashire, and in the villages about; as also by the mention in an Act of Parliament, passed in 1552 (Edward VI.), of Manchester, Lancashire, and Cheshire cottons. In this manner Mr. Aikin came down to the present period; noticing, however, as he went along, the invention of the "spinning-jenny" in 1767. This engine draws several threads at once; and as it derives its principal motion from a mechanical first mover, produces them more even than had heretofore been done by hand. It was soon discovered that an improved method of carding the cotton before it was subjected to the action of the jenny, was essential to the good performance of the machine. This was attempted with some success by Mr. Hargreaves, was very much improved on by Mr. Peel, and was brought to perfection in the carding machine of Mr. Arkwright. Egyptian cotton was introduced in 1823; it is of a long, strong, and silky staple, and has since been improved by the introduction of seeds of the Sea Islands' cotton. The demand for raw cotton in the British market has gone on progressively increasing; the following are the details of the importation of cotton wool for the last year, viz.:—

Uplands and New Orleans . . .	262,885,000 lbs.
Sea Islands	3,500,000
Brazil	26,540,000
Surat and Bengal	11,570,000
West Indies	1,610,000
Egypt	1,540,000
	303,645,000 lbs.

On comparing the above with the importation of 1831, it appears that there is an increase in the last year in the proportion of 303 to 288; but that the quantity furnished from all the above-mentioned countries, except the United States, has diminished. In the year 1832 the whole quantity of cotton spun in Great Britain was 277,260,000 lbs., of which about one-ninth, or 30,325,000 lbs. was loss, from dirt and waste in spinning, and the produce was 246,935,000 lbs. of yarn. Of this quantity 222,596,000 lbs. was spun in England, and was thus disposed of:—Exported in yarn, 71,662,000 lbs.; ditto in thread, 1,041,000 lbs.; manufactured goods, 61,251,000 lbs.; or about 134 millions of lbs. Besides the above, there were candlewicks and mixed goods, of which part were exported, 12,000,000 lbs.; supply of home-market and stock on hand, 70,941,000 lbs.; sent to Scotland and Ireland, 5,700,000 lbs.: total 88,641,000 lbs. Therefore, in whole numbers, about 62 per cent. of the entire quantities of cotton manufactured in England is exported; and of this, 33 per cent. is in the state of yarn and thread, and 28 per cent. in woven goods. According to Macculloch, the total value of every kind of cotton-goods annually manufactured in Great Britain at present may be estimated at 34,000,000*l.*; from which, if we deduct 7,000,000*l.* as the cost of the raw material, and 21,000,000*l.* as wages to 900,000 workmen, there will remain for the cost of superintendence, coals, materials of machinery, and profit, 6,000,000*l.* The amount of capital vested in buildings and machinery is computed at 20,000,000*l.*

VARIETIES.

Eclipses, &c. for 1835.—There will be two eclipses of the sun this year, and one of the moon; neither of the solar eclipses will be visible in England, and the lunar eclipse will be but partially visible.—*May* 27. At

32 min. past ten in the morning, an annular eclipse of the sun will occur, in long. 59 deg. 3 min. W. and lat. 24 deg. 20 min. S. which will be visible throughout all South America, the South Atlantic Ocean, Africa, part of Spain, and the Mediterranean, and terminates in long. 21 deg. 50 min. E. and lat. 5 deg. 8 min. N. at 37 min. past four in the afternoon.—*June* 10. There will be an eclipse of the moon, visible at Greenwich, commencing 32 min. past eight in the evening; the middle 35 min. past ten; the end 30 min. past twelve. The digits obscured will be 0. 7. deg. on the northern limb.—*Nov.* 20. The sun will be totally eclipsed. This eclipse will be visible in the South of Ireland, and in a slight degree at the Land's End, and will be a very great eclipse to nearly the whole land of the southern hemisphere, extending throughout the South of Africa, the Indian Ocean, and approximating upon New Holland. It will commence at 54 min. past seven, in long. 20 deg. 13 min. W. and lat. 23 deg. 7 min. N.; and ending in long. 73 deg. 31 min. E. and lat. 10 deg. 50 min. S. at 8 min. past one in the afternoon.—*Transit of Mercury.* The planet Mercury will make a transit over the sun's disc the 7th of November, which will be visible to the western shores of Africa, when it commences at half-past five in the evening; and in its progress to the west part of North and South America, New Holland, and closing on the north-east of Africa, at 40 min. past ten at night. The above calculations are for the meridian of Greenwich. Jupiter's satellites will not be visible from the middle of May till the middle of July.—*Halley's Great Comet.* The comet originally seen by the celebrated and original astronomer-royal, Halley, in 1665, and called by his name, will re-appear in the northern hemisphere on the 7th of August, and will remain visible until the 7th of February, 1836, being exactly six months.

Total Produce and Consumption of Cotton in all Places.—The following is extracted from the evidence given before the Court of Peers in Paris on the 10th inst.

The total production of cotton in all countries is thus estimated:—

	Kilogrammes.
United States	175,000,000
East Indies	30,000,000
Brazil	12,000,000
West India Islands and Colonies, Bourbon, &c.	3,000,000
Egypt and Levant	10,000,000
	230,000,000

The consumption is as follows:—

In England	150,000,000
France	40,000,000
United States	18,000,000
China, half the crops of India	15,000,000
Switzerland, Saxony, Prussia, Belgium	17,000,000
	240,000,000

(Note.)—50 kilogrammes are about equal to an English hundred-weight, and 1 kilogramme rather more than 2lb. 2½ oz.

This shows the consumption to surpass the produce by 70,000 bales, and confirms the annual falling off of stocks, and continual advance in price.

New Classification of Vessels.—The first fruits of the arduous and important labours of the Committee, to whom the task was consigned of preparing a new Register of British and Foreign Mercantile Shipping, have lately been presented to the subscribers, and are of a character to entitle the originators and prosecutors of this measure to the thanks, not only of the merchant, the shipowner, and the underwriter, but every man who feels an interest in the prosperity of our commercial navy.

The object which it has been proposed to work out is the formation of a register in which the classification of vessels shall not depend, as was the case in the two registers heretofore in use, on the arbitrary and uncertain standard in the port of building, and on the peremptory and unchecked decisions of surveyors; but, on the reports of surveyors specially appointed for the purpose, after a severe scrutiny into their professional and moral fitness for the office—such reports, containing the most ample details of the results of the surveyors, being in every case submitted to a Committee, who will thereupon assign to the vessel under consideration the character it shall bear in the register.

The constitution of the committee, on whose decision the character of every vessel thus depends, is such as to ensure a due regard to each of the conflicting interests concerned in the classification, it being composed of an equal number of merchants, of shipowners, and of underwriters, together with the chairman of Lloyd's and the chairman of the Shipowners' Society.

The list of ships registered in the United Kingdom, of fifty tons measurement and upwards, has been furnished to the commissioners of customs; that of foreign ships trading with the United Kingdom, and of colonial-built ships having British registers, is as yet necessarily less complete. The classification depending upon an actual re-survey of all the existing tonnage, as well as of the repeated inspection of such vessels as are in a course of construction, has already been effected to a considerable extent; and it is expected that, before the expiration of many months, the reports of the several surveyors will leave few blanks to be filled up in the register—a work which, when complete, cannot fail to be the basis of security and just confidence in the relations of the various branches which constitute the shipping interest of the country.—*Nicholson's Commercial Gazette.*

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

Recent Discoveries at Pompeii.—At Pompeii there has been lately opened the street leading from the Temple of Fortune to the Gate of Isis, passing nearly through the middle of the town. On reaching a central point from which streets diverge to the theatres and to the walls of the city, there was found an altar, placed before the protecting genius of the town, in the form of a serpent; the faces of the altar are ornamented with paintings, representing the priests offering libations and other sacrifices. On exploring two shops in the streets of Fortuna, there was discovered a pair of bronze scales, and a weight in the shape of a pear, a bronze dish with handles, a hatchet, and some small cylindrical objects made of bone and perforated, supposed to have been used either in some female works or for making calculations. A house has been discovered behind the grand Mosaic, comprising a vestibule, several sleeping-rooms, ornamented with simplicity, and a tabulum or host adorned with the most exquisite paintings in stucco. In this house were found a bronze shell of elegant workmanship, an earthen lamp, black with smoke, vessels containing colours, and a wooden chest lined with iron, and surrounded by figures formed of brass nails.—*German Paper.*

In 1833 there were 46 rail-roads completed in America, and 137 in contemplation. Pennsylvania has the greatest number of both, having 15 completed, and 67 in contemplation; the next state to it in both respects is New York, which has six completed and 25 in contemplation; Massachusetts comes next after these; and Ohio has 12 in projection, but none completed.

Population of the Kingdom of Poland in 1833.—(From a Petersburgh Paper.)—Males, 2,002,382; females, 2,035,543; total, 4,037,925. Warsaw

has a population of—males, 63,212; females, 66,493; total, 129,705. This is an increase of 4837 since 1832. The female population exceeds the male everywhere except in the provinces of Plozk and Augustino.

Shower of Meteorolites.—The little village of Raffhaten, on the frontiers of Wallachia, was visited early in the morning of the 29th ultimo by this singular phenomenon. About six o'clock in the evening of that day the inhabitants were aroused from their sleep by a noise as of a heavy shower of hail, which was immediately succeeded by a violent crashing of windows. Great was their astonishment, however, to find that the earth for the space of nearly two leagues in circumference was covered with a multitude of small stones, the smallest being about one quarter of an inch in diameter, and the largest about the size of a marble. These stones were of a light slate colour, and very heavy, and when put in the fire burnt like coal, emitting, however, a considerable quantity of gas. A French naturalist, M. Fouchard, who was at the time on a visit to the Hettman of Krunow, has collected an immense quantity of these meteorolites, and is now actively engaged in drawing up a memorial on the subject, to transmit to the different Philosophical Societies of Europe.—*Kaiserliche Staats Zeitung.*

Rail-Road across the Isthmus of Panama.—The project for this very desirable undertaking has been lately revived by the government of New Grenada, to which state the isthmus of Pamana belongs. We understand that an agent has recently arrived in England for the purpose of obtaining contractors for the work, according to the terms of the decree of that republic of the 27th of May, 1834. From a perusal of this decree, we find that the passage in question is to consist either of a common road for carriages and waggons, or an iron rail-road, as contractors may be found. The principal inducement held out to speculators consists in a grant of 20,000 fanegadas, or about 24,000 acres, of waste land upon the isthmus, with a free possession of the products from the road for a term of years which shall not be less than ten, nor exceed fifty years. The state toll-dues, a list of which is appended to the decree, are, however, to commence with the opening of the road. Upon the waste land to be granted, colonies of foreigners may be settled, and these are to be exempted, for twenty years, from taxation, military service, and the like. Failing in contractors from abroad, it is said that Santander, the president of New Grenada, is himself sanguine enough to commence the undertaking with the resources of the state, believing that a sum of 350,000*l.* would be sufficient for the completion of the work. If this has reference to an iron railway, our readers will perceive that such a sum is totally, and even absurdly, insufficient for the completion of an undertaking in a country where labour is so scarce, and for which the whole of the machinery, iron-work, and mechanical ability, must be brought from Great Britain, or some other of the European States. The distance from the Atlantic to the Pacific is certainly very short, from Panama to Porto Bello being only a distance of thirty-seven miles; but then this narrow isthmus is covered with an almost uninterrupted range of mountains, of a height so stupendous as to have always been considered an insuperable bar to the junction, by a canal, of the waters of the two seas. Hitherto the projects for a canal have all been laid down as passing by the very circuitous route of the Lake of Nicaragua. No particular route is specified, however, in the decree of the 27th of May last. If properly executed and protected, there can exist no doubt of the very extraordinary consequences which would arise to the world from thus cutting off a navigation of two thousand miles round Cape Horn, to all the countries on the great Southern Ocean. Much as we should rejoice in seeing so truly noble an undertaking brought into a practicable shape, we fear, however, that in the present condition of the states of South America, the time for its proper and profitable accomplishment is really not yet come.

Still we have thought it interesting to the public to be informed of the present state and probabilities of a project which, at a future day, will become of such extensive importance to the world.

M. Macaire has been trying experiments on the effect of gases on vegetation; and the "Annal. des Sciences Naturelles" reports the results. M. Macaire "introduced some plants of *Euphorbia*, *Mercurialis*, *Senecio*, *Sonchus*, &c., into vessels along with chloride of lime, in the morning. When evening arrived the plants had not suffered, and the odour of the chlorine was as strong as at first. Next morning they were found withered, the smell of chlorine had disappeared, and was replaced by a very disagreeable acid odour. The same result was obtained on repeating the experiment several times. Nitric acid withered the plants during the night, but in the day-time merely rendered some of them brown-coloured. Sulphuretted hydrogen produced no alteration when light was present, but destroyed them in the night by the absorption of the gas. Muriatic acid gas acted in a similar manner."

Island of Ascension.—A moss which grows in abundance on the Island of Ascension has been brought to England by Rear-Admiral Warren. On examination it has proved to be the Archill, Archilla, Racella, or Orscille, a whitish moss of the same description as is found upon the rocks in the Canary and Cape Verde Islands, which yields a rich purple tincture. This discovery, together with the many judicious arrangements respecting turtle, water, cattle, &c., which have been introduced into the island by the Rear-Admiral, will, it is believed, enable that hitherto expensive island to nearly pay its own expenses.—*Hampshire Telegraph.*

The Champagne Vintage.—The following is a statement of the champagne vintage of the present year:—Verzenay 3000 casks, Verzy and Willers-Marmery 1500, Relly, Chigny, and Lude 1000, Bouzy 1000, Ambouney 1000, Ay 10,000, Mareuil and Aœnay 3000, Haut-Villiers, Dizy, and Cumieres 4000, Epernay 4000, Pierry 4000, Moussy 2500, Choilly 1500, Cramant 2000, Avize 8000, Oger and Mesnil 16,000, Vertus 2000—total 64,500 casks, containing 220 bottles each, making in all 14,190,000 bottles. According to the estimate of the number of bottles which can be procured at the different manufactories, it appears that next year, when this vintage comes to be bottled off, there will be a deficiency to the number of 3,390,000. The manufactory of M. de Poilly can furnish 2,000,000, that of M. Dauhe 1,500,000, that of M. de Colout 1,200,000, that of M. de Violaine 1,800,000, that of Messrs. Pallier and Calegois 600,000, the Auzin factory 400,000, two others in the north 600,000, the four Lorraine factories 2,500,000, and that of Croyeny 200,000—total 10,800,000. The number required is 14,190,000; deficiency 3,390,000.—*Le Reformateur.*

Coffee in the United States.—By accounts from New York, it appears that the amount of coffee imported into the United States during the first three quarters of the year 1834 was 60,344,701 lbs., valued at 6,473,469 dollars. The amount during the same period of 1833 was 99,955,020 lbs., valued at 10,567,299 dollars. The amount exported during the first three quarters of the present year was 32,715,599 lbs., valued at 3,969,906 dollars. During the year 1833, the export of coffee was only 24,897,144 lbs., valued at 3,041,689 dollars.—*Morning News and Public Ledger.*

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

Of all the multifarious transactions of commerce, there is no one branch which so entirely baffles calculation or experience as the trade in corn. Limited even by legal restraint, as is that of England, it is still so vast in

the objects and interests it embraces, that what seems most certainly to favour a well-digested and matured opinion, is often frustrated by the circumstances contingent on the very accident itself. Thus, at this juncture, when the long depressions arising out of a supply demonstrated by the experience of two years to be more than equal to the demand—when the price has fallen to a lower point than at any preceding time within the memory of the present generatiou, the close of the year 1822 only excepted, the best informed merchants are beginning to expect a rise. This expectation must of course be connected with a diminished stock. Thus it is the low price, the necessity of money to meet the rent, and other outgoings, which fall in at the close of the year, have occasioned a much greater quantity to be sent into the market than is customary. The consequence has been, that wheat has been employed for purposes hitherto confined to other grain, to malting, feeding of pigs and fowls, &c. &c. The barns, they say, are emptied. There has been no mercantile speculation, no middle man holds stock, and the miller has only bought from week to week. The early period of the harvest has occasioned an earlier use of the year's crop, and should that of next year be late or protracted, it is probable that from one to two months' consumption will be requisite, and draw from the growth of this year more than from that of others. It is also computed that the farmer must now turn his attention to threshing out his summer corn, which will of course lessen the quantities of wheat in the market. All these facts superinduce an opinion that a rise of price will, ere long, commence, and circumstances occurring in coincidence with the imagined trains will continue to rise until the prospects of the ensuing harvest, both in relation to the quality and quantity, shall have been clearly ascertained. Such are the reasonings of the men most conversant with the trade in all its bearings. In the mean time the nature and effects of the foreign harvest throughout all Europe have been as accurately ascertained as so extensive an inquiry will allow. And although the graduated duty denies admission to foreign grain when the price is low in this country, although it should seem that the home and colonial growth has been for the last two or three seasons adequate to the consumption, there is, nevertheless, a lurking belief drawn from the facts of a foreign supply amounting to an average of 500,000 quarters of wheat being absolutely indispensable during nearly forty years, that with an increasing population, and the augmented consumption a very low price naturally invites and occasions, must at no very remote time create a demand for foreign corn. The prosperous state of the manufacturing districts will also add to this probability, for no other circumstance perhaps contributes so largely to the consumption of the staff of life as the full employment of the manufacturing population. Even the waste of the elections and extensive treating will tend to produce the same results. If, then, a rise do not take place, it will amount to a demonstration, that the average production is fully equal to the average demand of the country. Should this so turn out, it makes some assistance to agriculture, some relief from partial taxation more imperative on the part of the government. It happens, however, curiously enough, that while it is announced by the Marquis of Chandos that he had declined to take part in the government, simply and expressly because Sir Robert Peel has declared his inability to concede the repeal of the malt-tax, a gentleman on the other side should have made known the fact that he was expressly employed by the late administration to prepare a plan for its removal, and that this alleviation so intensely desired by the agriculturists would actually have been granted had Lord Melbourne's ministry remained in office during the coming session. Of what importance cheap beer is to the landholder is shown by the fact, that the importation of British barley into the metropolis has increased in the following ratio:—

	1832.	1833.	1834.
English	114,099	132,106	103,212
Scotch	5,337	6,105	37,422
Irish	45	2,312	26,105
	119,481	140,523	166,739

And this in the face of the failing crop of the last harvest. The consumption of malt in London and the neighbourhood has increased between 1832 and 1834 (both inclusive) near sixty thousand quarters. Such an augmentation should seem to prove, on the part of the population, a power of commanding an increase of luxuries, and it is to be hoped, also, a change from spirits to the wholesome, and less pernicious, and exciting beverage—beer and porter. The effect upon agriculture, coinciding with a deficient crop, has been to raise barley nearly to the price of wheat, and this result shows, perhaps, more than any reasoning could do, how much the interests of the landholder would be benefited by the repeal of the malt duty, although the advantage to the farmer, who is merely a tenant, is still extremely problematical.

Notwithstanding these facts, this month has witnessed a depression in the price of barley of from 5*s*. to 6*s*. a quarter, (owing to the immense supply of 45,972 quarters in one fortnight) in Chevalier; in Norfolk and Suffolk, for malting, from 4*s*. to 5*s*., and in other qualities, from 2*s*. to 3*s*. In this article, as in wheat, there is an anticipation that another rise will take place towards the close of the season, and that even the finer German qualities will get into sale with advantage to the importers. The arrival of wheat, flour, barley, and oats, in London, during the quarter ending December 27th, was as follows :—

	Wheat.	Flour (Sacks).	Barley.	Oats.
English	117,079	100,949	94,559	17,717
Scotch	2,318	829	35,320	90,496
Irish	3,244	2,805	25,875	189,072
British and Colonial	510	—	12,171	—
Baltic	—	—	—	—

The foreign harvest accords, we apprehend, in a great degree with that of England. First it was two or three weeks earlier, and the quality of the wheat, particularly in the north, is peculiarly fine. Throughout the whole of Poland, Prussia, Pomerania, Mecklenburgh, Holstein, and in Brunswick, it is said to be short of an average, an announcement to be received with some hesitation and doubt. The barley, even in Bohemia, and upon the Saale, is said to be inferior in quality, and short in quantity. In Holstein and the Danish isles the produce is fine in every respect. Oats are a deficient crop all over those districts from which England generally receives her supplies, and in some they are said not to be sufficient for the domestic consumption.

The agricultural operations of the season have been continued, but nothing has assisted their general course. The absence of frost and snow, and the mild weather, have been very favourable in the dearth of the dry crop. If the wind, which has already succeeded the late fall (Jan. 22), continue, the turnips which root will amply hold out.

RURAL ECONOMY.

Hints to the Country Reader.—A correspondent of a country journal says—I have often been much surprised at the tardiness exhibited by the agricultural population in adopting any improvement in their modes of conducting their business, especially when I have compared it with the

eagerness and celerity with which the manufacturing districts communicate to each other the most trifling improvement of machinery or mode of carrying on their manufacture, whereas many very useful practices prevail in rural districts which are entirely neglected even in a parish a few miles off; such, for instance, as the scalding of milk, in general practice in Devonshire for more than a century, and attended with the greatest advantages where the dairy is small, or the milk is produced in very small quantities, as is generally the case at this season of the year; for it enables the dairyman to keep his cream sweet for a long time, so that, instead of having butter rancid from being made with stale and often sour cream, the butter is as sweet and fresh as if it were made from one day's cream, as in the summer. The trouble of doing it is trifling; the milk is put into a shallow brass pan, and gently simmered over a stove, or hot dresser, or over a wood fire (but the latter is apt to give it a smoky taste), until a bubble rises, then take it off, and let it stand until cold, and then take off the cream from the top of it, and it will more readily churn into butter than raw cream. This simple process, so advantageous to dairymen at this season of the year, is almost entirely confined to Devonshire. Again, that very useful and advantageous use of unthreshed straw, for covering houses and ricks, commonly called reed, is known only to the three western counties; although every traveller must have observed the superior neatness of thatched buildings in those counties, yet they seem not to have inquired into its merits, or discovered that it is not dearer, and infinitely more durable, than threshed straw, or surely we should have seen the practice become more general.

Remarkable Foreign Trees in England.—The largest tulip-tree that I ever saw in England is at Mount Edgecumbe; the largest cork-trees and ilices at Mamhead; one of the largest cypresses is at Powderham Castle; the largest cedars are at Wilton; a remarkable one is also at Althorp; a large deciduous cypress at Port Eliot, and another at Ken Wood.—*Correspondent of Gardener's Magazine.*

Matlock.—The Elder Tree.—A singular instance of the remarkable retention of vitality in the elder-tree may now be seen at a farm on Riber Hill. About ten years ago an old elder-tree was cut down, and the following hay-harvest a portion of the trunk was placed under a hay-stack. At the expiration of more than a year, the stack being consumed, the piece of wood was next used as a corner post to a temporary shed, and was observed in the following spring to begin to sprout. The shed has long since been removed, but the corner post remains—a healthy-flourishing elder tree.

USEFUL ARTS.

A LECTURE has been given by Mr. Faraday at the Royal Institution on some discoveries relative to heat, recently made by M. Melloni, an Italian philosopher residing at Paris. The lecturer stated that he considered these discoveries to be important as regarded the opinions hitherto entertained respecting radiant heat. It had long been known that the rays of the sun passing through glass, and, as had also been discovered by Parry and Franklin, through ice, did not warm the plates, and at the same time the rays lost a portion of their heat. Herschel and Brande had made some important observations on the transmission of heat, but as they had not the instruments which M. Melloni had been able to avail himself of, they had made but little progress. The only instrument formerly known for measuring, with any degree of nicety, the various degrees of heat, was the differential thermometer; but Melloni had been able to apply to that purpose an instrument made on the same principle as the electrometer.

it is composed of a number of disks of bismuth and antimony, and by the application of even an extremely small quantity of heat to one end, a deflection of the magnetic needle is produced as in the electrometer. This instrument has afforded means of making experiments hitherto deemed impossible. By it M. Melloni has been able to measure the different transmissive powers of a great number of substances. As with respect to light, some bodies are more diaphanous and transparent, so with respect to heat, some bodies are more diathermous than others. He found that a ray of heat passed through glass gave but 50 on the thermo-indicator, while a similar ray passed through rock-salt gave 92 out of the 100. Again, he found that similar rays passed through plates of alum and other crystallized solids gave different results. Mr. Faraday then proceeded to show, by a number of interesting experiments, that by means of a common lamp, a ray of heat transmitted through various substances produced the results he had stated, and that while flint-glass lost 50 per cent. of heat, rock-salt only lost 8 per cent., and that it made little difference as to the thickness of the articles: the glass he used was extremely thin, while the rock-salt was nearly an inch thick. He also showed that this power of passing heat was six times greater in rock-salt than in alum of equal thickness which has almost the same transparence and refractive powers. One of the most important and remarkable circumstances attending this discovery is, that the effect is, if possible, better produced by heat of a lower source than by heat of a higher source—that is, that rock-salt is nearly equally transparent for heat of all degrees—that the heat of the hand loses as little in passing through a given thickness of it as any other kind of heat. In all cases, whether the ray of heat was transmitted from red hot iron, the flame of a lamp, or water only warm, the result was the same, and the transmission was as 92 out of the 100 of the incident ray. There was obviously then a considerable difference between diaphanous and diathermous bodies; and, in point of fact, rock-salt was the only body that was transparent for heat: for all other bodies that had been tried stopped more or less of the rays of heat. M. Melloni also asserted that heat and light were entirely different things, but the lecturer stated that he did not consider the evidence adduced to be sufficient to authorize the opinion. It was well known that the rays of heat want that colour possessed by the rays of light, and therefore it must be obvious that an attempt to measure a ray of the latter must be extremely difficult. M. Melloni found that there was a considerable variation in the quantity of heat transmitted through different coloured glasses. Mr. Faraday performed some interesting experiments indicative of this part of the subject. He stated that lenses and prisms of rock-salt produced, with regard to caloric rays, effects quite analogous to those produced by optical instruments on rays of light, and that all other transparent bodies were but partial or incomplete diathermal bodies. Mr. Faraday then proceeded to explain the discoveries that had been made by M. Melloni respecting the polarization of light in its passage through the planes of tourmaline.

Two ingenious young men of the name of Bertram, both blacksmiths, Cranshaws, Berwickshire, have lately invented an instrument, by which their labour in forming hoops for carriage-wheels of every diameter is wonderfully abridged, and the fuel generally used completely saved. They can produce twelve cart-hoops in one hour, without the use of fire, except in joining the two points, and without the use of the hammer at any other part of the process. This instrument must soon come into general use: indeed, drawings of it have been sought, and one of these little machines is already at work at Innerwick, in East Lothian.

BANKRUPTS,

FROM DECEMBER 26, 1834, TO JANUARY 23, 1835, INCLUSIVE.

Dec. 26.—A. EMERSON, Lawrence Pountney-lane, City, lead-merchant. T. P. DUNN, Cain's-cross, near Stroud, Gloucestershire, wool-merchant. J. WRIGGLESWORTH, Liverpool, grocer. J. GOODACRE, Barnsley, Yorkshire, linen-manufacturer. J. ROBINSON, Whitehaven, bookseller. W. EMBERLIN, Upton, Oxfordshire, paper-maker. W. SHEPHERD, Harrop-green, Saddleworth, Yorkshire, merchant. B. HEIGHINGTON, Darlington, Durham, wine and spirit merchant. J. RACE, Wells-next-the-Sea, Norfolk, grocer. B. EZEKIEL, Tiverton, Devonshire, draper.

Dec. 30.—R. M. STEPHENSON and C. J. BLUNT, Great Ormond-street, civil engineers. H. H. NEWINGTON, Southwark, chinaman. J. GILBERT, sen., Woburn, Bedfordshire, innkeeper. C. CLARK, Stowey, Somersetshire, chemist and druggist. J. PARKINS, King William-street, London Bridge, tailor. R. YATES, Manchester, innkeeper. R. WINTERBOTTOM, Furlane, within Saddleworth, woollen manufacturer. W. C. WINTERBOTTOM, and W. DICKSON, Oldham, fustian-manufacturers. J. VOLLANS, sen., D. VOLLANS, and J. VOLLANS, jun., Leeds, woollen-cloth manufacturers. W. ELLIS, Portsea, timber-merchant. G. BOYCE, Tiverton, Devonshire, bookseller.

Jan. 2.—S. ASHBY, Upper Thames-street, City, flour and groat dealer. J. WINDROSS, Bishopsgate-street Without, linen-draper. H. J. A. G. RICHARDSON, Clement's-inn, commission agent. P. D. L. HILDESHEIMER, otherwise P. LEVI, Woolwich, Kent, grocer. I. SOLOMAN and B. AARON, Bristol, woollen-drapers. P. BLIGHT, Phillack, Cornwall, grocer.

Jan. 6.—H. RIX, Harp-lane, Tower-street, cork-merchant. S. SPRIGHT, Brick-lane, Spitalfields, chemist. F. GREEN, Clifford-street, Bond-street, auctioneer. L. FLERSHEIM, Birmingham, merchant. H. OWEN, Liverpool, miller. W. GREENWOOD, Sutton-upon-Trent, Nottinghamshire, coal-dealer.

Jan. 9.—S. HALES, Newgate-street, butcher. W. C. NEWPORT, Bognor, Sussex, scrivener. J. HAYWARD, Tottenham-court-road, butcher. W. BROWN, High-street, Camberwell, carpenter. G. DAVIES, Lisson-grove, Marylebone, ironmonger. T. HOLBROOK, Calthorp Arms, Gray's Inn-road, victualler. B. SHADGETT, Loose, Kent, carpenter. W. ROBINSON, Manchester, coach-proprietor. W. HOLDSWORTH, Sheffield, spoon-manufacturer. T. BASSFORD, Bilston, Staffordshire, bookseller. J. MARSH, Hepworth, Yorkshire, clothier.

Jan. 13.—T. MATTHEW, Margaret-street, Cavendish-square, coach-maker. J. SADD, Jewry-street, Aldgate, victualler. W. ROTHERHAM, Shoreditch, draper. J. SIMPSON and J. WINDROSS, Bishopsgate-street, City, linen-drapers. N. COPLING and T. WOOD, King-street, City, woollen and stuff-agents. J. PHILPOTT, Belle Sauvage-yard, Ludgate-hill, innkeeper. J. BUXTON, Barnard Castle, Durham, woolstapler. C. C. BERRY, Liverpool, merchant. J. STRACHAN, Bristol, tailor. J. LANGLEY, Bristol, wine-merchant. J. GLOVER, Walsall, iron-founder. J. COWAN, Gosport, slater. W. D. PRICE, Chepstow, Monmouthshire, innkeeper.

Jan. 16.—G. JOSHUA, Brownlow-street, Drury-lane, currier. W. INGLIS, Houndsditch, currier. B. NORRIS, Oxford-street, druggist. G. BAGLEY and J. EVANS, Ladlane, warehousemen. W. RICHARDSON, Godstone, Surrey, innkeeper. W. STIVENSON, Princes-street, St. James's, dealer. J. NEVATT, Petworth, Sussex, tailor. W. RAYMOND, Streatham-place, Brixton-hill, shipowner. J. WIGAN, Pine Apple-place, Edgware-road, music-seller. F. MOORE, jun., Westmoreland-place, Walworth-common, vinegar-merchant. J. CARNLEY, Kingston-upon-Hull, upholsterer. J. MARSTON, Nuneaton, Warwickshire, grocer.

Jan. 20.—T. LAYFIELD and W. LAYFIELD, Silver-street, St. James's, tailors. J. HARVEY, Dartford, timber-merchant. T. JONES, Liverpool, broker. I. MILLER, Liverpool, merchant. J. GARSIDE, Portwood, within Brinnington, Cheshire, machine-maker. J. EDWARDS, Wanebelygen, Breconshire, draper. E. BROWN, J. J. DAVY, and T. DAVY, Cullompton, Devonshire, woollen-manufacturers.

Jan. 23.—T. W. SHARLAND, Lime-street, City, tea-broker. A. L. WIGAN, Brighton, surgeon. G. H. WALKER, White Lion-street, Spital-square, coach-maker. S. FPITCH, Cambridge-heath, Hackney, victualler. G. MILES, Stroud, Gloucestershire, clothier. J. T. REEVE, Red Lion, Whitechapel High-street, victualler. W. KEY, London-wall, City, cheesemonger. G. GIDLEY, Wood-street, Cheapside, button-manufacturer. N. J. LYONS, South Lambeth, master mariner. D. JAMES, Dartford, banker. E. JOHNSTON, Dover-street, Piccadilly, milliner. J. WAKEFIELD, Hallow, Worcestershire, machine-maker. H. W. KING, Bristol, attorney-at-law. A. HARVEY, Penzance, Cornwall, watch-maker. J. PERRY and J. RAYMENT, Manchester, paper-dealers. J. PARK, Wortley, Leeds, woollen-cloth manufacturer. M. SCHOLEY, Kingston-upon-Hull, draper. J. B. BILLAM, Wakefield, Yorkshire, manufacturer.

COMMERCIAL AND MONEY-MARKET REPORT.

THE general condition of trade is little altered during the last month; the impediments created by the operation of the elections are not yet removed, but the impression is, that industry will now shortly fall into its accustomed channels, and probably flow in a somewhat more vigorous current from its temporary obstruction. The tone of the Money Market has been preserved in a healthy state by a course of firm but temperate restraint upon the issues of the currency, which, by checking the wildness of speculation, has brought us to the commencement of a new year without any of those general and distressing embarrassments which too frequently mark the period.

There has been some dulness of late in the sale of West India Muscovades, and a depreciation of 6*d.* to 1*s.* per cwt. may be noted generally within the last few days. A parcel of Barbadoes with difficulty realized former prices, by public sale, a part being taken in: new Demerara has brought 53*s.* to 56*s.*

The new Mauritius Sugars have been brought into the market; a sale of 3700 bags took place lately; they were low middling to fine yellow, of good colour and quality, and brought from 56*s.* to 62*s.*, an advance of 1*s.* to 1*s.* 6*d.* upon former prices.

East India Sugars have maintained their prices with tolerable firmness. Among the recent public sales have been 3000 bags Siam, low to fine white, 27*s.* to 30*s.*; middling to fine yellow, 26*s.* to 26*s.* 6*d.*; about 2400 baskets Java, middling to fine greyish yellow, 28*s.* to 29*s.*; brown, 27*s.* to 27*s.* 6*d.*; and a small parcel of Bengal, fine bright white, 33*s.* to 33*s.* 6*d.*

Foreign Sugars have been equally steady; middling to good yellow Havannah have sold at public auction for 26*s.* 6*d.* to 29*s.* 6*d.*; low brown, for 26*s.* to 27*s.*; a parcel of good white, by private contract, at 34*s.*

There is a considerably increased demand for West India Molasses, and the holders are not disposed to listen to offers of former prices; good Demerara have brought 24*s.* and 24*s.* 6*d.*

The Refined Market is improving; the holders now ask 34*s.* for fine crushed, but the offers are generally limited to 33*s.*

There has been little alteration of late in the prices of British Plantation Coffee, except that the ordinary unclean descriptions, which have been so long depressed, have brought prices about 2*s.* higher. In Foreign and East India Coffee there is little to note; St. Domingo has been last sold at 51*s.*, and a parcel of good Ceylon at 54*s.* 6*d.*

The Market for Rum is brisk, and commands better prices, the stock remaining in importer's hands being low; proof Leewards are at 2*s.* 3*d.*, and Jamaica proportionately high. Little doing in Brandy or Geneva.

Cotton is firm, and a good deal of business doing; it is, however, anticipated by some who are well acquainted with the Market, that even the appearance of angry feeling lately manifested between the Governments of France and of the United States will have the effect of bringing to this country much of the raw Cotton, which would otherwise have been shipped direct to France, and hence some slight depression in prices may be expected. The prodigious demand of our manufacturers, which seems to outrun the powers of production, will not permit this depression to go to any considerable extent.

The Wool Market is once more reviving from its long-continued lethargy.

The first part of the January sales of Indigo at the Public Rooms in Mincing-lane produced a full attendance and animated biddings. In every description there has been a considerable advance; in Bengal, it amounts to 1*s.* 3*d.* to 1*s.* 6*d.*; in Madras, 6*d.* to 9*d.*; and in Kurpahs, which were of low quality, and purchased for home consumption, to 1*s.* 3*d.* to 1*s.* 4*d.* upon the prices of the preceding sale. In every instance the highest rate of advance has been in the middling and ordinary descriptions.

The fluctuations on the Corn Exchange are within such narrow limits as to present little matter of interest: the almost sole variations from one market day to another are from a brisker to a more moderate demand, and the accompanying oscillation of 6*d.* or 1*s.* per quarter. The present scale of duty on Foreign Corn is, for Wheat, 46*s.* 8*d.*; Barley, 15*s.* 4*d.*; Oats, 13*s.* 9*d.*; Rye, 21*s.* 3*d.*; Beans, 15*s.* 6*d.*; and Peas, 8*s.*

The Consol Market has, with a trifling intermission, maintained its firmness throughout the elections: at the commencement of the month they were 92 to ¼ for the opening, and have now risen to 91¾ to ·¼ ex dividend. Bank Stock has not exceeded the limits of 222 to 223 in its fluctuations; but in India Stock a large depreciation has occurred:

from the quotation of 268 it has fallen to 258 ex dividend, which is a difference of 5 per cent. India Bonds and Exchequer Bills, within the same time, have not varied more than 2*s.* to 3*s.*

In the Foreign Market, Portuguese and Spanish Stock still furnish the chief ground of speculative interest; the former has, by a gradual progress, risen from 86 to 91; the latter from about 54 had risen to 56¾, when the appearance of the scrip of the new loan in the Market created a large number of sellers, who were desirous of going into the lighter Stock, and caused a relapse in the prices nearly to the full extent of the former advance, but which is now showing symptoms of recovery. The loan is taken at 60, with a provision that should it, within a certain specified time, maintain a quotation in this Market of 66 and upwards, the contract price shall be increased to 63. The scrip came out at ¾ premium, and has since fluctuated between ½ and 1½ premium.

The last prices of the principal securities on the 26th are subjoined:—

ENGLISH FUNDS.

Bank Stock, 222½ 3—Three per Cent. Reduced, 91 ⅛ ¼—Three per Cent. Consols, 91⅛ ¼—Three and a Half per Cent. Reduced, 99¾ ½—Three and a Half per Cent. New, 99 ⅛—Long Annuities, expire Jan., 1860, 17¾ ½—India Stock, 255½ 8½—Ditto Bonds, 19 21—Exchequer Bills, 1000*l.*, and Small, 41 3—Consols for Account, 91 ⅛.

SHARES.

Anglo-Mexican, 8½, 9½—Bolanos, 132½ 7½—British Iron, 32½ 3—Brazilian, Imperial, 38½ 9½—Canada, 44 5—Colombian, 13½ 14½—Real del Monte, 31 2—United Mexican, 4½ 5.

FOREIGN FUNDS.

Belgian, 5 per cent. 99⅛ ¾—Brazilian, 1824, 5 per cent. 83½—Chilian, 6 per cent. 39 40—Colombian, 1824, 6 per cent. 32¾ 3¼—Danish, 3 per cent. 76½ 7—Dutch, 2½ per cent. 54⅝ ⅝—Ditto, 5 per cent. 100¾ 1—Mexican, 6 per cent. 41¼ ¾—Peruvian, 6 per cent. 26 7—Portuguese Regency, 5 per cent. 90¾ 1—Russian 0*l.* sterling, 5 per cent. 108 ½—Spanish, 1821, 5 per cent. 54⅛ 5—Scrip, 1¼ ⅜ premium.

MONTHLY DIGEST.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Net Produce of the Revenue of Great Britain in the

	Qrs. ended Jan. 5, 1834.	Qrs. ended Jan. 5, 1835.	Increase.	Decrease.	Yrs. ended Jan. 5, 1834.	Yrs. ended Jan. 5, 1835.	Increase.	Decrease.
Customs...£	3,594,287	4,305,721	711,434	.....	14,946,988	16,936,695	1,989,707	
Excise.....	4,264,493	3,484,200	.....	780,293	14,840,962	13,166,055	.....	1,674,907
Stamps	1,575,112	1,555,462	.....	19,650	6,498,686	6,582,234	83,548	
Taxes.....	1,808,701	1,633,120	.....	175,581	4,892,058	4,550,614	.....	341,444
Post-Office ..	324,000	323,000	.....	.....	1,386,000	1,361,000	.....	25,000
Miscellan....	27,046	38,447	11,401	.....	57,133	56,919	.....	214
	11,593,639	11,339,950			42,621,827	42,653,517		
Repayments of Advances for Public Works, &c..	103,886	59,611	.....	44,275	315,018	390,359	75,341	
Total . £	11,697,525	11,399,561	722,835	1,020,799	42,936,845	43,043,876	2,148,596	2,041,565
	Deduct Increase			722,835	Deduct Decrease		2,041,565	
	Decrease on the Quarter			297,964	Increase on the Year		107,031	

As compared with the preceding financial year, that just concluded shows, by these returns, an increase of income to the amount of 107,031*l.*, but a falling off, upon a contrast of the two corresponding quarters, of a sum of 297,964*l.* The Customs and Stamps alone display any improvement upon the whole year; all the other sources of public income a defalcation upon both the periods. Under the head of Customs the dissimilarity

of amount from that received during the year ended January, 1834, appears enormous, being little short of two millions; while the defalcation in the Excise receipts, upon a comparison of the same periods, is also striking. But this difference is one of form more than substance, and arises from the new arrangement of accounting under one head for duties which used to be credited under another. The apparent advantage in the last year over the preceding one in the Customs is 1,989,707*l.*, and upon the quarter 714,434*l.*; whilst the defalcation in the Excise is for the two periods—upon the one, 1,674,907*l.*, and 780,293*l.*, respectively. The Stamp duties have proved more productive upon the year by 83,548*l.*, but fallen off upon the quarter to the amount of 19,650*l.* The Assessed Taxes already show a falling off upon the year and quarter, the first to the amount of 341,444*l.*, and the latter to 175,581*l.* The returns for the Post Office prove deficient on the year in the sum of 25,000*l.*, and ought upon the quarter to show a deficit of 1000*l.*, though such a result does not appear upon the tables, which is a slight error. Certainly, upon a comparison of the receipts of the quarters ending January 5, 1834, and January 5, 1835, 324,000*l.* and 323,000*l.* respectively, the 1000*l.* difference ought to have been carried to the account of decrease of the quarter. The accounts, however, are necessarily made up in haste at the latest moment, and therefore allowance must be made for them. The "miscellaneous" have increased upon the year to the amount of 11,401*l.*, but fallen off in an inconsiderable amount on the quarter. There is in this quarter a trifling increase in the charges upon the Consolidated Fund. The sum wanted for the service of the quarter, to be raised by Exchequer Bills, is estimated at 5,304,809*l.*

THE COLONIES.

WEST INDIES.

The Jamaica papers mention the committal to prison by the House of Assembly of Mr. Abbott, a Baptist missionary, on account of his having declined to take the oath preparatory to his being examined before a committee of the House. He refused to take the oath from conscientious motives, not conceiving the committee in question to be a judicial authority. The above appears to be at once an arbitrary and unconstitutional mode of procedure.

The accounts from the island continue to be of a very unsatisfactory nature. The report of the committee of the House of Assembly, appointed to inquire into the state of the colony, gives a gloomy, and, indeed, alarming view of the aspect of things. The general conclusion at which the committee arrive is, "that the new system is not succeeding." They say that the hours of work fixed by the Abolition Act are inadequate to enable the cultivation of the country to be continued; that the negroes are performing no fair proportion of work during these limited hours; that idleness and contempt of authority are becoming more apparent and alarming; and that the crops are in danger of being lost, to a considerable extent, from the want of cultivation and care. For these evils they propose several remedies, the first and chief of which is the appointment "of a more numerous and competent magistracy, possessing local experience and knowledge, to preserve order, repress crimes, and enforce industry." They further recommend amendments in the law, defining more accurately the relative duties of master and apprentice, and regulations as to the time of labour, so as to secure the safe gathering in of the great staple of the island, the sugar crop.

FOREIGN STATES.

RUSSIA.

According to a decision of the Council of the Russian Empire, the administration of the department of the public buildings has authorized the Imperial Academy of the Fine Arts to educate, at the expense of the Government, fifty young men, who, after having finished their studies, shall be obliged to serve in the first administration in the quality of architect for a certain number of years. The registrar of the department of the public buildings has consequently published a notice, stating that twenty-five pupils will this year be admitted into the Academy; and requests parents who wish for the admission of their children, to present themselves at the principal office in order to register their demands. The sons of nobles and of public servants will be employed in preference; and failing in these, other children of free birth. The candidates are to be at least fourteen years of age, and will have to undergo a preliminary examination on religion, the Russian and French languages, history, geography, arithmetic, and plain drawing.

UNITED STATES.

The American President's Message to Congress, delivered on the 1st of December, is, as usual, extremely lengthy, but that is scarcely to be avoided in the exposition of a state policy so varied and so widely extended, and this document in all respects well sustains the character of the Government for moderation, dignity, and sound political views. In its matter it is more important than usual, inasmuch as it brings to issue the two questions of differences with France on the subject of the indemnities, and of those hardly less formidable between the Government and the Bank of the United States.

The case of General Jackson against the French Government is a very strong one. The negotiation for satisfying the claims of American citizens for losses sustained through the different Governments of France from 1800 to 1817, and especially under the operation of the Berlin and Milan Decrees, was nearly brought to a close at the abdication of Charles X., and, notwithstanding the interruptions which followed, was completed by a Treaty signed by Louis Philippe on the 4th July, 1831, by which France agreed to pay an indemnity of 25,000,000 of francs (1,000,000*l.* sterling) in six equal annual instalments, the first becoming due within one year from the ratification of the treaty. Interest at the rate of 4 per cent. was to be paid on the remaining instalments. On the part of the United States, counter claims, on exactly similar conditions, were allowed in favour of French subjects to the amount of 1,500,000 francs, and advantages were further mutually given in the remission of a portion of the duty on French wines imported into the United States, and that on cotton imported into France. After the due ratification of this treaty, the appropriation of the funds requisite for its fulfilment was delayed, from various causes, and finally, on the 26th of April, 1834, refused by the French Chambers. The commercial stipulations of the treaty were passed over without notice, and left wholly inoperative. In the mean time, however, a Bill had been drawn by the United States for the first instalment, which became due in February, 1833, but no legislative provision having been made for it, it was of course dishonoured. Remonstrances followed, which led to the despatch of a vessel specially with instructions to the French Minister at Washington on the subject, but still it was found that the French Chambers met again on the 31st of July without any provision for the fulfilment of the treaty. The President feels therefore that he is bound by a regard for the honour of his Government to take some decisive step, to declare as a principle of international law his right to make reprisals on the property of French subjects,

and to recommend that a law authorizing them be passed, unless provision is made for the payment of the debt during the present Session of the French Chambers. From the tone of this part of the Message, sufficient opening is left for accommodation, and its spirit is as much an assertion of national dignity as a threat of actual warfare. It, however, caused great alarm on the Paris Bourse, and a considerable decline in the funds, both those of France and other Government securities.

The fate of the Bank of the United States, as an appendage to the Government, and so far as depends on the President of the United States, is decided. A contest so extraordinary has never been carried on in any country, but the Bank has clearly had the worst of it, and the President has achieved the triumph of showing that not only the Government, but the trading community also, could do very well without that establishment. So completely was it reduced to a nullity, that, according to the terms of the Message, it exhibited on the 1st of October "the extraordinary spectacle of a National Bank, more than one-half of whose capital was either lying unproductive in its vaults, or in the hands of foreign bankers." The connexion with the Bank is to be broken by degrees, and the Government business apportioned among the different State Banks, the President declaring against the impolicy of ever again intrusting so enormous a power to any one corporation.

The whole of the debt of the United States would be paid off on the 1st of January, but no remission of import duties is on this account contemplated.

The relations with other foreign Governments are in general declared to be satisfactory. The delay in the settlement of the north-boundary question with Great Britain is adverted to, but for both parties credit is taken for the disposition to bring it to an amicable adjustment. The breaking off of the commercial treaty with Belgium is also noticed, but in the same friendly spirit. Arrangements are stated to be in progress with Mexico for establishing a south-boundary line to the vast territory of the Union.

The remaining topics of the Message relate principally to internal affairs. The state of the army is affirmed to be satisfactory, and the naval power of the State, its chief defence, as having greatly and efficiently increased. It recommends a revision of the laws regulating the election of President and Vice-President, and suggests that these offices ought to be held for either four or six years. It deprecates strongly the adoption of any measures which might bring the republic into collision with particular States.

PORTUGAL.

On the 2nd of January the Queen re-opened the Chambers of the Cortes with a speech from the Throne, which contains nothing of any moment, beyond the usual assurances of the friendly disposition of the old allies of the Portuguese nation towards the Queen's government, and her Majesty's expressed hope that the Chambers will endeavour to improve the revenue, raise the public credit, and of course grant the necessary supplies. The general state of Portugal is said to be exceedingly prosperous, considering the recent termination of the civil war.

PERSIA.

The death of the Shah of Persia will, according to the statements in the German papers, rather add to the troubled politics of the East. In the disorderly and ill-constituted Governments of Asia, there is no security for the hereditary succession to the Throne, for which several competitors often arise, and the strongest generally turns out to be the Sovereign. Several of the relatives of the Shah are governors of provinces, where they have collected troops and treasures from the oppressed inhabitants, as if preparing for any struggle that might ensue. Throughout the East, the

policy has always been to rule over the distant provinces by delegated power; and in the weakness of the supreme authority, these provincial governors are always in the practice of aspiring to independence. This was the origin of sovereign power throughout Hindostan. The military chiefs and provincial governors, the Soubahs, the Rajahs, the Zemindars, and the numerous petty feudatories of that vast empire, all rose to independent power on the ruins of the Mogul authority. They were indeed the fragments of that broken empire, which are now again put together, and re-united into one vast structure under the powerful and all-conquering sway of Britain. In Persia the same principle of anarchy and division prevails, and the provincial rulers are there, as elsewhere, ever ready to convert their delegated into independent authority; and hence the danger of a disputed succession in the kingdoms of Asia: and in this case, Russia would no doubt lend a helping hand to settle all internal disputes. Already several of the frontier provinces of Persia are incorporated into her empire, and have long since subsided into tranquillity under her powerful sway. They form advanced stations, from which the Persian empire may be at any time assailed; and the work of conquest, thus advancing step by step, has a greater chance of being permanent. How far Russia may be disposed to take advantage of any internal dissensions in Persia, remains to be seen. We should imagine that her rulers would find ample employment at present in the affairs of Turkey; and that they would have little leisure for any fresh adventures of this nature on the side of Persia.

BIOGRAPHICAL PARTICULARS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS, LATELY DECEASED.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ROBERT TRAVERS.

Major-General Sir Robert Travers, who lost his life by being thrown from his horse in Cork, was an officer of distinguished merit and talent. He entered the service in 1794, obtained a company in the following year, and was reduced on half-pay in 1796. In 1798, being still on half-pay, he volunteered his services with the Sligo regiment of militia, during the rebellion of that year in Ireland, and he was wounded while doing duty with that corps.

Sir Robert Travers was placed on full pay as captain in the 79th regiment in 1799, and served with it on the expedition to Holland in that year. In 1800 he was engaged in the attack on Ferrol, on which occasion he was again severely wounded, and on his return to England he joined the Rifle Brigade, at that time forming. He was promoted to a majority in that gallant corps in 1814, without purchase, and accompanied it in the succeeding year to Germany, under Lord Cathcart. Sir Robert embarked with a detachment of the Rifle Brigade for South America in 1807, and was a third time severely wounded, during the attack on Buenos Ayres. In 1808 he commanded the Rifle Brigade at the battles of Roleia and Vimiera, was with it on the retreat of Sir John Moore's army to Corunna, and was immediately after appointed to a Lieutenant-Colonelcy, without purchase, at the request of the Duke of Wellington. He was nominated to the command of the 10th Foot in 1810, and served with it in Sicily, and on the east coast of Spain. Sir Robert commanded the advanced guard in the attack on Genoa in 1814, under Lord William Bentinck. Upon the restoration of peace, he was appointed to the situation of President at Cephalonia, and in 1823 he returned to England, and was promoted to the rank of Major-General in 1825.

Sir Robert Travers was a Companion of the Order of the Bath, Knight

Commander of the British Order of St. Michael and St. George, a Knight Commander of St. Ferdinand, and he also wore medals for his services in the Peninsula.

The melancholy and distressing accident which deprived Sir Robert Travers of life will be deeply and sincerely lamented by all who knew him, whether in the capacity of a brave and zealous officer, an active and impartial magistrate, or a sincere friend.

HENRY BONE, ESQ., R.A.

Among those of the past year distinguished by their talents in art, science, or literature, whose death it has been our painful duty to announce, we have to record that of this admirable artist and truly estimable man. The event had been long expected, and might rather be considered the decay of nature than the effect of any particular malady; and his exit was calm and tranquil. He died at his house in Clarendon Square, on the 17th of December, at a very advanced age, we believe little short of eighty years.

With his abilities as an artist the public are in general well acquainted. To his character as a man, his social disposition, the suavity of his temper, and other of his amiable qualities, his friends, and those who best knew him, will readily testify. Mr. Bone carried the art of enamel painting to a degree of excellence hitherto unknown in this country, by increasing its dimensions, and applying its powers to subjects of history as well as to works of imagination. Independent of his numerous copies from the works of the first masters, ancient and modern, his series of enamels from portraits of the most eminent characters in the reign of Queen Elizabeth is a lasting memorial of his talent, as well as of his unwearied application and industry: a work so unique, indestructible, and interesting, that we cannot help entertaining a hope that it will find a place among our national collections of art, as its final destination.—*Literary Gazette.*

MR. MALTHUS.

We extract from the "Morning Chronicle" a notice of this remarkable man. Few men have obtained greater celebrity as political economists than the Rev. Mr. Malthus, whose death it is our duty to communicate to our readers. The work on Population took a strong hold of the public, and ever since its appearance the doctrines he advanced have more or less entered into all speculations with regard to the condition and future prospects of mankind. He is also the author of various tracts on the Corn Laws, &c., and a work on Political Economy; but these publications did not add much to his reputation. He committed the capital blunder of supposing that a glut could exist in all commodities at the same time, which amounts to a positive contradiction in terms.

With respect to the great work on Population, it appeared first as a moderately-sized octavo, in answer to the extravagant views of perfectibility advanced by Mr. Godwin and others. It was next published as a quarto, with great additions and modifications. Several succeeding editions were also greatly altered.

Mr. Malthus has neither correctly expounded the doctrine of population, nor done justice to the many able modern writers who, long before the appearance of his work, advanced opinions on the subject similar to his own. He has uniformly placed the tendency of our species to increase beyond their means of subsistence under a somewhat gloomy aspect. It is, however, to this tendency that we are indebted for all our advancement in civilization. The ingenuity of individuals is sharpened by necessity to escape the evils of poverty, and mechanical inventions of all kinds, whereby man has obtained such a wonderful power over the material world, are the result. Besides, he has not done sufficient justice to the power of habit over mankind. When habit has once made certain commodities necessary to a people, they will not willingly forego the enjoyment of them. And we

find, in fact, that except in the few cases in which the natural order of things has been deranged by absurd legislation, the history of any given society has been, in general, that of progressive amelioration in the condition of the great body of the people. The labouring Englishman of our days commands a far greater share of the necessaries and luxuries of life than the labourer of a century back. The fear of sinking stimulates to invention, and every addition thereby made to the enjoyments of mankind enlarges their notions of what they ought to obtain, and becomes then a point from which further advances are made.

The doctrine of population is, in fact, the revival of an old doctrine. The old English writers seem to have had constantly present to them the danger of multiplication beyond the means of subsistence. Sir Matthew Hale, in his "Primitive Originations of Mankind," may be referred to with profit on the subject. Ortes, an Italian Economist, and several French writers, and Townshend, among ourselves, before Malthus, laid down the doctrine in a less exceptionable form. Justus Moeser, a German, in a work of essays, published about the middle of last century, complained of the modern notion of the strength of a nation being in the ratio of its population, and endeavoured to show that, from the remotest periods, all the nations of Teutonic origin had constantly endeavoured to repress population by restrictions of various kinds, direct and indirect.

Mr. Malthus was principally indebted for his celebrity to the period when his work first appeared.

Mr. Malthus was beloved by all who had the advantage of knowing him. He was, in truth, a most amiable and accomplished gentleman.

THE REV. THOMAS BARNE, M.A.

At his brother's mansion of Sotterly Hall, Suffolk, aged 68, the Rev. Thomas Barne, M.A., of the Manor House, Crayford, Kent, Chaplain in Ordinary to our three latest Sovereigns, and for fifteen years rector of Sotterly. He was descended from an ancient English family, one of whom, Sir George Barne, was Lord Mayor of London in the time of Edward VI. Mr. Barne was educated at Westminster School, and took his degrees at Oriel College, Oxford. He was twice married, and is survived by his second wife, Sarah, the only daughter of the Hon. and Rev. St. Andrew St. John, sometime Dean of Worcester.

The intellectual attainments of Mr. Barne would have entitled him to shine in the higher departments of literature, but Providence, in granting him an early independence, released him from that stern necessity for mental exertion by which so many of our greatest scholars have been formed. He therefore devoted his attention solely to those subjects which immediately interested him, without any aspirations after posthumous fame; but the playfulness of his wit, and the correctness of his judgment, enlivened his social circle, whilst they elevated the tone of its ordinary discourse; and from his familiar knowledge of the Latin poets, his conversation was enriched by the happiest and most appropriate classical allusions.

But these accomplishments, however they might charm in the intercourse of society, are but as "dust in the balance" compared with those Christian virtues, upon whose remembrance it is *now alone* consolatory to reflect. It was stated by the excellent curate of Crayford, in a sermon preached upon the occasion of Mr. Barne's death, that he had never been asked for charity in vain, and the poor of his parishes were all remembered at his death. His kindness as a landlord and a master could not be surpassed, and this brief notice is a small tribute to the sincerity and steadiness of his friendship, which was neither repelled by adversity, nor obtained by the factitious influence of wealth or station.

In concluding this sketch we cannot wholly omit all allusion to politics at such a spirit-stirring period as the present: for, though the clerical pro-

fession is happily less concerned in them than any other, yet, as a considerable landholder, Mr. Barne, though always willing to offer the clergy of his neighbourhood gratuitous assistance, could not be wholly engrossed by the duties of a vocation whose *temporal* advantages he had relinquished. He was a true lover of his country, liberal in his views, and independent in his conduct; supporting the principle of disfranchisement, though it deprived his family of a borough they had long possessed, and refusing to influence the votes of his tenantry, though his brother held an important office under a Tory Ministry.

The life of a clergyman—of a country clergyman more especially—is not a life of action. The biography of such can contain therefore little to excite, and less to startle the reader; but inasmuch as the example of a good man is of importance to society—and, to his immediate circle, even of more value than written precepts—we are conferring a benefit on our readers in not permitting one of so pure a life, so exalted a character, and so enlightened a mind, to descend to the grave without some slight record to do honour to his memory.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

Married.]—Adolphus Frederick Molyneux Capel, Esq., son of Lady Caroline Capel, and nephew to the Earl of Essex, to the Hon. Charlotte Mary Maynard, eldest daughter of Viscount Maynard.

At St. Marylebone, J. M. Elwes, of Bossington, Hants, Esq., to Emily, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Causton, Prebendary of Westminster.

Colonel Russell, C.B., of Ashlesteel, Selkirkshire, to Katherine Mary, daughter of the late Sir James Hall, Bart., of Dunglass.

The Rev. Alexander Benn Russell, youngest son of the late Claud Russell, Esq., of Binfield, Berks, to Louisa Ansley, eldest daughter of George Hannam, Esq., of Bromston House, near Ramsgate.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, Sir A. Malet, Bart., to Miss Spalding, daughter of Lady Brougham and Vaux.

Gilbert Affleck, Esq., eldest son of Sir Robt. Affleck, of Dalham-hall, Suffolk, Baronet, to Everina Frances, eldest daughter of Francis Ellis, Esq., Royal Crescent, Bath.

At Stapleton, near Bristol, Gilbert Farquhar Græme Mathison, Esq., of the Royal Mint, to Eliza, daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel Jones Græme, of Oldbury Court, Gloucester.

On the 15th ult., at Offchurch, the Rev. Ernest Adolphus Waller, youngest son of Sir Wathen Waller, of Pope's Villa, Twickenham, Bart. and G.C.H., to Louisa Wise, youngest daughter of the Rev. Henry Wise, of Offchurch, Warwickshire.

July last, at St. Helena, William Alexander, Esq., son of the Bishop of Meath, to Miss Janet Dallas, eldest daughter of the Governor and Commander-in-Chief of that Island, and niece of General Sir Thomas Dallas, G.C.B.

On the 22nd ult., at St. Pancras New Church, Henry, son of C. Stainbank, Esq., of Peckham, to Mary, youngest daughter of William Essex, Esq., of Upper Woburn-place, Tavistock-square.

At Littleton, Miss Dorothy Wood, youngest daughter of Thomas Wood, Esq., to Major George Gustavus Tulte, of the 3rd or King's Own Light Dragoons, second son of Hugh Tulte, Esq., of Sonna, in the county of Westmeath.

At St. Clement's, Ipswich, on the 20th ult., Edward, son of the late Charles Hanbury, Esq., of Halsted, Essex, to Harriet Anne, daughter of John Cobbold, jun., Esq., of the Cliff, Ipswich.

Died.]—At Southampton, Anne, Countess of Mountnorris, daughter of the late Viscount Courtenay, and sister of the present Earl of Devon.

At Greenwich, in his 62nd year, Clement Chapple, late of Pall-mall, Bookseller.

In his 82nd year, the Right Hon. Reginald Pole Carew, of Antony House, Cornwall.

Major-General the Hon. Granville Anson Chetwynd Stapleton, in his 77th year, brother to the late and uncle to the present Viscount Chetwynd.

At Forthampton House, near Tewkesbury, Hopewell Tyler, Esq., a descendant of the ancient family of Hayward of Forthampton.

At Musselburgh, Major-General James Stirling, of the 42nd Royal Highlanders.

Henry Bone, Esq., R.A., the celebrated painter in enamel, at the age of 80 years.

Aged 88, the Rev. Isaiah Phillips, who for upwards of forty years officiated as principal reader to the Synagogue in Birmingham.

At Port Eliot, Cornwall, the Lady Susan Lygon, second daughter of the Earl of St. German's.

In Holles-street, Cavendish-square, on the 8th ult., Lieut.-Colonel Mark Watt, Colonel-Commandant of the Trafford and Hulm Local Militia.

At his residence, Hyde Park-place West, in the 62d year of his age, the Right Hon. Thos. Charles Earl of Portmore.

In North Audley-street, Lady Harriet Maria Villiers, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Clarendon.

Mr. Henry Warren, Printer of the "Courier" newspaper.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES

IN THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, AND IN WALES, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

LONDON.

Christenings and Burials during the Year.—From the annual report just prepared of the christenings and burials which have taken place during the year, it appears that from the 10th December, 1833, to the 9th December, 1834, there have been christened in the 97 parishes within the walls of the City, 969 children, and 1,162 persons have been buried in the same time. Several of these parishes are very small, and the number christened and buried amounts only to three or four in the year. In St. Alban, Wood-street; St. Botolph, Billingsgate; St. Margaret, Lothbury; and St. Olave, Silver-street, only one christening has taken place in each parish in the year, and burials have been equally scarce. In Christ Church, Newgate-street, 100 christenings and 58 burials have taken place during the year. In St. Ann's, Blackfriars, the christenings and burials have been equal—viz., 59 of each. In St. Dunstan's in the East there have been 20 christenings and 30 burials, and in many other parishes the mortality has been equally great; in Allhallows, Barking, there have been 47 burials and 39 christenings; in Allhallows, London-wall, 24 burials and 9 christenings. In St. Alphage, Sion College, 17 burials and 2 christenings; St. Gregory and St. Paul, 29 burials and 17 christenings. In St. Stephen's, Colman-street, the christenings amount to 95, and the deaths to 71.

In the 17 parishes without the walls, there have been christened 4247, and 3507 buried; viz.:—

	Christ.	Bur.
St. Andrew, Holborn	1175	653
St. Bartholomew the Great	42	37
St. Botolph, Aldersgate	10	5
St. Botolph, Aldgate	305	207
St. Botolph, Bishopsgate	293	222
Bridewell Precinct	2	12
St. Bride	139	161
St. Dunstan-in-the-West	34	111
St. George, Southwark	654	737
St. Giles, Cripplegate	489	900
St. John, Southwark	277	275
St. Olave, Southwark	109	235
St. Saviour, Southwark	568	456
St. Sepulchre	153	120
St. Thomas, Southwark	60	70
Trinity in the Minories	11	6

In the 24 out-parishes, and their district churches, in Middlesex and Surrey, the following are the returns of christenings and burials; viz.:—

	Christ.	Bur.
St. Ann, Middlesex	420	347
Christ Church, Surrey	296	455
Christ Church, Middlesex	419	444
Stepney	122	620
St. George, Bloomsbury	399	148
St. George, Middlesex	1057	576
St. Giles-in-the-Fields	642	338
St. James, Clerkenwell	1077	585
St. John, Clerkenwell	45	62
St. John, Hackney	483	827
St. Leonard, Shoreditch	3287	898
St. John Baptist, Hoxton	355	591
St. Mary, Haggerstone	129	266
St. Luke, Middlesex	568	533
South Hackney	10	7
St. Mary, Islington	811	686
St. Mary, Lambeth	1089	1122
St. John, Evangelist, Lambeth	1206	675
St. Luke, Norwood	39	19
St. Mark, Kennington	383	318
St. Matthew, Brixton	164	139
St. Mary Magdalen, Bermondsey	714	927
St. James, Bermondsey	6	125
St. Mary, Newington	1251	696
St. Mary, Rotherhithe	431	417
St. Mary, Whitechapel	612	366
St. Matthew, Bethnal-green	771	675
St. Paul, Shadwell	110	240

Total christened in the above-mentioned 24 parishes, &c., 17,986; buried, 13,402.

Poplar, St. George, Queen-square, and Wapping, neglected to make a report.

In the 10 parishes in the city and liberties of Westminster the following return was made:—

	Christ.	Bur.
St. Ann, Westminster	471	284
St. Clement Danes	412	396
St. James, Westminster	795	974
St. John, Westminster	289	616
St. Margaret, Westminster	1254	807
St. Martin-in-the-Fields	636	338
St. Mary-le-Strand	64	40
Precincts of the Savoy	11	38
St. Paul, Covent-garden	82	115

St. George, Hanover-square, made no return.

The total number in the city and liberties of Westminster — christened, 4014; buried, 3608.

Consumption carried off the greatest number of persons in the year—viz., 3792; old age and debility, 2333; convulsions, 1875; inflammation, 1723; dropsy, 636; asthma, 796; dropsy on the brain, 682; cholera, 630; hooping-cough, 602; measles, 528; scarlet fever, 523; small-pox, 334; childbirth, 289; teething, 395; fevers (intermittent, typhus, and common), 599; inflammation

of the bowels and stomach, 347; inflammation of the brain, 207; inflammation of the lungs and pleura, 375; insanity, 150; diseased liver, 287; mortification, 225; paralysis, 158; thrush, 90; unknown causes, 948; gout, 70; still-born, 1069. A number of other complaints make up the awful catalogue of deaths.

Of the casualties that have occurred in the course of the year, it appears that 125 persons have been drowned; 38 died by the visitation of God; 49 excessive drinking; 16 found dead; 185 killed by various accidents; 5 murdered; 10 poisoned; 42 committed suicide.

The number of persons christened in the course of the year—Males, 13,601; Females, 13,615; Total, 27,216.

The total number of persons buried in the same time—Males, 10,811; Females, 10,868; Total, 21,679.

Of the number buried were—

Still-born	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	1099
Under 2 years of age	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	4956
2 and under 5	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	2044
5 „ 10	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	988
10 „ 20	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	850
20 „ 30	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	1520
30 „ 40	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	1192
40 „ 50	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	2025
50 „ 60	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	1979
60 „ 70	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	1978
70 „ 80	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	1611
80 „ 90	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	739
90 „ 100	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	86
100	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	1
101	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	1

Decrease in the burials reported this year, 4698.

There have been executed this year, within the limits of the bills of mortality, 3; but none reported to have been buried as such.

KENT.

A curious gold medal was discovered a short time ago by a labourer who was excavating a part of the road, on the Ashford line, near Tunford-bridge. It is one of the Roman Emperors, and the obverse is a Roman head in relief, with an inscription, which is said to denote its being commemorative of Severus. The head is encircled with small garnets, inlaid. It appears to have been worn as an ornament, as a rudely-chased suspender is attached to the top of it. This piece of antiquity is now in the possession of Mr. Eastes, of Canterbury.—*Kentish paper.*

LANCASHIRE.

Port of Liverpool.—The gross amount of Customs' duty collected at this port for the year ended the 5th January last, was 3,733,132*l.*, of which 3,555,955*l.* was remitted to the Exchequer, although upwards of 100,000*l.* was paid in debentures to the merchants.

WORCESTERSHIRE.

Aurora Borealis.—A few weeks ago, soon after 5 p.m., our attention was attracted by an unusual luminous appearance in the north and north-western (true) part of the horizon. At half-past 5 the coruscations of the aurora borealis were brilliantly distinct, and presented that ever-changing variety in their radiations which so peculiarly distinguishes this most interesting phenomenon. About half-past 6 the coruscations themselves ceased, but at 7, and for some time after, that part of the horizon was again illuminated by the same silvery brightness, but unattended, at least as far as we could observe, by those lengthened rays of light which had been before so conspicuous. We do not recollect that we have ever witnessed a more brilliant display in this latitude. At a quarter-past 6 we distinctly traced one coruscation, shooting its rays from the northern horizon between γ and α of the constellation Ursa Major, and, leaving the Pole Star to the west, penetrate as far as Cassiopeia, which at that hour was nearly at the zenith. The extent of the whole was grand. On the north-east we did not perceive any coruscations beyond Dubhe in Ursa Major, but to the west they were bright and vivid for a considerable extent, during up even as far as ι and ζ in the tail of Aquila (then at an altitude of about 30°), thus illuminating apparently the whole space upon the horizon, included between 11h. and 18h. or 19h. right ascension. The usual electrical appearances were beautifully visible, such as the shooting of the stars, &c. To the east Orion was rising in all his majesty; Jupiter was high in the heavens, between the Pleiades and Aldebaran, in beauteous splendour, his four moons to be plainly seen with the aid of a common telescope; whilst Mars, in fiery redness, held a conspicuous place near τ in Gemini.—*Worcester Journal.*